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Inundation of ~~York~~, Penn'a.



A Graphic Description

—OF—

The & Great & Flood,

—WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE—

Violent Rain Storm of June 25, 1884.

By F. L. SPANCLER.

*Storm, Lightning, Rain, Floods, Loss of Life, Fearful Destruction, Miraculous Escapes,
Heroic Rescues.*

LOSSES AND DAMAGES AT YORK, PENN'A.

Published by F. L. SPANCLER & A. W. MOORE, York, Pa.

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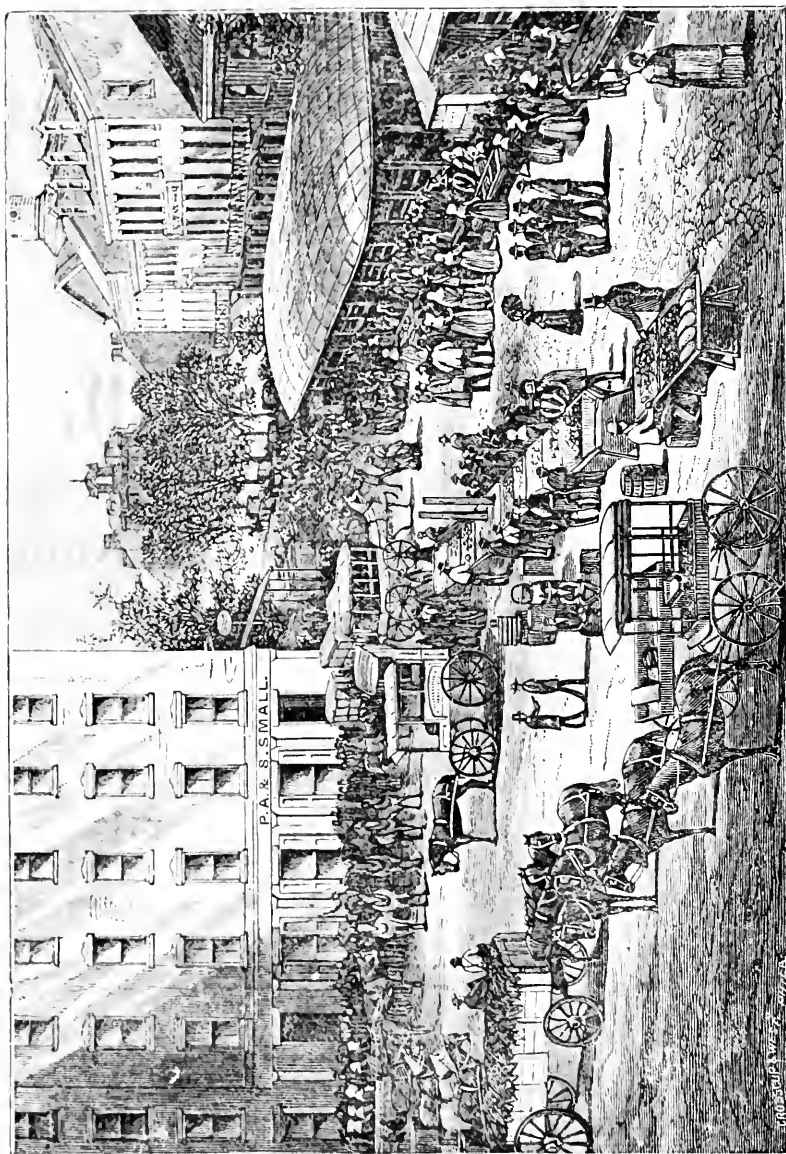
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Violent Rain Storm of June 25, 1884.

By F. L. SPANCLER.

YORK, PA.

YORK DAILY PRINTING HOUSE,

1884.

Dedication.

—TO—

The Gallant Rescuers,

Who risked their lives to save those in peril and danger.

—TO—

The Benevolent and Charitable,

Who, prompted by the highest attributes of the human heart, opened their purses, and lent their aid for the relief of the needy.

—TO—

The Press,

By whose aid we were furnished with valuable matter, facts and statements.

—TO—

Our Advertising Patrons,

By whose generous co-operation we are enabled to print and publish at a nominal price,

This Work is Respectfully Dedicated,

Preface.

When the late flood occurred, hundreds of people searched eagerly for the records of previous floods. Old newspapers were hunted up. Histories of Pennsylvania were consulted, and especially Glossbrenner's History of York County was closely examined, and the flood of 1884 was compared with the great flood of 1817.

This, the greatest flood that York has ever known, is an important event in our local history, and it is not only fitting but important that some authentic record of it should be preserved.

This little volume is therefore presented to the public with the claim of being as nearly accurate in the general statement of facts, as it is possible for it to be, with the description of scenes and the narration of incidents that are calculated to interest and amuse the reader. All intelligent readers are aware of the unavoidable imperfections of a work like this, when the author is confronted by counterstatements and contradicting reports concerning losses, damages and circumstances, in the midst of excitement and uproar. Our readers will therefore greet us with charity in regard to the minor details which can be perfectly known only to the individuals personally concerned.

Errata.

Page 5, Read Half a mile for average width.

“ 9, “ Eli J. Miller.

“ 32, “ John Schall's corner on George Street.

“ 6-57, “ *75 acres—area Spring Forge Dam.

“ 21, “ York Transfer and Baggage Express.

* NOTE.--The area of the Spring Forge Dam, given us at 160 to 180 acres, is upon closer inquiry, found to be too large; but reliable information was not obtained until after the figures were in print.

The Great Flood.

THE DELUGE.

Storm, Lightning, Rain and Floods. A Night of Horrors. The Country Swept from Maine to the Chesapeake, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, beyond the Lakes.

"WHEN He uttereth His voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the winds out of His treasures."—*Ser., LI.*

WEDNESDAY night, June 25, 1884, will be remembered, generations hence, by the occurrence of a rain-storm, unparalleled in this country for its raging fury and widespread destructiveness. From the east, as far as Maine, came reports of fearful destruction to buildings and crops by lightning, wind and flood. Through Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and south through Maryland, to the Chesapeake, the hurricane swept with relentless fury, wreck and ruin marking its path.

From the north and west, through Wisconsin, Ohio, and neighboring States, came fearful tidings of destruction and loss of life, while from the sea coast came dispatches of shipwreck, by the combined forces of wind and waves, as though the time had come in which the elements were to wreak summary vengeance upon mankind.

From the garnered fulness of the clouds, torrents of water poured in sheets, driven with maddening fury before the storm, all through the long terrible night, until the mountain-streams came madly rushing and leaping, like demons unchained. Before the raging storm the gigantic

oak was lifted by the roots, and forests were strewn with splintered fragments.

From the angry heavens came the vivid lightning's flash; the roll of thunder accompanied the howling of the angry winds and the crash of falling trees, adding to the terrors of the night; and here and there, spots of lurid red marked sacrifices to the lightning,—Greek fires upon the tableau of horrors.

The violence of the storm subsided, the rains abated, but the dawn of early morn revealed a spectacle that struck thousands of unfortunate people with terror and dismay.

The artillery of the heavens was now silent, the chariots of the storming no longer dashed madly on, but old Neptune had arrayed his infantry in the valleys, and his mighty forces came in silent but overwhelming strength, bearing aloft, like banners of victory, the spoils and plunder of their advance. The papers of the 26th brought the news of the night's ruin.

At Bangor, Maine, the storm was terrific; many buildings, including live stock, were consumed by lightning, and other buldings damaged to the amount of thousands of dollars.

At Boston, Mass., the most severe

thunder showers ever known occurred, during which buildings were fired by lightning and a dwelling near Middleboro was totally wrecked.

At New Bedford, the streets were flooded with water over a foot deep, and a dwelling worth \$10,000 was destroyed by lightning and water. The total fall of rain at Worcester was four-and-a-half inches.

Rhode Island also shared in the general destruction. A thunder storm of unusual severity burst upon Woonsocket, with a deluge of rain. Buildings were struck by lightning, trees demolished, railroads and streets washed out, and damage done to the amount of eight or ten thousand dollars.

New York City and Brooklyn were taken by surprise by a rain storm of unprecedented violence. From 11 o'clock, Wednesday night to 7 next morning, it rained in one drenching sheet; houses and stables were overturned, and trees torn from their roots. Sewers were full and the water poured through the man-holes into the streets. The people who had been driven out of flooded basements and damaged houses were soaked with flood and drenched with rain. Telegraph wires and poles were blown in all directions.

Through New York State the rain came just in time to save the crops which were parched from drought; farmers and market gardeners were delighted, and milk dealers and dairy-men, whose pastures were giving out, regarded it a blessing. The storm was of tropical violence, and the total rain-fall was 3.63 inches—more than in the entire month of June, for the last ten years.

In Brooklyn the fall was over four inches, and two new houses were struck by lightning.

On Staten Island, crops were seriously damaged; fruit was beaten from the trees, and yachts in the bay were overturned.

The storm was general over the Middle Atlantic States and in the Ohio valley. Throughout these regions much the same state of affairs prevailed.

Through New Jersey, the storm wrought fearful damage. At Trenton, telegraph wires were broken down by falling trees, and railroad communication was stopped. At Atlantic City, a frame structure worth \$8000 was blown down and demolished. At Absecon Inlet, five sloops and two schooners were blown ashore and two boats sunk, the wind here blowing a gale and shifting between northeast and northwest.

At Cape May Point, a three-masted schooner under American colors was stranded and wrecked. At Summer's Point, trees were uprooted, buildings blown down, and vessels wrecked and sunk. At Passaic, six hundred feet of canal bank gave way at 10 a. m., drawing thousands of eager spectators to the spot. The damage done to the canal alone is \$7000, and that done by the liberated waters can not be estimated.

Pennsylvania was scourged with storm and flood. At Birdsboro, the canal bank gave way, and the water, sweeping over farmlands, did damage to the amount of many thousands of dollars. York, Lancaster and Berks counties especially suffered heavily.

At Reading, rain began at 9 p. m. A heavy storm swept to southwest at midnight, amid a deluge of rain, demolishing trees and crops, submerging fields of wheat. The tobacco crop alone, at Birdsboro, suffered \$50,000. The railroad washed away for more than a mile at Columbia. The Cumberland Valley, and Hanover Branch railroads were crippled by loss of bridges, as were all the principal lines of this section.

At Lancaster, streets were flooded and cellars filled with water; the storm raged with great fury the entire night; limbs of trees were strewn in every direction, and the streets presented an awful sight. Birds in immense numbers were seen dead and dying—drowned by the terrible rain. Canal boats were swamped, covered with mud and wrecked. The damage to crops, trees and bridges is very great.

All through York county the destruction was greater than for many years. Damages to railroads, bridges and property are estimated at \$200,000. The Codorus, swollen to a mighty torrent, completely overwhelmed the low sections of York, compelling the people to flee from their homes for their lives; wrecking houses, carrying away bridges, and spreading ruin and destruction on every hand. York county alone lost forty bridges.

At Pittsburgh and vicinity the storm raged with great fury, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Loss of life to men and cattle was extensive in this section. Teams of horses and drivers, and herds of cattle, were instantaneously killed.

Through Eastern Ohio numerous buildings were destroyed by the lightning, while the previous tornado wrecked trees, demolished buildings, and scattered the rails of fencing like straw.

At Cincinnati the storm was accompanied with a brilliant display of lightning, striking houses and killing a number of men. The lightning played about the jail in a manner suggesting the vengeance of God upon the many murderers it contained, but did them no hurt.

The storm reached Milwaukee, Wis., where a house was demolished by lightning; struck Council Bluffs, Iowa, in a terrific hurricane, destroying an \$11,000 exhibition building and overturning Davis' circus, causing a loss of \$5,000 to the circus man.

From Winnipeg, Man., comes a record of a violent thunder storm, during which the Evangelist Gaynon was killed.

Maryland fared worse than the more northern and western States. The railroads and telegraphs were paralyzed. A cloud-burst is said to have taken place at Barrick's Station, twenty-one miles from Baltimore, with fearful destruction, sweeping away all the country bridges, and submerging 600 yards of rail-road track. Alarm bells were rung and the people became frantic in their efforts to save their property. Hogs

and cattle were lost, crops ruined, roads were impassible, and mud covered everything. The whole country looks as if swept by a cyclone. Barns were destroyed by wind, water and lightning, fields are undermined, and cattle are perishing for want of forage. Carroll county lost thirty bridges. Rain set in at 4 P. M. and continued to pour in torrents for twelve consecutive hours. At Union Bridge, Carroll, Co., houses were submerged; many acres of rye and wheat were entirely swept away. Twenty thousand feet of lumber were washed away from a single yard. At Double Pipe Creek, houses were flooded to the second story windows, and the people fled to the highlands for safety. The damage done to Cecil county is given at \$31,000, seventeen bridges being lost. The gas works were flooded, and the city of Elkton was left in darkness.

At Hagerstown, the lower portion of the city was submerged from six to eight feet, and the people were driven from their houses. Harford and Frederick counties had fifty bridges destroyed.

At Havre de Grace, the storm was severe, uprooting trees and flooding cellars. The Susquehanna floated full of drift wood, fragments of houses, and goods. The body of a two-year-old child, afloat in a box, was found by a man named Owens.

—:o:—

THE STORM AT YORK.

All day the sky was gloomy and threatening, but it was not until four o'clock, P. M., that a rain began to fall. Towards five o'clock, the heavy clouds gathered more closely, and the sky became dense and black, as it hung in ominous silence, like a pall, over our doomed town. Suddenly the slowly accumulated strength of the clouds broke forth, and struck us with a violent gust, in one deluging sheet, filling the gutters with rushing water, then subsiding into a steady drizzle until nightfall. After dark, the wind arose and the rain increased in violence. Deluge after deluge fell

in quick succession, a strong eastern gale driving the rain before it in an almost continuous torrent during the entire night, forcing the water through the brick walls of exposed houses, and in under the shingles and slates of the roofs, through closed doors and shutters, until it poured through ceilings and casements. The writer, living in a new brick house, was obliged to secure his library against damage from the ceiling, while the neighbors took up hall-carpets and hunted buckets, pans and brooms, in *dishabille*. Little, or no thunder, and only one flash of lightning was noticed, but in the early morning the people fully realized that a terrific rain storm had left ruin and devastation in its wake. Flooded cellars, uprooted trees and ruined crops, made an impression upon the mind that is not soon to be forgotten. But the end was not yet.



TERRORS OF EARLY MORNING.

Inundation, Calamity and Peril. York Amid the Angry Waters. The Codorus a Raging Torrent.

“WHO hath divided a water course for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder?”—*Job XXXVII.*

THURSDAY morning dawned, and the sleeping town awoke in the midst of the angry waters. The usually quiet Codorus had over-run its banks and was now a river, wild and terrible. The rapidly rising flood crept stealthily and silently through front doors, and into kitchens, like an unexpected visitor before breakfast. Before escape could be thought of, and before many were awake, cellars were filled, first floors were covered, and streets had become the channels through which rapid currents rushed with violence. But still the tide rose higher, pouring in through windows, reaching ceilings, soon creeping into second stories, and driving the terrified people into garrets for safety. Porches, outbuildings and fences were afloat on every hand, and houses began to give way and move off. The work of destruction had now fairly begun. The cry of danger and the call for assistance had been sounded; the terrible news soon spread over the city, and thousands of our people hurried forth to become mute and terrified spectators to the scene.

Boats plied in the streets, like gondolas in the canals of Venice, rescuing the imperiled people from the upper windows.

Signals of distress were frantically given by men, women and children, clinging to the roofs of houses, while the currents rushed madly around them, making their rescue next to

impossible. Houses and stables rose slowly with the waters, to be drifted off and hurried to destruction; bridges of great strength and enormous weight were lifted out of position, and shot with lightning speed down the swift current. Viewed from an elevated position, the scene was such as can not be fully described. The valley of the Codorus was one vast expanse of water a mile wide, bringing upon its bosom the evidences of its destructive power, in fragments of wrecked houses, barns and workshops. Smaller out-buildings—hen coops, pig stys, bridge timbers and fencing formed the more commonplace grade of plunder, while a more select department of spoils consisted of furniture and household goods of all descriptions, with wagons and carriages in variety. Entire trees and piles of lumber came tearing along, haystacks floated serenely by; while two gondolas, coupled, went careering on an apparent pleasure excursion down to the Bay.

Houses in the meantime became more deeply submerged, the work of rescue went bravely on, while the rising flood applied itself with diligence to the plundering of stores and the destruction of homes.

Huge timbers came along and were hurled like battering-rams through plate-glass, walls were torn out, and goods swept away or ruined by the muddy waters. Foundations were undermined, walls crumbled down, oil paintings, costly fur-

nature and home treasures were hurled into the unseemly company of out-buildings, pig stys and swill barrels.

The waters, which had poured all night in fearful volumes from the clouds, drenching the green hillsides, had dashed in wild impetuous torrents into the low-lands, and gathered in tremendous mass in the fertile valley of the Codorus. The monster dam of the Spring Grove Paper Mills, ten miles above York, ordinarily confining 180 acres of water, gave way shortly before four o'clock, and the liberated waters, rushing in a mighty torrent, swept everything before them. Six hundred feet of railroad were carried away. The mills were stopped, and damaged to the extent of \$5000. The breast of the dam still stands, but breaches of twenty-five feet on each side were made, through which rushed the imprisoned waters, that wrought so much wreck and ruin at York. This break was likely occasioned by the breaking of dams above, which increased the strain of water beyond its strength.

At York, at four o'clock A. M., the Codorus contained no volume of water unusual after a heavy rain, but continued rapidly rising until the stream was bank full. A carrier of the "Tribune," who crossed the Market street iron bridge at four o'clock, says the creek was then high and rising. Letter-carrier Welsh crossed at 5:45, but the water was then three feet below the bridge. He had not walked two hundred yards when he heard a loud rushing noise behind him, and, turning, saw the flood rolling in.

It struck the town in one mighty roll, with the roar of a great cataract. Imagine the surprise and terror of the people who arose from their beds to find their homes surrounded with rushing waters, and the flood rising at the rate of a foot every five minutes, until their houses were submerged, and they barely escaped with their lives, leaving everything behind to be lost or ruined. Others who made efforts to secure their ef-

fects to the upper stories, were cut off from escape by the waters below, and had to be rescued from upper windows with boats and ropes. It was not until every bridge across the Codorus had been swept away that the real magnitude of the flood began to be realized.

The Philadelphia street bridge, which was swept off its piers by the angry torrent at 6.30 o'clock, lodged on the Pennsylvania railroad bridge.

By this time the swelling surges were leaping over the floor of the iron bridge at Market street. She trembled and creaked as though determined to resist the water's rage, but she was struck by a pile of lumber, raised off her abutments, overturned with triumphant fury and sunk.

The Princess street bridge now came dashing along, soon after followed by the King street bridge, both of which also lodged on the railroad bridge, which bent and cracked under the terrible strain, until seven o'clock, when, with one tremendous crash, they shared a common destruction, and their fragments were scattered among the general chaos of ruin.

The long iron county bridge, at the foot of Penn street, was swept off her foundation, and went down a wreck, while the George street bridge and Kuhn's bridge did not escape the common fate.

Different accounts vary so much that it is difficult, if not quite impossible, to obtain the exact order and time in which the different bridges went.

Suffice it to say that every bridge was swept away and wrecked beyond repair. No one not an eye-witness can have any correct idea of the scene from any description it is in my power to write. It is impossible to describe it. Business was entirely suspended, stores were locked, and crowds of people everywhere hurried along to see the sights, the like of which they never again may witness. The wildest excitement prevailed all over the city, and the flood was the universal topic of con-

versation. Workmen forsook their accustomed labors, and joined in the general endeavor to save life and property. On all sides were manifest eager concern and frantic inquiry after the safety of friends and kindred.

Some, prompted by a morbid curiosity to see the sights, feasted their eyes on pictures of distress and destitution in the streets, that should have filled their hearts with compassion, and brought the tinge of honest shame to their cheeks. Some posted themselves in high positions, from whence they could view the beauty of the expanded waters and the grandeur of their fearful power; and their exclamations of surprise and admiration mingled with those of pity and sympathy.

While the scene was, to many, one before which they stood transfixed in wonder, others devoutly prayed

for the cessation of the waters and the safety of endangered lives.—While still others, whose only thought or concern was for booty and plunder, made the misfortune of others tend to their own welfare, under the maxim "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Crowds of disinterested spectators hurried to and fro, from point to point, eager to get a glimpse, and now and then one was heard to declare that a certain point afforded a "beautiful view."

Upon us was impressed the immense power of accumulated waters, the raging violence of their progress, as they rolled onward unrestrained by all barriers, sweeping everything in their way, and the utter hopelessness with which life and property must be committed to their merciless fury.



THE RISING FLOOD.

Danger and Distress. Narrow Escapes. Heroic Rescuers. Wreckers and Plunder.

"DEEP calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts: all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me."—*Psalms XLII.*

AS the waters rose higher, the fear and excitement of the people increased with the danger of the hour. Incidents of narrow escapes from death, situations of extreme peril, and remarkable rescues are numerous. "Families occupying houses along the stream, were in the greatest peril. Rescuing parties were at once formed, and with boats, wagons, and every species of life-saving implements, they boldly set to work at the sacrifice of their lives to rescue those in danger." Wild rumors of loss of life were soon afloat upon the streets, causing fear and alarm. Every one was anxious who had friends living in the deluged district, and all were ready to do what they could to rescue those in danger. Boats were launched, but the light crafts could not stem the swift currents with safety, and many people were left to remain in fear and trembling in their houses, as it was better to leave them there, than to risk their lives in frail boats where the waters plunged with race-horse velocity.

The home of Mr. George Berkheimer, No. 102 N. Water St., was flooded before the family could be removed to a place of safety. Mr. Frank Ginter, after removing his own family on horseback, attempted, in like manner, to remove the Berkheimer family. Mrs. Berkheimer was placed on the horse, behind him, but, in crossing Water Street, the horse stumbled, and both were plunged into the flood. Mr. Berk-

heimer, seeing his wife struggling in the water, sprang to her assistance, and both were carried away together, as was also Mr. Ginter, who managed to find support by grasping a pump near by, from which he was rescued by Frank DeHuff. Walter Spangler and others, in a boat. Mr. and Mrs. Berkheimer, however, drifted out into the stream where they were separated by timber. Mrs. Berkheimer diving under a board pile, but came out again. Both finally lodged in the top of a willow tree, where they were, after several hours, rescued by Jacob Cookes, who went out in a boat at the peril of his life. It is said Cookes' father performed similar acts of heroism in the flood of 1817. Mr. and Mrs. Berkheimer were both injured by the floating timber, and after their rescue were cared for by Dr. I. C. Gable.

Capt. John Albright and Frank Hubley effected the rescue of a woman and child, who were in great danger in a house on Newberry St. They crossed in a boat at a point above King Street, and getting upon the house, they broke a hole through the roof, and thus rescued the woman (who had been confined but a short time before) and her infant, bringing them away to a place of safety.

Early in the morning, as soon as Mr. McDonald, manager of the York Transfer Company, learned of the flood, he immediately ordered all his teams to the relief of the sufferers, and they are known to have done noble service.

Mr. John Diehl's family, five in number, were in a perilous situation, when Jesse Thomas and Eli S. Miller succeeded in obtaining a boat, and by the assistance of William Engles and another gentleman whose name is unknown, rescued the family by means of a coil of rope. The family was taken from the second story window, and safely landed.

After this exploit, Mr. Engles and his companion left for the residence of Mr. Z. Loucks, a mile from York, to aid in rescuing his family.

The Proprietor of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, Mr. A. B. Farquhar, exerted himself to the utmost in effecting the rescue of those in peril. He gave his personal assistance and that of his employees, furnishing teams, transporting boats, ropes, and whatever could be utilized in the rescue.

Along Philadelphia and water streets the water rose so rapidly that the people were rescued with difficulty. Officer George Powell stood up to his waist in the water rendering assistance.

During the morning a child is said, upon good authority, to have come down the creek in a cradle, and sank near Cottage Hill.

Mr. George Elsesser, going out to save his hogs, was overtaken by the flood, and could not get back for his wife and children. The front of his house fell, and Mr. George Kable's son, William, put a bed-cord around himself, and brought Mrs. Elsesser and her children across to Kable's house by the roof-window, an exploit that was as dangerous as it was brave.

Down on North Arch street, Wm. Lehr came near losing his life, but was saved by Philip Lehr.

At the Codorus Paper Mills, the family of Mr. Jere Horton was imprisoned in their upper story, with the waters rushing violently all around them. Mr. Hollar, who lives near, fastened a rope to a tree and swam to them. A raft of barn doors was afterwards constructed to relieve the family. They however had confidence in the strength of the house, and did not leave. The night em-

ployees of the mill were also imprisoned, and had to be rescued in a boat, from the deluged factory.

"Mr. B. S. Bievenour, to save his little five-year old son, swam to his house, near Water and Philadelphia Streets, removed him from a roof window, and then lent valuable aid in saving the lives and property of others.

Mr. Anthony Munchel, seeing the water rise so rapidly, took his wife upon his back, and swam with her to a place of safety, while the wife of Mr. Shermeyer, fell into her cellar, getting into the water up to her neck. Her husband hearing her screams, came to her assistance and also fell in; their girl coming upon the scene, they rescued Mrs. Shermeyer, who was now under water, and nearly drowned.

On Grant street, a number of persons were rescued from second story windows with boats, and some hair-breadth escapes from drowning are reported.

Mr. Patton and his assistants tried to stay the current by holding the door of the drug store shut; but finding the pressure too great, and the water rushing in, they returned to the rear of the building to open the windows. At this moment the front gable wall fell in with a tremendous crash, and Mr. Patton, had he waited one moment longer, would have been buried beneath it. Subsequently the rear gable fell, one portion falling in, and the other out. Mr. Patton and assistants now succeeded in reaching the stairway and escaped to the second floor, where they remained spectators of the destruction of their store. Mr. C. B. Allen soon after established communication with his wife from the drug store, where he was imprisoned with Mr. Patton, by means of a cord thrown with a stone, and messages were thus passed between them. Many incidents, romantic and amusing, as well as painful, are related in connection with the disaster.

Hundreds of people, gazing over the wide expanse of water from the east side, watched a small house near

Fallon's planing mill with anxious solicitude. The waters, coming nearly to the eaves, swept around it with great force, while a man and woman crouched on the roof, and clung to the chimney for safety. All manner of rubbish was whirled madly by, and once a floating building, which would certainly have swept it away, almost struck it. It was afterwards ascertained that the imperiled family was that of Mr. Underdecker, on King St., near Newberry. They had ascended to the upper floor, and when the water followed them there, broke an opening through the ceiling and roof, and took refuge upon the house-top, where they were seen and so anxiously watched by the people from the shore. The violence of the current rendered their rescue impossible, and they remained in their perilous position until the waters subsided towards evening.

At Mason Avenue, James Boner attempted to swim a horse across. The current was swift; but Boner urged the horse on by striking him, until the animal was nearly exhausted, and when near the east side, horse and rider were carried down stream some distance, fortunately lodging in a tree top. Both would have been drowned, had they not been rescued by some men near by, who drew Boner into a boat, and guided the horse to the west bank, where he obtained footing and was saved.

High Constable Frederick Zorger and family were overtaken by the flood, in their home on South Newberry Street, the water rising so rapidly that egress from the lower floor was made impossible. They ascended to the upper floor, broke through the roof an opening large enough for escape to the top. A rope was now let down from the upper window of an adjoining house, and by tying it around the body, each member of the family was successively hoisted up out of danger into the larger house of his neighbor. The water soon after poured into the dormer window of Mr. Zorger's house.

Mr. Strickler, of the Postal Ser-

vice, crossed the Main Street bridge before it went down. When the flood occurred he went immediately to the shop of Fry and Motter, where, from a window, he could see his family, in the second-story windows of his house on the other side on Newberry street. They recognized him by his uniform, and waved their handkerchiefs. Mrs. Strickler had carried everything she could into the garret, and, with an old chisel, punched a hole in the roof so that if the water reached the garret she might escape thence with her children. Mr. Strickler states that the agony he suffered, while his wife and children were thus in danger, and he was powerless to help them, was too intense to describe.

Mrs. W. H. H. Welsh, of South Newberry street, noticing about 6 o'clock that the creek was very high, walked down toward the King street bridge to ascertain its condition. The flood burst upon her, submerging her to the neck. She tried to return home but succeeded only in reaching her neighbor's house where she was taken in. Her daughter, Ida, in the meantime saved the carpet and other valuables of the parlor, but her organ was ruined.

George S. Thoman, miller at the large flour mill opposite the Paper Mills, occupies an exposed corner-house at the foot of Penn street. He was in the mill when the water began to rise, but, hastily gathering a few valuables into his office on the second floor, he hurried to the assistance of his family through the water which now swept between the mill and his house. Quickly placing two shoats in a store box on the garret, he carried his wife and children waist deep through the rising water, up Penn street beyond the reach of danger. Other incidents of like character were common throughout the flooded district.

The points of greatest danger in the southern end of town, seem to have been along South Newberry street, in the vicinity of King and Princess, and south towards the creek. Here lived Charley Gotwalt

and wife, with a family of nine children, one of which is an infant two weeks old. While Mrs. Gotwalt was in the cellar to get some things, it began to fill with water. The building, a two-story frame, soon filled to within a few inches of the second story windows. The water had covered the second floor and ascended over two feet in the staircase to the garret, whence the family had fled for refuge, and were huddled, a terrified little group, while the wild waters washed through their house below, forcing doors and windows open, and floating almost all they had out, and hurrying it away. The rattle of pans and dishes, the crash of breaking doors, and the smashing of windows, was enough to fill them with despair.

Mr. Gotwalt was in the meantime on the roof, engaged in warding off the debris that came tearing along through the alley, on which his house formed a corner; and, it is asserted, by this means saved his house from wreck. The family spent the whole night in the garret in darkness and misery. About half-past eight, three two-story houses went down stream, passing Market street with fearful speed. It is said, but probably incorrectly, that several children were seen in them. The new wagon-shed recently erected at the Codorus Paper Mills, came down entire, with the carriages still in it.

Piles of lumber belonging to Messrs. Fallon, Herman Noss, Brown and Smyser and Michael Schall were lifted and carried away and helped along the general destruction of what lay in their track.

Two mules, belonging to Mr. P. F. Wilt's coal yard, on Water street near Beaver, kicked themselves out of their stable and were rescued.

The horses belonging to Ed. Myers, on Newberry street, were rescued with difficulty and taken to stables where they were secure, their rescuer being obliged to throw off his clothing and swim to the stable amid floating debris.

The Penn street bridge was carried away by a house getting under it,

while a pile of lumber from Fallon's Planing Mills lifted the Main street bridge out of position.

A barn lodged against the residence of Miss Susan Doudel, and settled down in her yard.

Frank Rohrbach, who keeps a hardware store on West Main street, beyond the creek, and adjoining the Motter House, had a narrow, and rather remarkable escape from drowning. He was caught by the advancing flood in his store. To rush into the street was only to be carried away and drowned. His retreat was also cut off at the rear. So, as the water began to pour into his store, he concluded that his only safety was to get up on the top shelf. He accordingly climbed up and lay down flat. From this position he watched the water gradually creeping up to within a very short distance of his resting-place. The water had risen nine feet, leaving but a few inches between the water and ceiling. His experience may be imagined.

At the Motter House, the proprietor, Mr. Christian Landis, went to his safe to get his book, when the water rushed in through the window. He hurried to the stairs, which he just reached when the door broke in and the water followed him up stairs. Mr. Landis' cow and a steer belonging to Leber & Co., were drowned in the yard, while another steer, which was carried off and swam out in Small's meadow, was by Mr. Lichtenberger taken to his home.

A cow and calf were drowned at Hyde's, near the Codorus paper mill. Numbers of cattle and hogs were drowned, and here and there an animal made almost miraculous escape.

What many of our people suffered may never be known beyond the little circles of their immediate families.

The following is only an example of many like circumstances of suffering:—"A family of eight persons, six of them children, and one of the latter a helpless invalid, who had barely time to reach the second floor

were, like many others, surprised in their home by the waters rushing in upon them. After the family had hastily taken refuge in the second story, the mother returned to the kitchen, and wading through the water up to her waist, reached half a loaf of bread, a little butter, and a bird-cage, and returned with difficulty to her family. The water was soon within a few inches of the second floor, banging the floating furniture so violently against the ceiling, that they expected momentarily to be engulfed in the flood. Their terror was increased by the fall of a neighboring chimney. By and by the children became hungry, and the half loaf was sparingly dealt out among them. The parents fasted during the day, and spent a sleepless night in hunger.

Next morning the distressed cry of a child was heard in an adjoining house, and it was learned, upon inquiry, that the little one was suffering from hunger. She had cried herself to sleep the preceding evening, and was now nearly famished. The small remnant of the bread was generously handed over to the little sufferer, who devoured it eagerly. The following narrow escapes are related:—Just before the iron bridge was carried off, a man crossed it in a one-horse spring wagon. The water rose so rapidly that the horse had to wade through the water. The bridge was gone by the time he reached Water street.

Harry L. Smyser, who carries on the harness business on West Main street, was coming across the bridge to his shop, just as the rush of water came, and had a very narrow escape from being carried away.

Mrs. Mowbray, milliner, at the corner of Water and Main streets, was in her bed, sick and alone, when the water swept into her house. She was rescued by a party of men in a boat, but lost everything except her gold watch and chain, and a silk dress.

Jonathan Owen and family were rescued in boats, and Fred. Stallman was taken in the same manner from

the second story of L. A. Marshall's liquor store.

Mrs. Danner and Mrs. Gerber were rescued by Mr. Gerber, and taken through the rushing current up Water street.

Levi Erion, residing at Newberry and King streets, rescued his wife on a horse. While Mrs. King, mother of Mrs. Chas. Klinefelter, was rescued from the second-story window on another corner of the same streets.

Ed. Chalfant, who occupied the garret of his sister's house, on Main street, either fell, or leaped into the flood, when the front of the building fell out, and swam to a tree, where he supported himself, and afterwards swam back again to the house, where he remained until the water went down.

Mrs. Fahs made a narrow escape while in the store of the Misses Allemen, and was in the water up to her waist when she was rescued. In a few moments more she would probably have been washed out with the goods. Mrs. Fahs lives in the building occupied by the Misses Allemen.

In an angle between the Empire Car Works and the curve of the N. C. R. W., is a small house owned by Frank Steininger. Here was Mrs. Lydia Jacoby, aged 67 years, alone with her son, 39 years of age. Her son is an imbecile and has been in bed all his life, but weighs no less than 165 pounds. When the flood came upon them this heroic and courageous old lady succeeded in removing her invalid to a place of safety, although obliged to wade with him, waist deep, through the rising water.

Alone, in a small frame house on King street, near Fallon's Planing Mill, lives Mrs. Sophia Zech, an aged lady, mother-in-law to George Wehrley, proprietor of the Pennsylvania House. Remaining in her house, she was soon driven to the second floor, where the water very shortly followed her. Seeing her furniture begin to float around she sought a place of safety by crawling through a small opening to the gar-

ret, a small place under the roof, where she remained in imminent danger during the critical period. Had not the surrounding houses protected it, her little home must certainly have floated away. She was removed as soon as she could be reached, and taken to the Pennsylvania House, where she was cared for by Mr. Wehrley.

Mrs. Betsy Smith, an old and respected widow lady, made a narrow escape from the flood of 1817. She was at that time with difficulty rescued from the Motter House. This time she was again rescued from her home on North Water street. Her age is nearly 90.

The greatest violence of the flood is marked by a straight line drawn from the Codorus Paper Mills to Cottage Hill. The current did not follow the curve in the creek, but swept in a mighty torrent through this low part of town, where it is said the creek bed once lay. All that section of York lying between Newberry and Water streets, diagonally towards Cottage Hill, in consequence received the full force of the current, and floating timber battered up everything that came in its way. A mighty current swept Newberry street; planks and scantlings shot into the large plate windows of Michael Smyser's hardware store, smashing them into splinters. Stacks of grind-stones were scattered and went spinning like so many marbles on a smooth floor. From Newberry the current swept diagonally beyond Water street to Cottage Hill, wrecking yards and outbuildings into one unrecognizable mass of confusion. Meeting the lower currents here, the flood swept in one fearful stream north to Small's meadow, where it expanded into a broad rushing river.

The lower currents came by way of the creek and another swept Water street. It was the former that exerted itself against the residence of Mrs. Croll and that of Mr. Houser, on opposite corners at the Main street bridge, completely wrecking both buildings on the exposed sides.

When the flood first set in at this

place, several men were standing near the bridge, watching the water. One of these, we are informed, was Mr. S. Adams. The flood swept upon them unawares, cutting off their retreat, and, running for life, they sought refuge in the residence of Mrs. Croll. Here they put up for the day, making themselves generally useful in saving their hostess' carpets and other property. They carried up stairs all they could, until the water covered the first floor and forced them up stairs. Much anxiety was felt for their safety, as they were considered in great danger. A stable lodged against the house, and a pile of lumber struck the veranda and carried it away with furniture and a valuable library.

Mr. H. E. Houser's residence and meat store became the target for much of the floating debris, and the building was nearly demolished. The Main street iron bridge struck the corner as it was carried away, and battered it severely. The vast expanse of water, rushing in mad, impetuous currents, filled with floating debris, half submerged houses, trees with only their tops visible above the flood, people clinging to roofs and trees for safety, was altogether a sight, calculated to leave a life-long impression upon the mind of the beholder. Everywhere things were demolished or carried away. The noise of the rushing water and the crashing of breaking buildings was enough to fill the bravest with fear, especially so when in the midst of it all, with no way of escape.

Many men, living on the other side of the creek, had come over to work, before the flood, and could not get home, their families being left to struggle through the danger alone. While Mr. William Strausbaugh was thus cut off from his family, who were at their home on Newberry street, Mrs. Strausbaugh cut a hole in the roof of her house, where she could look out and signal to her husband on the east side.

The following is related of another family living on South Newberry street:—The lady of the house looked

out and remarked to her husband that the creek was high, and as one of the neighbors was moving, she would go down and help them. Shortly afterwards the husband also looked, and found the water rising so fast that he called his wife home. They had hardly entered their house before the water was at their door. The first floor was soon covered and they were driven to the second floor, where they were joined by a neighbor and his wife, who did not like to be alone. The party was soon driven to the attic by the water rising into the second floor, where they staid, with the torrent rushing violently around them, amid crashing timber, and all manner of floating debris. While they thus waited in fear and suspense, a house near by was swung around by the water.

Charles Brannan and wife came near being drowned in their efforts to awaken their son, John, who lived in a frame house near the banks of the creek. The party only had time to flee to the house of the elder Brannan, from where a few moments later, they saw the house with all its contents, swept from its foundation and carried away. They were soon driven from their own house, and took refuge upon the roof of a neighbor's dwelling, which was thought to be safe, as lumber and bridges had lodged below it and supported it. An effort to rescue them was made but since the water had already begun to lower, they thought best to remain.

It was in this locality that the rescuing party composed of Capt. Albright, Frank Hubley and A. L. Hickman, took a number of persons from roofs and upper windows. The rescue of a woman with an infant has been denied, but certain it is that the party did noble work among the people of Princess and Newberry streets, in the vicinity of Davis' Soap Works, saving lives and supplying the destitute with provisions and necessities. Earlier in the morning, from the east side in the vicinity of Princess street, efforts were made to relieve some of these

families. A boat had been launched, but being a round-bottomed craft, it was thought it would not ride the heavy surges. Mr. A. W. Moore, who has considerable experience on water, demanded the boat, saying he would risk his life, for he was confident he could rescue them. George Smith, of Stauffer's bakery, also declared he would go if Mr. Moore did not. They were, however, refused on the ground that it was dangerous, and the boat was carried away in a wagon, doubtless to do good service elsewhere. It is asserted that other parties attempted to cross at this point in boats, but finding the current too swift, they abandoned the project after several narrow escapes from drowning. The Albright party afterwards crossed higher up, at a point near College Avenue.

While the roaring waters were sweeping through the basement and first story of the Horton mansion, threatening every moment to break through the walls and involve the family in ruin, beholders stood panic stricken, and knew not what to do.

Mr. W. H. Hollar, whose house stands just a few inches above high water mark, near by, deserves great credit for his presence of mind, wise fore-thought, and prompt action. He immediately devised and carried into effect a plan for the relief of the family, who, filled with terror and dismay, could be seen at the second-story windows. Having first dispatched a messenger to town on horse-back for a long, stout rope, he gave directions to pull down two great doors of a barn, and fasten them together for a raft, while he divested himself of his outer clothing and prepared to cast himself into the raging waters. From the railroad track, where he fastened one end of a line, he swam, amid floating boards, logs, and rubbish, with the other end fastened around his body, a distance of several hundred feet to a high tree that lifted itself above the flood not far from the south-east corner of the Horton mansion. By means of a light cord, which he had also carried over, he now hauled the great

rope over and fastened it to a strong limb of the tree. The other end was, in the mean time, securely fastened to the railroad, and the rope formed a guide by which the raft or a boat could be taken to the house, with food for the family, or as a means of escape, should the water rise higher or the house succumb to the force of the current. But, fortunately, the crisis had been reached, the waters began to subside and the danger was over. The raft is said to have been used during the day to transport food to the family. At 4:30 o'clock A. M., Mr. Horton had been aroused from his sleep by a message from the mill, that the water was rising and the mill was in danger of being flooded. As thousands of dollars of damage might thus result to paper stored below, Mr. Horton hurried on his clothes, having in the meantime called his three sons, and they hastened to the mill to assist the hands in removing the valuable stock to the upper floors. The flood soon after surrounded the mill, cutting off their communication with the family. The lower part of the mill was soon flooded, and they were driven to the upper story, from the windows of which they viewed the waters as they rose higher and became more angry, sweeping away fences, overturning trees, roaring in resistless rapids between them and the house where the family was imprisoned, as well as they.

In the northern portion of town scenes were not less exciting than in the southern and western.

At north Duke, Washington Avenue, and Arch streets, were fifty-four families in the second stories of their dwellings, only six of whom were rescued up to nine o'clock.

In Grothe's Row, at the foot of Duke street, alone, twenty-five or thirty families were driven to the attics, from where they were rescued by Charles Monts and other young men of the neighborhood, who carried the old and infirm to places of safety. The Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, and the Rolling Mills, were closed early in the day, and the

men sent to the rescue of life and property.

Mr. Dick, the popular boatman at North Duke street, luckily had all his boats secure, and made them very useful in rescuing his neighbors.

There were so many acts of heroism and kindness performed during the trying scenes of the flood that it is difficult for us to learn them all and give due credit to all the deserving.

Hundreds of people were gathered all day upon the headland of the railroad yards behind the round-house, to witness the wild waste of waters and the drift they carried to destruction, as they swept like a river over a broad expanse of fertile farmlands and meadows.

Wreckers risked their lives for plunder. Men waded waist-deep or swam after lumber, furniture and merchandise. The eager scramble after barrels of whiskey and kegs of beer showed that the stuff is to many a one as dear as his life, for he loves it "as his own soul." If the contents of any such cask were known to the right parties, it was as certainly rescued as though it contained a precious life.

A short distance from the Pennsylvania railroad bridge, on the grounds known as the Cottage Hill property, a number of colored men were engaged in catching drift wood, etc., prominent among them being "Long John Mayers." These men worked hard, and seemed to enjoy the excitement occasioned by the high water. They were having "good times" among themselves, and lookers-on enjoyed the fun with them. The incentive to their hilarity and exuberance of spirits, was due, perhaps to a suspicious-looking bottle carried in the pocket of one of their number, from which occasional sips were taken.

A determined effort on the part of these colored gents to get the best of this suspicious-looking bottle, and a sort of desperate-resolve-look on their faces, told the lookers-on there would be fun amongst the colored populace of that vicinity before very

long; and the fun did come with a vengeance.

There floated by; amongst other things, several barrels, said barrels having the appearance of being full of something, and it dawned upon the minds of the men that they came from the liquor store of Andy Stough, and must contain liquor of some sort. An effort was at once made to secure one of these barrels, but all attempts proved disastrous, much to the discomfit of the men, for it seemed dreadful to them to see so much valuable property going to waste.

It was proposed, at length, as the barrels kept floating by in greater numbers, that a rope be tied about one of their number, and that he go out in the stream and try to catch one as it went by. The rope arrived and was adjusted about one of them, and he waded out into the current.

A coveted barrel was seen in the distance, and the darkey in the water yelled: "Yer comes one; hole tight to de rope," to which the reply came, "Nebor mind us, we're got dis rope down fine." The barrel came along, slowly at first, but as it got into the channel it came with a rush, and floated along by the side of a heavy piece of timber. This was unfortunate, as the log might hit the man and make matters worse, so he wanted to get out before the barrel arrived. At this period the excitement became more intense and the situation more distressing to those who held the rope, as they contemplated the possibility of losing the prize in the end. So they yelled to him: "Don't you come in yer now. You jes keep yer eyes on dat barrel. Dar she cum now. Nebor mind nuffin else. Dodge de log and grab dat bar'l."

His effort proved successful, and he was drawn in, along with his prize, much to the satisfaction of his comrades, who in due time opened "de bar'l" and tasted its contents, which proved to be wine.

A young man named Lenhart, while attempting to get a table floating at Jones' corner, slipped, fell into the water and sank, but was saved

by Bert Adreon, who seized his hand as he thrust it out of the water, and dragged him out, but without getting the table.

A man named Vales, with a skiff in which he had some furniture, drifted helplessly with the flood in Small's meadow, towards Louck's. He struggled till five o'clock, when he was at last rescued and cared for by a farmer.

Men were busy all day removing debris from the railroad tracks. Some excitement was created on North George street, at one o'clock, by a dispute between Samuel Truett and Henry Robinson, about the use of a boat. The quarrel resulted in a fight which the officers endeavored to quell. Lieutenant Leib arrested Robinson after a hard contest, during which he was severely cut in the head by a stone thrown by Robinson. In the meantime officers Boyd and Glessner arrested Truett, who had fled for refuge into Krantz's hotel, and both were placed in the lock-up.

Many reports of death from drowning and fright were afloat, increasing the excitement until they were contradicted. Among these was the report that Miss Lillie Long of Princess street had died from fright during the morning. Her many friends were glad to find it untrue after the family could be visited. Employees of the N. C. Railroad, who came down on a gravel train during the evening, reported that a woman and child were in a wrecked house, floating near the black bridge. Some thought both were living, while another said they were apparently dead, the woman's head lying in the water.

A shanty with a man upon the roof, came down about 7:30 o'clock A. M. He cried frantically to those who saw him, "My God, save me!" But being right in the current, it was impossible to reach him. Afterwards a man, likely the same, was seen upon a roof between the black bridge and Louck's mill. Still later advices state that he was rescued near the mouth of the creek by a far-

mer, who got him out at the pier of the old Furnace bridge, but a short distance from the Susquehanna.

As there is no tragedy which has not its comic side, some of those fortunate people who see the humorous in everything contribute the following:—"Two mules that kicked themselves out of their stable to be saved, kicked the right way and at the proper time for once."

"A forlorn-looking group of rats drifted on a store-box, like a distressed ship's company without sail, rudder or compass."

"A cow, coming down with the stream, waded ashore near King street, and proceeded, without ceremony, to forage her breakfast."

"A pig, seated in a barrel, navigated the current as comfortably as a Pullman passenger with a through ticket in his hat."

"A lone chanticleer, sitting in silent, damp and disgusted majesty on a stray roof, floated sadly by, and lent solemnity to the scene."

"Three citizens compared notes:

Smith escaped the flood by not moving into Newberry St. Brown by moving out of it last April. And Smith, by renting one door beyond where the water reached."

"A duck, that didn't 'mind the weather,' sailed down with the current, and, anchoring in the top of a willow-tree, fell into deep reflection upon the situation."

"The man who at a fire throws mirrors out of second story windows, and carries pillows tenderly down stairs, certainly has relatives, for a lady left house, furniture, and everything to the mercy of mud and water, but safely landed in her apron two beagle pups, which showed their ingratitude by an immediate and stubborn attempt to swim back the moment they touched ground."

"Mr. Jacob Shunk is said to have saved a hog by heading it up in a barrel, only to find it next day some distance down creek, while another large and valuable hog, belonging to Mr. Deardorff, was saved by gradually coaxing him up stairs by the ears, as the water advanced, until he

was finally landed in the garret, where he remained open to persuasion to come down."

"The flood has become the excuse for all kinds of sins of commission and omission: If a man is late at night, he tells his wife he has been sitting up with Smith, who caught rheumatism in the flood, or, if he is a tailor, he tells his customer his clothes are not done because the flood occurred."

Expressions, which an editor calls evil-minded and villainous, were made, during the continuance of the flood, against the market sheds.

One man, after the bridges had all been swept away, suggested the propriety of converting these boat-shaped sheds into ferry scows, by launching them upside down.

Another, wished that they had spanned the Codorus with the old wooden bridges.

Probably one of the most noteworthy incidents of the flood, occurred at a small house near the Codorus Paper Mills, and separated from the Mills by a road passing between. Here lived Patrick Lynch and Thomas Canavan with their families, seven persons in all. Canavan is an invalid, and was confined to his bed in the second story. Having no thought that the water would rise to such a height, no effort was made to remove him. The water rose so rapidly, that before he could be removed, the bed upon which he lay was raised up by the water and floated about the room. To remove him to the attic required the breaking through of a board partition, and in the excitement no implement with which to accomplish this could anywhere be found. At last, on the attic, an old mason hammer was found, and the partition was therewith battered down, the invalid was taken waist-deep through the water, and removed to the garret. The water had meantime risen to the fourth step of the garret stairs. The combined families remained for over eight hours in the little attic without food, with the water threatening every moment to demolish

their frail habitation. That the house withstood the mad onslaught of water and floating timber is a wonder.

Mr. Horton says, he watched the house from a window of the Mill, regarding its occupants with heart-felt pity, for he expected every moment to see the foundation washed away, the house fall, and all within it perish.

So far from doing the invalid any harm, Mr. Horton declares his belief that his cold bath will cure him. He walked to York several times since, a thing he had not been able to do for a long time previous. Patrick Lynch and Thomas McGuigan, who were with him, effected the rescue of Canavan.

It is said that two persons on Grant street attempted to remove an invalid, and all three fell into the water, but fortunately were helped out.

Miss Lizzie Stauffer, who effected the rescue of Mr. and Mrs. Shermeyer, to which reference has already been made, deserves more than a mere passing notice; for, by her presence of mind the lives of the Shermeyer family were without doubt saved. Having been aware of the coming flood for a short time previous, Mr. and Mrs. Shermeyer and Miss Stauffer, who is their niece, had proceeded to take up the dining-room carpet. Mrs. Shermeyer, without thinking of water in the cellar, hastily attempted to go down the steps to get something, when she fell into the water and sank. Mr. Shermeyer, hearing her scream, went to her assistance, and, in his attempt to rescue her, also fell in. Miss Stauffer, unconscious of what was transpiring, now ran at the sound of Mr. Shermeyer's voice. Carefully going down the steps, she seized Mr. Shermeyer, who was vainly struggling to get out of the water, and drew him to the step. Miss Stauffer and Mr. Shermeyer jointly now rescued Mrs. Shermeyer, and took her, in an al-

most unconscious condition, to the dining-room, just as the water came rushing in. It was with great exertion that they at last succeeded in bringing her safely to the second story, where she yet lies under the care of her physician. Miss Stauffer's home is near Edgemont Station, Washington county, and her age is nineteen.

A miraculous escape is related of Mrs. H. E. Houser, who fled from her residence through an alley in the rear, wading through the water up to her neck, carrying her little son in her arms. Reaching Water street, her further progress was prevented by the rapid current, and she sustained herself by holding on to a rain spout until she was rescued. Her daughter, Naomi, followed after and was rescued in the same manner.

We are aware that there must be numerous other occurrences that would be of interest, but which we have not time to find.

The short time in which we are obliged to gather our matter forbids delay; but should we learn of other facts that ought to be recorded, they may find place in a succeeding chapter.

We can, however, not close this chapter of incidents, without a passing comment upon the fact that a torrent of water so immense, and so violent, can have swept through our midst, and over us, with such overwhelming suddenness, without destroying a single life. This is a wonder; aye, a miracle, which we must fail to comprehend.

From all around us comes reports of loss of life, but York escaped, as an army passes through a raking fire of grape and canister, without losing a man; but comes out with its every stand of colors shivered into an unsightly rag. Surely:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

THE RETIRING TIDE.

*The Crisis Passed. The Waters Subsiding. Scenes in the Streets.
A Dreary Night.*

"The fountains also of the deep, and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven, was restrained."—*Genesis VIII.*

THURSDAY evening came slowly, as the eventful day wore painfully on. The flood had reached its height and crowds of anxious people pressed closely on the receding waters towards the banks of the Codorus, on either side, each eager to hear of the safety of relatives or friends. All communication by wire had been swept away, as well as the bridges. Here and there friends signaled to each other from opposite sides, but no voice could be heard above the rushing water. From upper windows and roofs, signals were still given by those apparently in distress.

The scenes and incidents described in the preceding chapters, of the origin, rise and continuance of the flood, are mere examples of hundreds of similar ones, and they may serve to convey a faint idea of the whole. We will in like manner, attempt to treat its decline.

The violence of the waters was now spent, and they crept lazily back to their accustomed limits. The first communication was established by the "*York Daily*." While the creek was still high, a stone, with a string attached, was thrown across, and this frail "cable" soon conveyed dozens of anxious inquiries and their answers in turn.

We now began to learn of the sufferers on the west side, but little did we dream of the sights reserved for us later to behold.

The greatest height of the water had been reached at 10 A. M., when

it rolled in a steady, raging torrent until past the hour of noon. At two o'clock it had sunk fully a foot, and was rapidly going down at three, until by sunset, it had reached the banks of the natural channel. Crowds of people were now on both sides, eager to get across, but the creek was still too high and too rapid to be crossed in a boat.

A party succeeded, after considerable effort, in stretching a rope across at Market street, along which they guided a boat, and thus established a ferry, charging twenty five cents a passage. Many eagerly availed themselves of the first opportunity to get across, and the ferry soon turned out thriving and profitable.

The streets, in the meantime, presented scenes, some of which were as amusing as others were painful. In some places where slack-water had been, they were covered with a deep layer of mud, while elsewhere the swift currents had swept them clean and white to the solid ballast.

Many people who lived at a distance from the creek, and had time to take up carpets, were little more than amused when the water first reached their doors. But when it began to run into cupboards, submerge pianos, reach libraries, and fine pictures on the walls, they began to realize the damage they were about to suffer by water. When, however, the waters began to leave, many threw up their hands in horrified surprise.

"Mud, mud, mud! Oh, the mud!"

Floors were covered six inches with mud, often on top of costly carpets. Pianos and organs were packed with mud, cupboards were found reeking with filth from sewer and cess-pool; queensware, glassware, cutlery and silverware, pans, pots, kettles, dishes,—*all mud*.

Men and women now waded in the water knee deep, with broom and brush, washing all manner of household goods in the middle of the streets.

Everywhere stuffed furniture, carpets, household and kitchen utensils and clothing lined the streets to be scrubbed and cleaned in the gradually falling water.

Iron, glass, rosewood, walnut, hair-cloth, wool, linen, silk, satin, polished, varnished, gilt, embroidered, plain;—no difference,—*all mud*.

After six inches of mud had been removed from it, costly Brussels was dragged out of soiled parlors, thrown into the street and scrubbed in the muddy water.

Some were merry in the midst of their trouble; some were grieved and sighed sadly; others were mad and profaned their ill-fortune and the Codorus; and still others whose houses were ruined, their savings of a life-time swept away with all their hopes for the future, wept silently in despair.

One poor woman who had lost her marriage certificate with all the rest of her worldly goods, in earnest simplicity inquired of a clergyman whom she met in the street, whether she could hold her man if the "writing" is not recovered. Another, helpless and alone, standing in the midst of the wreck and ruin of her home, everything she had possessed carried off by the mad waters, and her house left a den of filth, tenderly pressed her blue-eyed babe to her bosom and wept as though her heart would break.

The water mains were swept away with the iron bridge, and the water supply to the west side was thus cut off since early morning.

While cellars and streets were full of water there was not a drop to

drink, beyond the creek, excepting at a few pumps, and some of these were chained and locked.

It was asserted that there were instances of pump owners selling drinking water at ten cents a bucketful, to those who had money, leaving others to thirst.

The new water-works were completely submerged, and, during the day, the following circular was issued to water consumers on the East side.

NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS.

York, Pa., June 26, 1884.

Owing to the extreme rise of the Codorus and not being able to tell what damage may have been done to our pumping machinery, I respectfully request the public not to waste any water and only to use what necessity may demand.

J. L. KUEHN,

Superintendent.

Everywhere could be seen men with their families, hungry, distressed and covered with mud, huddled in miserable groups around their desolate homes.

Women, who had lost all their clothing in their hurried flight for life, were taken from attics in their night clothes, wet and shivering in the damp atmosphere, and nearly wild with mortification and shame, while half-clad children clung to them and cried for bread.

Many had eaten nothing since the previous evening and suffered from hunger.

At the foot of George street were two little children wrapped in table covers. The mother had not time to dress them, and the father, not thinking his own house in danger, had helped his neighbor secure his pigs. When the water swept into their house they had only time to wrap up the little ones, and flee with them into safety. Our informant does not say what became of clothes and breakfast.

It is a fact that our people could not be brought to realize that there was the least danger. At the George street bridge a number of men and women stood anxiously waiting to

see the bridge go, until the water had surrounded them and was already at their doors. They were at first surprised, then confused, but became frightened, as the water rose rapidly higher and began to flood their houses. Little sharp screams and a stampede were the results at the bridge. One man whose lady outweighs him by half, gallantly volunteered to carry her out, but she shook her head sadly, and waited till a wagon backed in for her. The bridge did not go just then, but a great deal of loose household goods did. While it is true that many did not have time to escape or save anything, it is equally true that others lost what might have been saved, by foolishly waiting to see what was going to happen, and only realized their loss when the water had subsided.

The day had been gloomy and damp, a light rain falling till noon, but in the afternoon the sky gradually cleared up, and the golden rays of the sun burst forth upon the scene of ruin, as if to inspire with hope the saddened sufferers.

On the East side, measures were early taken to relieve the wants of the homeless and destitute sufferers of the flood. At nine o'clock in the morning the Court House bell rang, and a meeting of citizens assembled. Committees were appointed to solicit funds and supplies, and the Court House was made the place for the reception and distribution of necessities to the needy.

An earnest appeal was made to the people for immediate help, in a proclamation issued by Chief Burgess Small.

A committee of safety was also appointed, while Manager McDonald tendered the services of the Transfer wagons.

Many whose names and deeds of noble charity it shall be our pleasant duty to mention in a subsequent chapter, responded promptly to the call for assistance.

Buildings were thrown open for the accommodation of the homeless, food was supplied for the hungry, and clothing for the unclad. Noble men and women whose hearts are as large as their purses, did acts of kindness by which their names have become sacred to many a household, and for which their memory will be cherished by posterity.

Wagons hurried many away from the scenes of destruction and desolation, to be housed, clothed and fed.

On the West side, some efforts were early made it is true, but as all the bridges were swept away and the water was dangerous to be crossed in boats, immediate relief was impossible.

Hundreds of people were without clothes, without beds, and without food. Many houses had not a square inch of floor that was not covered with mud; many were totally wrecked, with every piece of furniture gone; and others had been carried away. In this condition were whole streets. Neighbors could seldom afford each other the slightest relief. Nothing to eat could be begged or bought. No water, no fire, no food, no clothes, and night closed in on the most gloomy, dreary, and pitiful scene ever witnessed by the people of York.



THE FLOOD'S TRACK.

A Path of Wreck and Ruin. Scenes of Desolation.

"The waters wear the stones; Thou wastest among the things which grow out of the earth; and Thou destroyest the hope of man."—*Job XIV.*

FRIDAY morning, the sun rose clear and bright, and crowds of people hurried to the creek to see the sights of the great disaster. The nature and extent of the damage, destruction, and distress occasioned by the flood had not yet been ascertained. Buildings that could be viewed only from a distance on Thursday, were more closely inspected, and in nearly every instance the ruin was found to be even greater than was at first anticipated. The water of the Codorus had fallen to its usual level, and a better opportunity was now afforded to visit the deluged district.

The waters receded almost as rapidly as they came, but they left behind them marks that years will not efface, and filthy accumulations that will bear fruits of misfortune, even in the near future, and may be even more calamitous than the wholesale destruction of property. The flood has sown the seeds of fever and pestilence, which, if not hastily removed, will bring suffering and sorrow into our midst from which there will be no escape.

As the creek became lower, and the current less rapid, numerous boats began business at the principal streets, and the fare of passage dropped during the day to ten cents. These ferry men reaped a harvest in small coin.

While the creek was still high, a boat containing Col. Levi Maish, Dr. M. J. McKinnon and Mr. John Burg, was capsized, but the occupants escaped without injury. About this

this time also, Prof. Peter Bentz stepped unawares into deep water in a wash-out on Market street near the railroad, and went up to his neck in water. He also was rescued without more serious injury than a thorough soaking.

The opportunity to visit the West side was eagerly embraced. Thousands went over with the pictures of destruction viewed yesterday fresh in their minds, but no one was prepared for such scenes of utter wreck and disaster as met his gaze.

On the West side of the Codorus the flood covered a larger area and submerged more houses. The main current swept through here and entailed more damage than was done on the East side.

On Market street the water reached beyond Gable's Drug store, above Newberry street.

Some one truly says:—"When one views the ruins, it is difficult to comprehend that within so brief a period, the placid, harmless looking Codorus could have been converted into such an insatiable demon of destruction. The scenes along the creek are indescribable, and desolation and ruin exist in all their hideousness for squares along the banks of the creek."

The greater part of the southwestern portion of the town was submerged, and probably from four hundred to five hundred houses were flooded.

On Penn street, for several squares, the dwellings were flooded on the first floor, and foundations were un-

dermined, in several instances making buildings unsafe. At the residence of Joseph Wagner, on South Penn street, owned by Fred. Brunhouse, the foundation wall of the back building was washed out, though the water did not reach over the first floor.

On Penn street, the water reached as far as Princess, and on Princess to the corner of Penn. The scenes along these streets were indescribable.

The boiler of the Water Works lies in the tail race of the flour mill at the foot of Penn street, and the water house is entirely demolished.

The large iron bridge which spanned the Codorus at this point, lies a dismantled wreck near its piers. The large and heavy iron string-pieces were bent around a tree by the force of the water, as though they had been so much card-board.

The destruction on the West side was at many points, greater than on the East side of the Codorus, and the territory which was invaded was much more extended.

That part of the city lying between the creek and Newberry street, and even beyond, is very little above the bed of the stream, and it is said that the channel was once through a section of that district. When the water rises beyond the creek banks, the current naturally sweeps directly over this section instead of around the curve of the creek. This was the case on Thursday morning, and the district described was thus in the way of the main current, which carried with it all the heaviest debris.

Parts of broken bridges and large timbers crashed into buildings, crushing windows, and breaking down walls, in some instances forcing themselves entirely through both sides of stores and dwellings.

The damage to buildings and lots alone, will aggregate thousands of dollars, and it will require months of time to place them again into proper condition for use.

Mr. J. R. Davis' Soap Works, at the foot of Newberry street, suffered total destruction, the only marks of

the spot where they once stood are a few scattered bricks, a kettle or two, and a quantity of soap mingled with the rubbish. The machinery has been lost; it is said the engine lies down the creek somewhere in the vicinity of Louck's. The fragments of Penn street bridge, and other heavy timbers coming down with the fierce current, demolished this building. A part of the wall was at first battered down, when the water rushed in and completely washed it away.

It is said that ten thousand pounds of soap were lost.

The Quilt and Coverlet Manufactory adjoining the Soap Works, also belonging to Mr. Davis, were submerged to the second story windows. The proprietor had just received thirteen cases of prints, averaging from 2400 to 4000 yards to the case, all of which were saturated with water.

This building was on fire a few weeks ago but was saved. Covered, as it was, by insurance, it had much better been lost by fire, than by water against which the owner had no security.

The Quilt Factory was probably saved by the weight of packed tobacco, belonging to Baylor Bros., which was stored in the adjoining building and also damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars.

On Mason avenue, below Newberry street, is a stable washed across the way, completely blocking it up.

The following are quoted descriptions of the condition of York west of the creek:—

"Newberry street looks as if it had been visited by an earthquake. Houses are demolished, whole factories with all their contents are ruined, and old residents shake their heads and declare, as they witness the scene, that this visitation is the worst that could have befallen these unfortunate people.

The square bounded by Market, Newberry, King streets and the Codorus seems to have been a gathering ground for the flood in all its force. Here are piled in chaotic dis-

order, houses, barns, fences, wagons, machinery, bricks, hen coops, kindling wood and almost anything floatable, with a great deal that is not. In this lot there is not a single building that is in its normal condition. From the paper mill turn in the creek down to this point, the flood made a clear sweep, taking everything before it. Even the rows of beautiful willows, the blooming yards and productive gardens have been swept away soil and all. The flood reached clear up to Penn street, and around the corner of Princess and Penn streets nothing has been respected except a potato patch, and on the other corner is a new cellar that the flood entirely neglected to fill up."

"The colored church on Newberry street, is really in a terrible condition. Instead of its usual congregation assembling there to the worship of the Almighty, the benches are all in a heap, the floor sunken in and the whole room filled with a layer of mud, about six inches deep. Even the Bible and pulpit are soaked with water and mud. The organ and library are ruined beyond repair."

"While walking over the flooded district the writer was specially impressed with the sad condition of the colored church, situated at the corner of King and Newberry streets. There is perhaps no other building on the street which suffered more from the ravaging flood, or was left in a more distressing state than this little church. The angry waters came, but no sexton or stated worshipper arrived in time to rescue a single thing. To a large extent the floor has been precipitated into the cellar, and the ceiling, losing its support from below, is hanging, ragged and shattered, dangerously in mid-air. The altar, stove and carpet were among the debris which lined the street."

"All along the course of the stream, the yards on either side of Newberry street are a sight to behold. They were once beautiful gardens, with growing vegetables and beautiful flowers, but are now an indescriba-

ble scene of havoc and ruin, covered with mud and broken buildings, fences, pieces of furniture, bedding and clothing,—all in promiscuous confusion. The imagination cannot picture the scene, nor is it possible for us to exaggerate it."

"All along the southern part of Newberry street the water was in the second stories of most of the dwellings, and in not a few of the lower houses the occupants could only find safety in garrets. Many are the hair breadth escapes related, and it is indeed marvelous that many were not drowned in the angry waters."

"Along Newberry street one house is much like the other. The damage is general, and confined principally to private houses."

The store of Mr. E. O. Goodling is totally wrecked and its proprietor says he is ruined. At the extreme southern end of the street, which is somewhat lower than Market street, the damage is greatest and the condition of things worst."

"Fine pianos, in parlors which were models of neatness, elegance and beauty, floated on top of the water, and were in some instances forced up against the ceiling, and thus submerged and ruined. On Newberry street there are possibly not less than one hundred and fifty houses that have suffered greatly, and in most instances the loss will reach from one hundred to five hundred dollars."

"Pianos, organs, pictures, furniture, everything on the first floors of the residences on Newberry street from King to Market, were under water for several hours, and made almost unrecognizable by the thick deposit of mud. Some of the buildings are considerably undermined, and foundations are giving way."

Many of these articles can never again be restored to their former condition.

People can not yet estimate their losses accurately, for they scarcely know what has been lost, or what it will require to restore their houses to order again.

Charles Brannon's house on Newberry street was damaged by a bridge which floated down the stream and wedged itself tightly against his residence.

John Brannon, who had quite a collection of birds, rabbits, &c., placed them in the garret. The flood swept house, pets and everything down the stream, and came near taking him along.

At King and Princess streets Geo. Smyser lost a horse. Lafean's coal yard, and Herman Noss' lumber yard both suffered severe losses in large quantities of lumber and coal swept away.

The Water Works were submerged, Fallon's Planing Mills were almost covered with water. The machinery is ruined, and the lumber carried away. Damage here reaches thousands of dollars. The Messrs. Allison lose heavily by damage to real estate and brick yards.

The experience of residents on both sides of these streets was similar to what has already been described. Houses were flooded almost to Penn street.

Houses on Penn street were under water, south of Princess street. To estimate the value of property damaged and lost is impossible.

Mrs. Mary Emig, on East King street, sheltered the whole family of Mr. Thomas Hauck who were flooded out. Many families had first floors, carpets and furniture submerged.

"A square of utter desolation, like that of West Market street from Water to Newberry, could scarcely be imagined. The fronts of nearly all the stores were broken out, their goods in heaps of confusion, in the streets and yards, and covered with mud. "Had a fire swept the square, it could scarcely have produced more havoc to stock and furniture, though possibly greater damage to the buildings."

Beginning at the creek, we will trace the ruin up Main street to Penn.

Baughner's tannery has sustained great loss to stock and material, which was swept away or totally

ruined, the whole building being under water fully half way to the roof and severely damaged. This corner is now placarded with the word "danger," to caution the crowds of people who congregate here. One man was seen sitting on the danger sign as unconcerned as if there were no such thing as danger.

The dry goods store of Peter Wiest, and the grocery store of William Wiest near by, on the opposite side of the street, were both filled with water to the ceiling. Piles of dry goods were here in the middle of the street. The whole stock in both stores is either damaged or utterly ruined. Dress-goods, silk, muslin, calicoes, umbrellas, and all manner of goods, was pulled out from under boards, and rubbish of all kinds, saturated with water and covered with mud.

At Miller & Heckert's book store, the whole stock of books was either swept away or damaged.

Large quantities of fine chromos and stationery shared the same fate.

Wantz's stove and house furnishing store was submerged, and the goods soiled. The character of iron and tinware, however, did not admit of ruin so extensive as was suffered by the more destructible goods of other stores in the neighborhood.

The Motter House and yard are in a dreadful condition. Ice house and stable are in ruins, furniture and outfit destroyed or damaged beyond repair. The doors here were broken open, and the water poured in a torrent through the first story. The cattle-yards and livery stable were demolished.

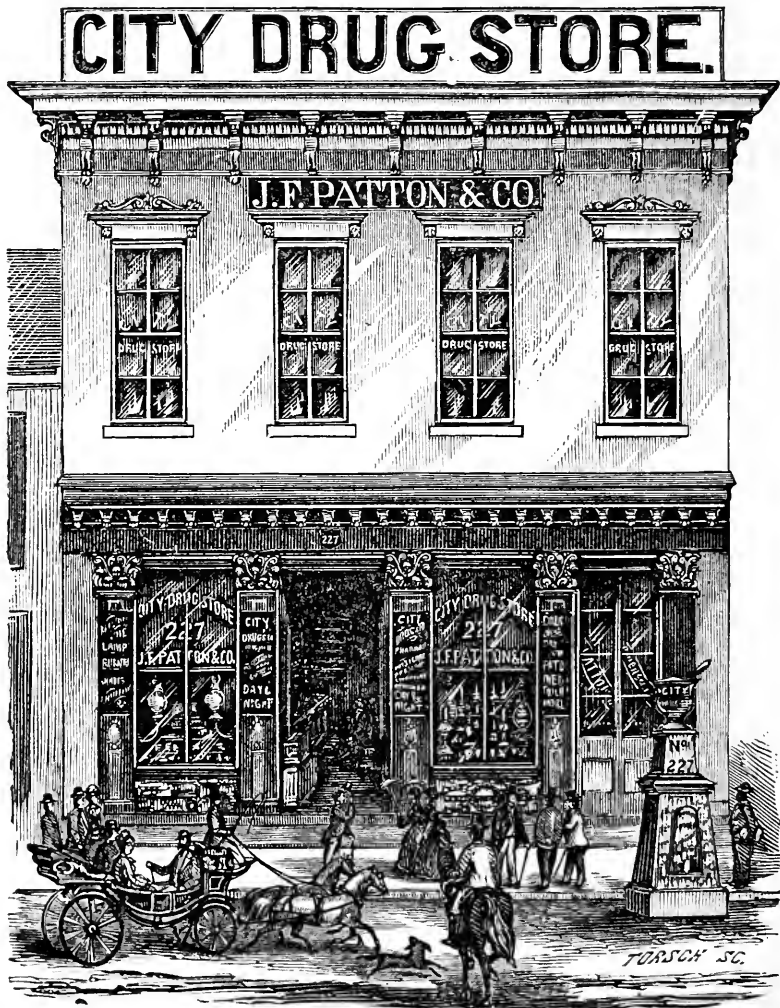
The clothing store of Isaac Heller was completely swept out. Piles of clothing, hats and caps, were in the middle of the room, where they had been dumped by submerged and floating tables, covered with a layer of mud. The yard was strewn with all manner of men's and boys' wearing apparel.

The City Drug Store, of which John F. Patton is proprietor, is completely wrecked. The walls have fallen down, and the inside of the

store is a scene of the most complete destruction. Shelving broken down, goods strewn over the floor, and scattered all over the yard, show-cases broken to pieces, and everything in ruins. Mr. Patton says he is the most completely wrecked man on that side of the creek. The sav-

ings of fifteen years of labor were swept away in a few hours.

The building which is occupied by the City Drug Store, was completely demolished, bringing a heavy loss upon its owner, Martin Bender, who will be obliged to tear it away entirely and rebuild.



The front of H. J. Gressly's building was broken in by the force of the current, and a large amount of meat and provisions were destroyed.

The pride and joy of the "Vigilant boys"—the elegant yard of the engine house, shaded with willows, and so beautifully decorated with

fragrant flowers, made so by years of patient labor, was ravished by the mad waters, converted into a heap of rubbish and mud, as unsightly as it had been beautiful. The current forced open the front door and overturned the old hand engine, that valued relic of by-gone days, swept

it into the yard, and, piling the hose carriage on top, left them among the debris.

The hardware store of Frank Rohrbach, the coal yard of Geo. W. Gross, the tobacco store of H. B. Schroeder, the restaurant of Mr. Landis, the barber shops of Cupit Sons, and Greenberry Robinson, the notion and trimming store of Lila Platts, the book store of Kaylor & Co., the offices of Dr. Z. C. Myers and Dr. B. F. Reich, the tailor establishment of Geo. Kable, the cigar store of Vinton Welsh all suffered severely.

The wall of John W. Small's saddlery is partly demolished, and the shop was deluged as were all the rest of the houses here. The walls of Elssesser's beer saloon are also down, and the front of Miss Chalfant's house has fallen out.

The walls of several buildings on Main street have begun falling since the flood, and there are still others that are badly damaged, and may yet fall.

In many places the pavements have been entirely washed away, gullies three and four feet deep are washed in the side-walks, lamp-posts are broken down, and the people have neither gas nor water.

The store of E. M. Hugentugler was swept of almost everything; the whole establishment was gutted.

Charles Klinefelter's corner was torn badly by the water, and his store and residence greatly damaged.

Michael Smyser's hardware store suffered severely. The large plate windows were shattered into fragments by floating timbers and the store was flooded. A large portion of the stock is ruined. The yard was badly washed out, and the building is considerably damaged. This building was built in 1773, but since improved, and from its second-story window Mr. Smyser's grandmother was rescued in the flood of 1817.

On Newberry street, around the corner of the Smyser residence, and back for a half a square to Herman's feed store and Rupert's tin shop, the ground was washed out beyond re-

cognition. Through the yards here, the current passed in one irresistible sweep, through yards and gardens to Philadelphia street, strewing its course with ruin and devastation.

"All along these yards are stables, carriage houses, and other buildings, some moved only a short distance from their foundations, some jammed up against other buildings, and partially broken, and still others, set down in the midst of some other person's yard. It would take columns to describe all the scenes, the ruin and destruction to each individual property."

On Philadelphia street, the water reached nearly to Newberry street. Flasks were floated away from the Baugher shops and a small office was floated, by the reaction of the water, up Philadelphia street and set down in the middle of the street. Houses were flooded, and people escaped on rafts constructed of the floating foundry-flasks and boards.

All the fences, board-walks, and out-buildings, of the tenant houses of Dr. H. L. Smyser were carried away, as were also the fences, stable and out-buildings of Emanuel Rhinehart, corner of Grant and Philadelphia street.

The damage suffered by Mr. Rhinehart is to him especially unfortunate, as he is not in circumstances sufficiently affluent to bear such a loss. His premises were swept clean of everything moveable, and the house, being a light frame, was expected momentarily to go to destruction.

All along Grant street, the fences and out-buildings were either swept away or demolished, under the fearful violence of the current from Newberry street, and the houses were flooded with water.

On Philadelphia street beyond the shops of Baugher, Kurtz & Stewart, many of the houses were flooded. The vicinity being piled full of flasks which drifted back from these shops.

The wrecked drug store of Mr. Patton as well as much of the clothing of Isaac Heller is scattered over the yards along here. Parts of counters, cases of drawers, boxes of corks

and bottles are here piled up amid the roofs of buildings, and dead chickens by the dozen.

Coming now to the east side of the Codorus, we will endeavor to describe the scenes of destruction northward from the Horton Place, to which reference has already been made in a previous chapter.

The Codorus Paper Mills and the Horton mansion are located at the foot of Penn street, but on the south side of the creek beyond the point where it curves to the west. We will give our attention at this time only to the damage done to the mill and property. The water had risen to a height of over 25 feet above low water mark, submerging the first, and part of the second stories of the mills. All the machinery was flooded, and much of it badly damaged. The carpenter shop, drainer and bleacher, belonging to the mills, were entirely carried away, and the side towards the creek is torn out.

The floors and the machinery on the first floor are now covered with a thick deposit of mud. A large consignment of finished paper, ready for shipment, was utterly ruined. Heavy cases of paper were thrown all over the floor, or carried out into different buildings, some heavy boxes of it still rest upon the engine, while still others were carried down the stream.

All the shedding, outbuildings and movable property about the mills were carried away.

A vast amount of paper which had been removed from the first to the second story early in the morning in anticipation of a flood, was almost entirely ruined, and the damage to stock amounts to thousands of dollars. The mill hands were imprisoned in the third story until 3 p. m., when they were removed from the upper windows in boats. The deposits of mud on the floors and among the goods add to the injury by water. The carriage house was swept down stream entire, with the carriages in it.

The fences are all carried away, and the beautiful lawn, decorated

with flowers and fine shrubbery, was converted into an unsightly mud-puddle.

Across the creek from Horton's, the flour mills of the York Water Company, in charge of Mr. George S. Thoman, were submerged for nearly four feet in the second story. Quantities of barrelled flour were spoiled, the floors were covered with mud and filth, and the burrs and machinery soiled and damaged.

All the houses in the neighborhood of these mills were flooded, driving the occupants out or into upper stories.

It is said the water was at its height at the mills about half-past eight o'clock.

Passing the wreck of the Penn street iron bridge we take a look at the Water House, all the machinery of which was under water, and is mud covered and soiled, but we believe not much damaged.

We now trace the flood along the railroad towards Water street. A few fragments of wreck, here and there a piece of drift wood, a broken carriage or two, is all that remains where once were coal yards and warehouses. At Princess street we pass the ruins of the piers upon which that bridge was built, and mark the spot where Charles Lafean's coal office and warehouse stood. Near by was the coal wharf which is now swept away. Father on are the switch trestles and coal wharf of George Smyser. The spot where office and scales were is swept clean. The stable with horse and hay, as well as wagons and carts, were all swept away, and his switch was only saved by three loaded coal cars which stood upon it.

At Princess street the water reached but little on this side of the railroad, but filled the basement of the shops of Frey, Motter & Co., to the depth of five feet, and completely submerged two brick houses adjoining Lafean's coal yard.

At King street it came thirty feet above the railroad, to the residence of John Rolman, filling his cellar and basement with two inches of water.

Beyond the railroad the tenant houses of Philip Shive were seriously damaged. The cellars were filled, and the water rose fully two feet on the first floors, ruining everything. The house next to the creek, occupied by Mr. Shive, probably suffered most. The residence of Valentine Grove, in the rear of these houses, was almost submerged, and the family was saved with difficulty.

From beyond College avenue towards the Paper Mill, the track of the railroad was covered with water to North street. Where the railroad enters Water street it swelled up to the lamp post at Fryfinger's Carpet Factory. At this place the houses of Thomas Holland, Mrs. Smyser and Miss Stine stood in water fully five feet deep.

The large Tabacco warehouse of Myers & Adams was flooded several feet on the first floor, destroying a large amount of leaf tobacco stored in the basement and on the first floor.

Along Water street, houses were flooded, and the track of the water might be traced by deluged cellars, soiled first stories, torn up pavements, overthrown and broken street lamps and telegraph poles. One pole was splintered in the middle, the upper portion still hanging suspended in mid-air.

Along the creek, in the rear of Water street, between Market and Philadelphia streets, were accumulated piles of debris of all descriptions; parts of buildings, piles of lumber, amongst which were scattered millinery, trimmings, notions, confectionery, groceries, leather, furniture, and all manner of stuff, in one indiscriminate mass, a sight which was a novelty to see.

On East Market street the water backed up as far as the residence of Dr. Jacob A. Hay, and Cullison's carpet store opposite.

Cellars were filled with water all along here, and houses were flooded on the lower stories.

The street was covered with a layer of mud, and merchandise was scattered about.

The meat store and dwelling of H.

E. Houser, which was so badly damaged by the iron bridge and floating lumber, is almost a wreck, and the injury to his carpets and furniture is very great.

Hams and meat here hung in the store just above the current, and remained after the flood in position unharmed, while everything below them was destroyed or carried away.

Mrs. Fahs, who lives in the building occupied by the Misses Alleman, had her furniture ruined, and the fancy store of the Misses Alleman suffered complete ruin. Nearly all of the stock was carried through the rear of the building and taken down stream.

These young ladies, having but recently embarked in business, have especially the sympathy of all who know them. Their loss is undoubtedly heavy for them to bear. Having just begun to meet with the success their close application deserved, their misfortune, so early in their career, is peculiarly distressing.

At George Shive's leather store, the current swept in and deluged large quantities of leather, with great loss to the proprietor.

Lewis Shive's furniture store presented a terrible sight. Chairs, tables, fine furniture, were all covered with mud and soaked with water. Here were large quantities of first class upholstered parlor suits, soaked, soiled and ruined beyond hope of cleansing or repair, except by renewal of costly material and reconstruction.

The destruction at J. D. Harnish's confectionery store presented a sickening scene. His fine stock of confectionery, fruits, and sweet-meats of all kinds, was mixed with mud and rubbish, and large quantities of toys and novelties were entirely ruined.

Next to Harnish's is the tailoring establishment of C. L. Thomas, the contents of which were ruined, and much of his goods washed away.

At the railroad, Hantz & Bro's store was flooded and great quantities of hardware and groceries were destroyed.

On the banks of the creek and opposite Mr. Houser's stands the once

handsome residence of Mrs. Croll, which is now badly damaged. The fine veranda, which was attached to the west side, facing the creek, is torn from the building and carried away with the library adjoining, which is said to have contained valuable furniture and a large collection of choice and costly books.

The beautiful lawn and garden are torn and washed beyond recognition, and nearly all the trees and plants destroyed. The wall along the creek is washed away, the low wall and iron fence along Market street are gone, and the ground is washed out into deep, ugly holes along the street.

The residence of Miss Doudel, adjoining that of Mrs. Croll, was also flooded, the furniture was seriously damaged, and much of it totally ruined.

The grounds to the dwelling at the side and rear are in wretched condition. The large stable of Mrs. Zach. Smyser swept a path of ruin through the yard, and lodging against the house, settled down on some choice fruit trees, to stay. The fences are all demolished.

The building out of which Mrs. Mowbray made her escape from the upper window by boat, and which also belongs to Croll's, had everything ruined on its first floor.

The millinery store of Mrs. Mowbray, filled with a very select stock of goods, was totally ruined. The delicate material was water-soaked and soiled beyond hope of restoration.

L. A. Marshall's cellar and liquor store was flooded, the floor was raised out of position, and the building badly damaged. On the opposite side, the clothing-store of Jonathan Owen suffered deluge and destruction. A large portion of the stock was swept away through the windows, which were broken. The furniture and carpets in the dwelling on the first floor were ruined. The water here reached nearly half way to the ceiling.

Dr. Spangler's office was flooded and his library badly damaged.

The millinery stock in the store of

Miss Theresa Seavy was also destroyed, while the ice cream saloon and confectionery of George Weimer was deluged, and the family escaped by a ladder and boat from the second story window.

At Heckert's stove and tinware depot, the water was one inch on the store room, and came to the doorstep of Gilbert's drug store filling that cellar, and ruining valuable stores of medicals and chemicals which it contained. Opposite, the shoe shop of Geo. Snellinger became a receptacle for mud and water, and Cullison's carpet store escaped with a flooded cellar out of which a few men had kindly removed a valuable stock of goods, while Mr. Cullison was beyond the creek and could not come over.

The residences of Dr. Hay, Judge Wickes, Attorney Stewart, Mr. Chas. Hahn and others, had either first floors or cellars flooded. From the bridge to Weimer's, nothing was saved on the first floors, and the millinery, fancy and confectionery stores in the vicinity had their goods carried away by the water which rushed through them, sweeping them from front to rear, and breaking out walls and windows.

Leaving Market street we continue down Water street to Philadelphia, note the coal yards and shops at North street, to North George street and Washington avenue, to North Duke and Arch streets, and thence down the creek towards the river.

Passing the corners of Hantz & Bro., and Jonathan Owen, along torn pavements, the bricks of which are scattered all about, we notice the low houses west of the railroad, in which the water must have covered almost everything on the first floor. The open windows of one of these houses reveal a fine piano and elegant books, all of which had been covered by the water and ruined.

A number of private residences, besides the yard and switch of Sprenkle & Croll, the malt houses of Kurtz & Nes, J. H. Stambaugh & Bro's cigar manufactory, and Lovegrove's cigar store, all lay along the

swift current that swept down Water street from beyond Market. Westward, on Philadelphia street, the water reached nearly to Newberry street, from where the western current swept with such fearful violence towards Cottage Hill. Eastward, the back water reached into the yard and to the corner of the High school building, filling the cellars and flooding all the houses on the first floor between it and the railroad, excepting, possibly a few of the higher ones on the north side. Below the site of the Philadelphia street bridge lie parts of the Market street iron bridge, swamped in a deposit of mud and sand, which now forms an island.

At the southwest corner of Water and Philadelphia streets, stands the railroad watch station, at which the water measured five feet, making the depth on the track somewhat more than four feet. On the north-west corner, is the small house of Frank Ginter, and adjoining it, that of George Berkheimer.

A little farther on is the pump to which Ginter clung for life, after attempting the rescue of the Berkheimer family, and near by, the willows to which Mr. and Mrs. Berkheimer clung when they were rescued by brave Cookes.

These willows were on the edge of the main channel, in a depression, where the water had a depth of at least fifteen feet, and into which the current from Water street swept with great violence, right into the main channel.

It is only when we stand in this depression and contemplate the depth of the water, the velocity and direction of the current through which Cookes had to pass, and the proximity of the willows to the main channel, that the danger of his exploit becomes apparent, and we realize the noble daring of the man who rescued the Berkheimer family. He told those who warned him, that he is fully conscious of the risk, but he would rescue the Berkheimers, or go down in the attempt.

Such noble-hearted self-sacrifice deserves to be chronicled, to be per-

petuated in the memory of unnumbered generations to the end of time.

All along Water street, north of Market, the people suffered severely. The water washed through their premises, devastating their gardens and ruining their goods and furniture. In many cases buildings were damaged, pavements torn up and washed away. It will take a long time, and much money and labor, to restore things to the condition in which they were before the flood.—The ground is torn up and washed out in places to the depth of three and four feet, and every house was flooded from North street to beyond Market.

The first floors of the dwelling houses adjoining Gerber's coal yard were submerged, as were those on the opposite side of the rail-road.

A scene of general destruction now opens at the coal yard of W. T. Gerber, which was completely submerged, sheds were removed and large quantities of coal swamped in mud, but the switch tracks still remain.

The wreck at some of these yards is complete. Tracks and wharfs are washed away or broken down, shedding, stables and carts were carried down stream, and many tons of coal are soiled with mud, or scattered in large quantities along the stream.

The track and wharf of P. F. Wilt is broken down, and part of the shedding removed. The large brick stable is badly broken, and the carts are swept away.

At Wilt's coal yard was located Hoffheins' Agricultural Warehouse, filled with implements of all kinds. This building was raised by the water, and after striking the stable of Mr. Wilt, and demolishing one corner of it, was whirled down the stream with all its contents.

Where the Pennsylvania railroad bridge had been, the track is bent by the force of the water, into as regular a curve as the most careful trackmen could have laid it.

The Empire Car Works of Michael Schall, at the foot of Beaver, and extending to Water street, were flood-

ed to the depth of five feet. New passenger coaches, just undergoing completion, were considerably damaged, and a large quantity of costly car-lumber was floated away, some of which was caught by wreckers in the vicinity of North street, while still more went down the stream and now lies scattered along the creek, or was carried away by men who afterwards found it. The gentlemanly foreman, Mr. Reuben Hildebrand, kindly showed us about the premises, and furnished us with facts here stated. The large rear doors of the main shop were forced open, and piles of planks and heavy timbers were floated in, and left in disorderly heaps where they gave much trouble to be extricated. The shops were flooded, and covered with a deposit of mud, requiring hours of hard labor to be shovelled and carted out. A large quantity of boxed roofing-tin was submerged, and ruined by rust. A two-thousand dollar planer was entirely submerged and soiled by mud and water, while the large Corliss engine was under water, and covered with mud, all the bearings of which had to be loosened to be cleansed. The water in the engine room was three feet six inches. The amount of lumber lost here is estimated at fully sixty thousand feet.

The coal yard of Geo. A. Barnitz was also flooded, but not much injured, except by deposits of mud among the coal, but the yard of Fahs, Smyser & Co. is almost a total wreck. Switch and sheds are broken down, the stable was carried away, their coal is strewn all about and much washed away. Their warehouse was flooded and seriously damaged. The yard is badly washed and is strewn with foundry-flasks.

Spangler Bros. & Johnston, at the foot of Beaver street, suffered great loss in finished agricultural implements.

Twenty finished grain-drills, valued at \$1,300, were washed down the stream, and lie broken to pieces all along the shores of the creek. One drill was completely buried in front of their works.

Along Water and Philadelphia streets, numbers of flasks drifted away from the shops, which were afterwards used by the people to construct rafts for escape. This was especially the case of those coming from the Baugher Foundry on the west side.

The Variety Iron Works of E. G. Smyser were flooded, and work had to be suspended. The floor of the main building had two inches of water, while the yards and rear shops contained fully three feet. Numbers of flasks and patterns were lost, and one hundred and thirty-one tons of Albany sand was washed away. The cut on next page, kindly furnished us by Mr. Henry Smyser, shows the front of the works on North street, facing the stream. The water depth on the pavement was three feet three-and-a-half inches, covering the steps and sill of the main entrance two inches.

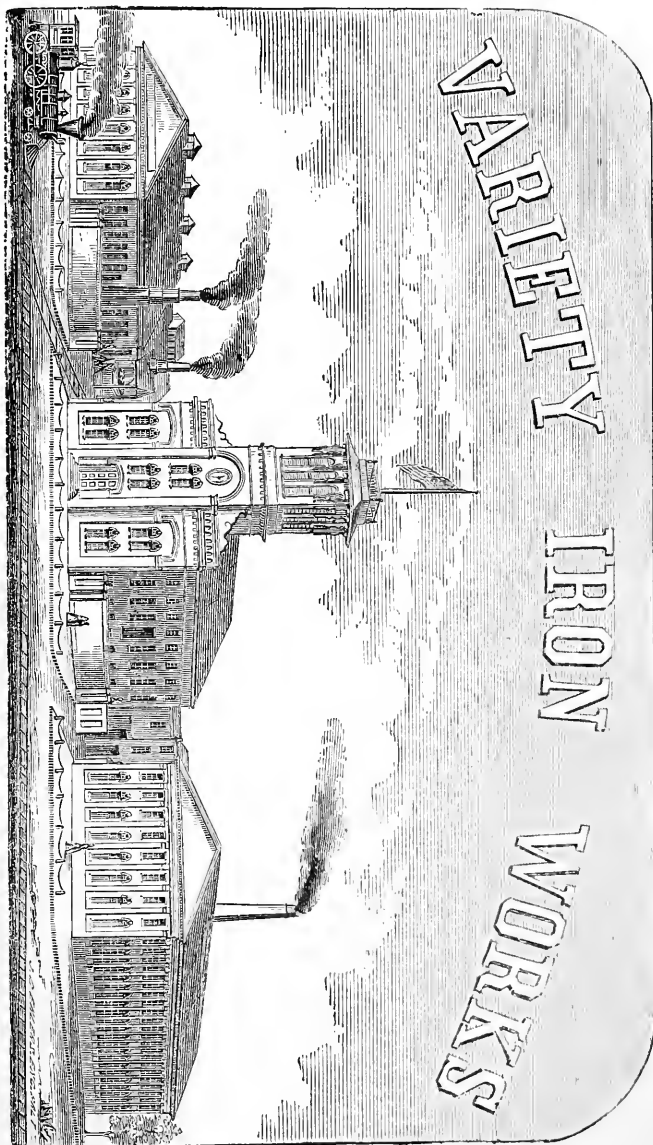
The coal yard of C. N. Weigle had one half of his switch swept away, with wood from the wood-yard, and coal is scattered all over the place.

North street was covered with water as far as John Schall's corner. On George street, cellars were filled with water, and first floors were generally flooded. The water was about two feet on the railroad track.

From the bridge on North George street, the water backed up as far as Small's warehouse, the cellar of which was flooded, and from here down every house was flooded. Many houses had fully four feet of water on the first floor. "The entire half square, beginning with Small's warehouse and reaching to the banks of the creek, and from George street to Court avenue, was inundated, and the damage to the residents was great in carpet, furniture and household goods. The yards and gardens of the houses along North George street beyond the railroad, were washed past recognition, and debris covered everything in one promiscuous heap. Yards are filled with driftwood, and fences are broken down and scattered along the creek.

Among business-men here, we notice H. Martin & Son, carriage builders, and J. H. Beck, groceries, dry goods and notions, whose stores were flooded like the houses of all the private families between the bridge and

the railroad. Mr. Reuben Hildebrand, who lives here near the railroad, reports that these houses had cellars filled and four inches of water on the first floor. He says he and his immediate neighbors had time to take



up their carpets, but what was in the cellars was generally destroyed.—Farther down, however, where houses were more deeply submerged, people were taken out in boats. On

Washington avenue, which is somewhat lower than George street, the water was seven feet in the rear of the houses, and measured nine feet four-and-a-half inches on the first floors.

Going now to the foot of Duke street, we pass the N. C. Railroad yards, the fences of which have all been swept away or broken down, from Washington Avenue along the creek to Duke street.

At Duke street, we came across the wreck of a grain drill, and some lumber, which had drifted out.

Mr. F. M. Dick, who lives here, has a large number of row-boats, which he managed to secure. But for these, many of the people in this low district must certainly have drowned in the rapidly rising waters. Many, doubtless, owe their lives to this fortunate precaution of Mr. Dick. In this section live many poor working people, whose homes in many instances were submerged to the second-story, and some of the one-story buildings, in low places, stood in water up to the eaves.

Many of these people did not lose heavily because they had not much to lose, but their losses are therefore all the more distressing.

On Arch street, houses were submerged five to six feet, and much damage was done to carpets and furniture. The grocery of Mrs. Rose, stood in six feet of water, and the whole stock of goods was destroyed. A large coal oil can was overturned, and the oil, mixing with the water, helped to accomplish the complete destruction of everything.

Steiner's grocery fared no better, and houses with all manner of household goods suffered accordingly.—One building, with broken floors and ruined walls, had seven feet of water. Fences are all swept away, and the low yards along the creek present one unbroken stretch of ruin.

Leaving now the limits of the town, we take our way northward by the highway known as the Loucks' mill road.

North from the York County Alms-house, the County Jail, and Rolling Mills, the fertile farm lands were submerged with the flood.—Across the road in which we walk, the water would have swept over our heads. At the rolling mills, which we passed to our right, work

was suspended for the day, and the workmen hastened to rescue those whose lives were in danger.

Probably a quarter of a mile from the edge of town, is the residence of Mr. Joseph C. Graybill, whose kind lady gave us much interesting information. The dwelling stands fully three hundred yards from the creek, but a current from the southwest struck the house with such force as to break in the wall of the cellar, making a breach of at least fifteen feet in length, and filling the cellar with mud and stones. The water rose rapidly, until it reached two inches on the first floor. Mrs. Graybill and her daughter were rescued in a boat, and taken to the house of Mr. Michael Fetrow, beyond the railroad, where they were kindly cared for, while Mr. Graybill and his son made haste to save their horse, hogs and sheep. The water had completely surrounded the house, and soon went over the railroad at a telegraph pole pointed out to us, opposite Almany's house. Mr. Fetrow's house stands a little higher and more remote from the creek, but the water reached almost to it.

Boats were rowed over fences and railroad tracks, which were entirely submerged.

Mrs. Graybill says she was raised along the river, and accustomed to high water, but never saw anything to compare with this deluge of violent waters.

A short distance on this side of Fetrow's brick-yard stands a small one and a half-story frame house, occupied by Simon Almany. From this the family was hastily taken across to Fetrow's, while several men saved Almany's hogs, which came near drowning. The water rose to the ceiling of the house, and washed all the wall from under it, excepting the four corners, upon which it yet rests. A man says all that saved it was the chimney, which is started in the cellar. Mr. Almany and his family were driven from breakfast, and compelled to beat a hasty retreat for life, across the fields and railroad to Mr. Fetrow's house.

The store house and oil tanks of the Standard Oil Company are near by, and next receive our attention. Here two large tanks, having a capacity of 450 barrels each, were moved fully sixty-five feet from their position. These tanks are of heavy iron, and were about half full of oil, containing each 225 barrels. In the oil house, the water measured eight feet four inches in depth. It contained 400 barrels full of oil, and was moved thirty feet from its foundation.

At Fetrow's brick yard, ninety thousand bricks under heat in the kiln, were chilled, cracked, and broken, and the entire kiln almost totally ruined. The shedding was swept away, and some of the men had to run for their lives.

A short distance farther on, we come to the residence of Mr. John Diehl, whose family was in great peril during the flood. Mr. Joseph Mann, a rolling mill hand, who claims to have been one of the rescuing party, in company with Eli J. Miller, Jesse Thomas, and Wm. Engles, accompanied us to the Diehl mansion. From him and the family we obtained a number of interesting facts.

The statement, which at this writing is already in type on page 9, that the family was rescued by means of a rope, is found to be incorrect. A boat was brought, but the occupants of the house were afraid of the violence of the current, and could not be persuaded to come away. Mann says he swam all the way from beyond the railroad to the house and back, and there was a fearful current between the house and the railroad. Miss Diehl says her father had gone away to work, and the family, having no way of escape, took refuge in the garret and in the second story. The young lady says she never before experienced the joy she felt when she saw the water rapidly sinking.

The house stands on the banks of the old navigation, and not far from the creek. The whole premises is strewn over with debris. Garden fences, grape arbors, and drift of all kinds, are in one confused mass, and

what must once have been a very pleasant and enjoyable home, is now a heap of waste and ruin. A wrecked spring wagon and a four-horse wagon belonging to Mr. Fetrow yet lie here. The water at the Diehl house measured six feet eight inches by the water-line out side, and five feet inside on the first floor. In the yard now lies a box containing the old account books of the liquor business of Jacob Spangler. The box also contains several old law, church and miscellaneous books, all of which are water soaked.

Moving on down the road, we soon approach the Codorus, and come to a place known as Jones' corner, where we witness a sight, the like of which we never saw. To describe the scene would be a vain attempt.

The following quotations show how it impressed the reporters:

"The sight at Jones' corner and Loucks' mill is indescribable. It seems as if the whole universe had contributed to make a vast curiosity shop. Tables, chairs, sofas and furniture of every description, wagons, carts, buggies, agricultural implements of nearly every kind, dry goods, notions, soaps, and almost every conceivable thing, were indescribably mixed, piled up and strewn along the banks and over the meadows adjoining the stream. It was a sight seldom to be seen in a lifetime."
—*Daily*.

"If you want to see a medley of all kinds of goods, household, kitchen, barn, stable and mill furniture, just go down to Loucks' mill, and you will see there collected incongruously, all kinds of material pertaining to the above named departments of house-keeping, barn, mill and farm-keeping, all of which have been washed out of houses, barns, mills, &c., down to their present places of deposit. There you will see beds, tables, chairs, cradles, kettles, dishes, counters, scales, soap, coffee, calico, muslin, mill-feed, rails, gates, hats, caps, boots, shoes, and all the furniture and wearing apparel usually required in a store, tavern, farmhouse, mill, or ordinary dwelling."—*Age*.

"Between town and Loucks' mill, along the meadows, there was yesterday a sight to behold, which was taken in by thousands of visitors.— Huge piles of rubbish of all kinds, store goods, piles of soap, furniture of all descriptions, broken buildings, hog pens, parts of bridges, vehicles, agricultural implements, trees, almost anything and everything are piled in promiscuous confusion for a mile or more along the lowlands on either side of the creek. It is such a sight as one may not again witness in a life time, and one which all good people will earnestly pray, may never again be the lot of York to behold."

—*Dispatch.*

At Jones' corner lies the Princess street bridge, the charred timbers of which are now exposed, and remind us of the narrow escape it made from becoming a bon-fire to Independence Day a few years ago, when it was ignited by a fire cracker.

The channel of the stream is blocked up by a large deposit of lumber and the remains of buildings.

Men, women, and children are at work carrying off by the wagon load whatever can be removed.— Lumber enough has already been hauled away to build many houses. Parts of buildings are torn apart, and the fragments hauled away for fire wood. The furniture has nearly all been removed, the work of plunder has been steadily going on for days, and yet the immense pack seems scarcely diminished. Foundry flasks, not being as great an attraction as new lumber and furniture, still lie about in great numbers. Parts of broken agricultural implements, the property of Hoffheins, or Spangler Bros. and Johnston, are quite liberally sprinkled in among the general mass of stuff.

Many articles have been identified and have been chalk-marked with the owners' names. A large cupboard marked Wm. Lehr, likely came from Arch street, where, it will be remembered the Lehr brothers made narrow escapes from drowning.

Quantities of lumber have been

marked Herman Noss, and Brown & Smyser.

The trestles of a coal wharf, and the track of a switch also lie here, which have been carried away from the wrecked coal yards. The gorge in the creek and meadows is largely made up of bridge timbers, fencing, out-houses, corn cribs, roofs, and sides of houses. Whole partitions lie here with lathing and plastering still on, and one may almost imagine them ornamented with the chromos and worsted-worked wall-pockets, which they certainly must have contained. We are almost tempted to look for these missing articles, which could easily be found, nail them up, and make the place look home-like. The scene is much the same as we go on down to Loucks' mill, where it culminates in one grand repository of everything imaginable, forming a mass that is really enormous. The mill-race was packed so densely that it took days to open it, and much of the pack could scarcely be extricated. A new race could have been dug with less cost and labor. There is yet stuff enough here to build a town. The whole place is piled up with immense masses of all kinds of wreck in the most confused manner possible. Among the ruins are huge piles of new lumber, parts of broken houses, board-walks, out-houses, millinery, roofs, hen-coops, pig-pens, a fancy rustic flower-stand, which once formed an ornament of some one's yard, part of Mrs. Croll's veranda, and a demolished street-lamp serenely illuminates the spectacle of general confusion.

Coal-bills from the files of George Smyser are strewn about, and bills of consignments of goods to the store of Miss Lila Platts, initiate a single man into the mysteries and cost of female wearing apparel. The prospective husband would do well to pay this place a visit, look some of these papers well over, take an inventory of his liabilities, so to speak, foot up his resources and strike a trial balance, so that he may look his prospect squarely in the face.

"Keep the slats inside clean" is a

caution branded on the outside of a piece of mill-machinery now filled with mud. The ornamental fence around Mr. Z. K. Loucks' residence is carried away on the side towards the mill, and along the front, distorted and wrecked. The large county bridge over the Codorus below the mill, is gone. The large hog stable, opposite the mill, was also swept away, and Mr. Jacob Shunk, the miller, lost two valuable hogs.

The water was ten feet deep in front of the mill, the two lower floors were covered, and the depth on the main floor was five feet. In the residence, it reached a depth of eight feet five inches. It submerged all the stables and covered the barn-floor. The horses and cattle were saved, but quantities of flour and feed were destroyed in the mill. The height of the water, measured from the low water level of the tail-race, was twenty feet eight inches.

The creek was here fully half a mile wide, sweeping over fields and meadows, carrying away fences, and doing immense damage to crops.

The water depth on the railroad track was five feet.

The Messrs. Loucks lose heavily. The flooding of the mill not only suspended work, but occasioned much damage to stores and machinery. Everything in the cellar of the residence was destroyed, and much in the first story of the house was injured. Besides, there was damage to barn, stables, and farm, that is considerable. They have had a police force detailed to guard the property lodged on their premises, and gave notice, forbidding anything to be removed except by rightful owners. Beyond Loucks' towards the river, traces of the flood are still seen in fragments of wreck and drift, lodged here and there. The Black Bridge, although besieged by water and debris, did not go down, probably for the reason that much of the heavier drift which helped to demolish the bridges farther up, lodged between it and York. We now return on the east side to Loucks' Mills, and along the old navigation to Jones' corner.

Here we cross the stream on the jam of lumber and drift-wood, to the west side, and return to York through the meadows, instead of on the mill-road by which we came.

All the way along the stream, new scenes interested us, and we made but slow progress towards home. On this side of Jones' corner, the piles of drift were even as great as on the other. Whole sides of houses and roofs are piled here, with pale-fences, parts of bridges, broken furniture, and a number of wagon-beds painted blue and red, give a little coloring to the scene.

One large English wagon-bed is apparently quite new, and is well-dressed in heavy iron mountings. From this, some one has sawed and torn away sections of the sides, in order to get the middle brace chains, which he carried off. Had his saw cut the heavy iron dress-plates, he would also have taken the front and rear chains, which yet remain, in credit to a good blacksmith. Looking up the creek, there is before us a perfect labyrinth of willows and taller trees, among which the stream curves serpent-like, as it now flows sluggishly along. Through this the flood poured as through a sieve, its course obstructed by all kinds of debris, which clogged its passage in tree-tops and bushes.

As the drift lodged more compactly in its way, the pressure of the water increased, trees were borne down flat, and turned up by the roots. The flood swept over them on its way, irresistible and unchecked, as an army marches in mad charge over the slain of its enemy, its power multiplied by every fresh obstacle, its wrath increased by each new conquest, and its track marked by ruin and devastation.

Soon after we passed the old navigation, near Loucks', a paint-be-smear'd stool gave us evidence of the demolition of a paint shop. After we crossed the creek at Jones' corner, we came to the painter's chest, and farther up the creek was the ladle to the paint-pot. Still farther on, like a blushing lady, bloomed before us

the door of the paint shop, while near by, in happy company, lay a box of lily-white for the complexion, from Patton's drug store.

A ready reckoner, water soaked, now lying in the sun to dry, next greeted us. Without it, its owner will doubtless be like a mariner whose log-book and compass are gone—lost in a sea of perplexity, amid the mysteries of arithmetic.

Next comes what had been a beautiful work basket, which once contained delicate embroidery and fancy-work, with its accompanying silk, cotton, worsted, needles and thimbles, so deftly plied by cunning fingers, in a home once happy but now desolate. What a story of sadness, tears and heart-aches, may not that basket tell.

At the foot of Small's meadow is another large deposit of all kinds of debris, which was here detained by the vegetation skirting the banks of the stream. The heap, besides a whole stable full of hay, consists only of what has before been enumerated. Piles of soap, the large kettle, half full of soap, belonging to Davis' Soap Works, and hundreds of labels scattered broadcast, advertise Mr Davis' once flourishing business.

The drug business of Dr. John F. Patton, whose fine store was ruthlessly ravished, is also advertised in the same liberal manner.

Files of prescriptions, belonging to Mr. Patton, bear the signatures of Dr. Roland, Dr. Hay, Dr. Meisenhelter, Dr. Gable, Dr. Wiest, Dr. Perkins, Dr. Rebert, and other eminent practicing physicians of this city and county.

The tree-tops all along the course of the stream are hanging full of hay, cut grain, rags and paper. At the northern edge of the meadow now lies the Penn'a. railroad bridge, and at a distance we see what looks like the carriage of a dismantled field-piece, which had been struck by a shell, but upon nearer approach we find this to be the running part of a patent two-wheeled coal-cart, with the wheels dashed and broken.

Fragments of an atlas of York county are strewn all over the meadow, among which we found, entire, the map of York, and it became very useful to us in writing up *The Flood*.

Small's meadow is like a sea-beach, covered with a deposit of fine sand, mingled with delicate pink mussel-shells, and beautiful pebbles. Here and there are scattered small quantities of coal from the yards, fragments of wearing apparel, bits of glass from smashed windows, and particles of brick and mortar from demolished houses.

Crossing Small's meadow, we come to the Harrisburg turnpike, leading northward from York, along which we will notice the points of interest.

The water extended somewhat less than half a mile from the bridge, covering the pike to the residence of Edw. Myers. At the residence of Charles Wilson, it went into the first story windows. At the residence of Jacob Yost, the basement was filled, and on the first floor were two feet of water.

At Thomas' milk factory, the water went over the boiler, submerging engine, shafting and belting, and rose to within four inches of the ceiling. Everything perishable on the first floor was destroyed, including ice, canned milk, sugar and cream. The ice house of the factory, and the powder house of Thomas, Chambers & Co., standing on elevated ground west of the factory, had eight feet of water. The ice-house and ice suffered considerable damage. Small's barn, on the east side of the pike, opposite the milk-factory, was moved from its foundation and lodged diagonally across the pike, entirely blocking the road.

Four new brick dwellings in which the water reached to the second floors were considerably damaged.

The Penn'a. railroad bridge had lodged in the middle of Small's meadow, but afterwards drifted to the edge of the meadow, northward, where it now lies.

Hoff's blacksmith shop, which stood near the George street bridge,

was lifted from its foundation, and after being swept around in a circle by an eddy formed here, drifted out, and was carried away by the current. It lodged in Lichtenberger's bottom, where it was afterwards taken apart and removed. Nothing remains to mark the spot where the shop stood, but the anvil-block, the anvil, and several other heavy implements of iron. Wagons, carts, and other vehicles, with, and without wheels, were carried away, the wreck of which can be found at Jones' corner and Loucks' mill. The old toll-house, which stood near the shop, was also carried from its foundation.

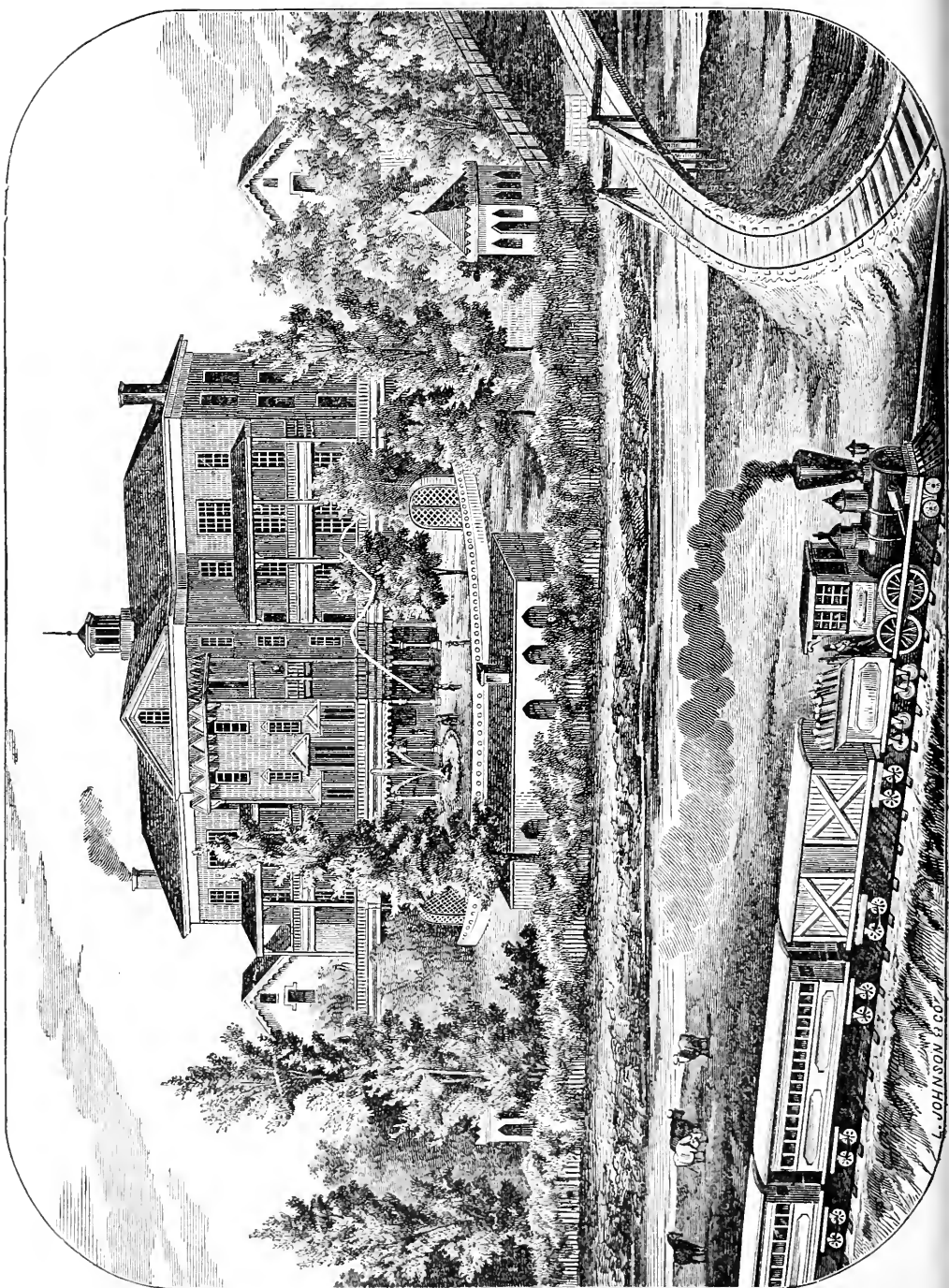
At the George street bridge, the

southern pier still stands entire, but the northern is completely demolished.

The solid stone masonry, fully fifteen feet high, is torn into fragments, and its ruins scattered for nearly a hundred yards. The incline is levelled, and the foundation is torn up to the clay. The solid ballasting of the pike is washed into holes three feet deep.

Passing from here up the creek, along the property of E. W. Spangler and the Cottage Hill premises, which both suffered some damage, we return by boat to the east side, and our journey over the flooded district is completed.





THE AFFLICTED PEOPLE.

Pictures of Sadness, Grief and Destitution. Ruined Homes and Disheartened People. Incidents, Amusing and Distressing.

"I am full of confusion, therefore see thou mine affliction."—*Job IX.*

SATURDAY morning brings us a new task. You have followed us, kind reader, over the long route of yesterday, as we traced the extent of the flood, and viewed the ruin it left strewn along its track. Go with us now, among its victims, witness the distress and desolation the waters wrought in half a thousand homes, and listen to the incidents these unfortunate people relate, some amusing, and others distressing and sad.

Many of the people are in no better condition to-day than they were yesterday. Some, whose first floors were but slightly flooded, and who were otherwise fortunately situated, especially those who had adequate family help, soon cleared their houses of the mud, threw carpets and other things into the receding waters, and got them partly clean. The houses of such have by this time begun to assume again an air of order and comparative comfort. But the people whose houses were almost entirely submerged, whose everything was swept away, whose houses, from cellar to attic, are one den of mud, and who have no water, but that of the filthy flood, are yet in the most helpless and hopeless condition. It would indeed be impossible to imagine the scenes of desolation and utter destitution which prevails on the west side of the Codorus in houses that once were the abode of happiness and contentment.

The sights are heart-rending in the extreme. Men, women and children, wade barefooted in the mud, ankle-

deep, on the floors of their once finely-furnished apartments. Some, whose humble cottages have been swept away by the water, have no homes to go to. Many have lost all their clothing but what little they have on. Strong men break down, and can only weep, and mothers are as helpless as their children.

Teams are going from house to house, delivering food and clothing to the destitute. Many, who are too disheartened to make attempt to remove the mud and water from their houses, are abandoning their now ruined homes, and are moving with what little they were able to save, to other parts of the city, to begin life anew. Many people, last night, still slept in their wet, slimy houses, not knowing where else to go.

Parlors, once elegant and beautiful, are utterly ruined, and their beauty is marred by mud and filth. Stores have their stocks of goods almost entirely washed away, or badly damaged. The people are wet and hungry. Many of them had nothing to eat Thursday and Friday, and some, very little to-day. All the provisions were ruined in the flooded cellars. One family found a loaf of bread, only partly wet, which was all they had to eat on Thursday, while another had not a bit to eat from Wednesday night until Friday morning. Generous and charitable citizens, however, are doing all they can for the needy. "Wherever the water had been, there was left a heavy deposit of mud. Mud everywhere, on fine Brussels carpet, and fine furni-

ture of those of means, on the rag and other carpets of those moderately situated, while the poorer people suffered none the less, by having all their bread soaked with water and covered with mud." Stuffed furniture, organs and costly pianos, soaked in the muddy water for hours, are found filled with mud and ruined, beyond repair.

The people on the west side are yet without gas and water connection. Many families, as though adrift at sea, are surrounded with water, without a drop to drink, and except in the vicinity of pumps, are not able to cook a meal, or clear their houses of the mud and filth. Some are stripped of nearly all they possessed, without fire, water, food, or clothing, their homes despoiled of every comfort, and their dwelling-places are heaps of rubbish.

All that was attained by the toil of weary days and nights, in the labor of years, was swept quickly away by the merciless torrent, while they stood helplessly by, to see it drift off on the waters, or involved in hopeless ruin.

Most to be pitied are the poor, whose household goods and clothing were all swept away, while they, half clad, could only save themselves and their terrified children from drowning.

If famine, pestilence, fire and flood are to be regarded as man's greatest earthly afflictions, then which of these shall we call the least?

Either of them is sufficient to fill with terror, the soul within us, at the thought of becoming its victim, but the sights we behold teaches us that the power of water is not least to be dreaded. The doors of the filled store-houses of the world swing wide open to feed a famishing people; pestilence can be confined to the limits of its origin, and stayed; fire can be fought, and subdued with water; but when man attempts to hinder in their progress, the rolling billows of accumulated waters, his efforts but show him his feebleness, and he must consign his life and his all to their mercy with utter

hopelessness and despair. There is no hope but in flight, unless, indeed, a frail support may by chance out-last the season of their fury, and bear us aloft till providently rescued.

While fire occupies the post of honor for its utter destructiveness, water creates a waste that is sickening to contemplate.

Had the flood not abated for even a few hours longer, the weakened foundations of many buildings would have given way, the tottering walls would have fallen, their occupants would have been engulfed and drowned, and the loss of life would have equalled the wholesale destruction of property.

As it is, the sufferers, whose hearts are sickened by the sight of their wasted goods, are still consoled in the preservation of their families unbroken.

Boats were scarce, and it is doubtful whether any means could have been devised by which any number of the hundreds of people whose lives were in danger could have been rescued.

In even another day, or if the flood had continued during the night, the suffering from hunger, from exposure, and from the agony of intense fear, might have caused many deaths.

Children who had never known hunger, cried for bread, which their parents were unable to provide: invalids, who had been hastily lifted from sick beds, shivered in the damp atmosphere, with insufficient clothing, wet and hungry; husbands and fathers, separated from wives and children, ignorant of their fate, were almost frantic with suspense. Incidents such as these are related to us without number, as we visit these people in their distress.

Numerous narrow escapes from drowning are repeated to us, and we are told how the water rushed suddenly upon the people, without warning, and how many, whose homes had never been reached by the water before, could not be made to believe their danger until it was too late to save anything, and they barely escaped with their lives.

Women and children related with tears, how terrified they were, as they clung to house-tops, when their houses were, with every fresh swell of the water, threatened to be swept away.

"Many families who retired to peaceful rest, found themselves, a few hours later, bereft of what took years of patient labor to obtain, with wolfish want staring them in the face. Kind benevolence may relieve present want, but in many cases, comfort can not be restored to the desolate hearth-stone, or peace to the aged form and sorely tried heart, already borne down by years of toil and care."

"The flood has not only disfigured our thoroughfares, dismantled our bridges, defaced buildings, and left the impress of destruction and damage on every hand, but it has desolated homes, and brought misery and distress, where, but a few days ago, happiness and prosperity were prominent and promising. It has made the poor poorer, distressed the middle classes, and blasted the hopes of those engaged in prosperous business pursuits."

"There are merchants who had their small fortunes invested in their stock, all of which is swept away, or irreparably damaged. Others of limited means, had embarked in business upon borrowed capital but a short time ago, buoyant with hope of success, in the expectation that by a few years of hard toil and devotion to business, they may be rewarded sufficiently to pay off the borrowed capital, and call the stock and business their own."

The devastating waters swept along, and bore with them all these bright hopes for the future, leaving but grief and despair behind.

Many wander aimlessly about among the ruins, not knowing what to do. Here and there one make attempts at cleaning up, by shovelling the mud from his floors. Cellars are still full of water, and mud covers everything.

We meet a man without coat or vest, who tells us he lost all his cloth-

ing, and his wife and children have nothing but what they have on. His wife has neither bonnet, hat, nor shoes.

Another poor woman, with a babe no more than two weeks old in her arms, lost all her clothes and shoes. She wears a pair of low slippers, over which the muddy slush goes, as she walks through her house.

Shovels can scarcely be had. Implements of this kind are usually kept in cellars, where they are now buried in mud and water, and many people did not even possess shovel or spade. Neighbors, throughout the flooded district, can afford each other little, or no relief. Bread can scarcely be obtained, the western bakeries have been flooded, the stores can not obtain their accustomed supplies, and the people are destitute.

No bridges have yet been constructed. Supplies can not be transported from the east side in any quantities, and the Relief Committees have not been able to reach all the needy. Our town is cut in two, and the only mode of communication is by skiff, or such craft as can be improvised.

Here and there, such as can hire help are beginning to clear away the filth and rubbish, but very little will be accomplished before the water-pipes will be connected and bridges erected. We meet numbers of people who had eaten nothing, and many had not drank, from Wednesday evening till yesterday afternoon, and some had nothing to-day. Forty-eight hours without food or drink can be endured by an adult, but we must pity the poor children who suffer thus, in sight of those who have enough and to spare,—the Codorus between them and bread.

The outspoken editor of *The Age* asserts that—"No other town, having the resources of York, would have allowed itself, even under such a visitation as we have experienced, to be cut in two by a stream the size of the Codorus, and not have had foot communication established hours ago, and by this time would have means of crossing for vehicles. There

are plenty of old soldiers in this place, who, if they were given the authority, could put a pontoon bridge across the Codorus with the wreck of this flood in three hours." It is stated in several papers, that our mechanics offered to erect a bridge at Princess street, if the Borough Council would furnish the lumber, but the Council has not accepted the offer, and the people are obliged to pay the charges of the ferry-men, while the transportation continues to be inadequate.

The papers argue that the claims of the sufferers who are in distress, the desires of citizens to aid their friends, the duties of the Relief Committees, the disadvantages of working men and the suspension of business, all demand the speedy erection of a temporary bridge. The editors vie with each other in making timely suggestions to alleviate the suffering and supply the wants of the people, and have severely censured the Borough authorities.

The whole West side has already been without water for two days, with great suffering and inconvenience, and it will be night before the bridge, which is now in course of erection at Market street, is completed. The people then will have waited three days for the means that make it possible to clear their houses of mud and filth. For this, the Water Company has been censured, but it is stated that Superintendent J. L. Kuehn is doing all in his power to hasten the connection. A bridge is deemed necessary to carry the pipes, but it has been argued that a line of hose could have been taken across and attached to the fire plugs on either side, which would have supplied the West with water.

Many are now engaged in removing the filthy water from cellars. Improvised pumps of all descriptions are worked by men, women and children, and the gutters are full of the foul mixture. Where once were gardens, men are seen tugging away at the rubbish piled about their doors, in the almost vain attempt to restore things to order. On the east side of the creek, where clean water was

abundant, the occupants of inundated houses were seen at once busily engaged in removing the mud from their dwellings and stores, but the effort to bring things to order was painfully slow, and those who labored incessantly for hours, were discouraged to see how little they were accomplishing. Everything is yet confusion. Indeed, people hardly know where to commence, or what to do. Weeks and months of hard labor will be required to restore order in these desolate dwellings, and make them seem like "*Sweet Home*" again.

Few persons know the extent of the suffering, and how difficult it is to meet and satisfy even the temporary and most urgent demands for help. A number of Christian ladies were yesterday and to-day on their visits of mercy from house to house, in Grothe's row, in the northeastern part of the town, and the hungry were fed in the car shops.

A base of supplies has been established in the Farmers' Market House, and the charitable of West York did what they could, but still there is want.

This morning's *Tribune* says:—"The different relief committees were hard at work yesterday, providing clothing and food for the destitute. Ladies, with well-filled baskets, went from house to house, through the mud, distributing to the needy. The good work that is being done can not be described, and the true American character, with its unbounded sympathy for suffering humanity, is again prominent upon this sad occasion. Arrangements are being made to have the destitute in dry places to sleep, and prevent the contraction of disease."

"Yesterday councilman Bell, of the Ninth Ward, was actively engaged removing the filth and mud which had been carried into the streets in his ward by the recent flood. He had four carts at work, and his energy in this direction is deserving of high commendation.—He deemed this work necessary to preserve the health of the citizens of that locality."

Even the most distressing circumstances are here and there relieved by an anecdote of the ludicrous. A man who owns houses on Newberry street, is said to have set diligently to work helping his unfortunate tenants to get things to rights. He worked all day on Friday, in the best spirits, and to-day, till towards evening, he toiled in the same good humor. But he fell down a cellar-way, and came up wet, muddy and mad, saying, "I've had enough of this, and won't stand any more!" "And what do you propose to do about it?" asked a by-stander. "Fool with me a moment, and I'll show you!" was the prompt rejoinder. The by-stander concluded not "to fool," and showed his discretion by visiting another family.

While walking past a house where a man was toiling, hopeless and disconsolate, in vain attempts to restore his home to its former condition of order and comfort, I stopped to talk to him a moment, and, in so doing, took in the situation to an extent that was painful. Pale-fences, pig-pens, porches, baskets, brooms, buckets, swill-barrels, chromos, chairs, benches, and other household appliances, were packed, in one inextricable mass, at his back door, and amid these he struggled for a beginning. I longed to give him advice, or speak a word of consolation, but my heart failed me. A pile of water-soaked books attracted my attention. I opened one, and my eye fell upon a head-line which set forth, appropriately, "A Place for Everything." I walked away, musing upon the happy adaptability of everything to its proper sphere. How much that chapter would have helped the man, had he time to peruse it thoughtfully, I have now no means to ascertain, but the reader may draw his own conclusions, when he knows that the book was picked up on the pavement of Chauncy Fairfax, in South Newberry street, where nothing was left in its place that was at all movable.

A literary gentleman, who possessed a collection of valuable books,

visited his library after the flood, and found all but the upper shelf water soaked, soiled, and totally ruined, while a pile of books lay upon the floor, in front of the library, covered with mud. Grieved at the almost total loss of what he had been all his life collecting with so much pains and interest, he, in a moment of frenzy, seized from the upper shelf a rare volume, clean and dry, and dashed it into the unsightly pile, saying, "There! you may as well go along with the rest."

J. D. Harnish's confectionary presents the most sickening mixture, that is possible to the most elastic imagination.

Sugar plums, chewing gum, gum-drops and filth, boxes of finely-flavored sweet meats, jars of candy, soaked in water with the sediment of the flood, makes a mixture altogether horrifying, and utterly disgusting. Scattered through it all, dozens of dirty-faced dolls, with soiled finery, make the sight as ludicrous as the odors are offensive.

Shelves are loaded with mud, show-cases are smashed, and filled with water-soaked confectionery and mud.

The store is a complete wreck, and the loss must be great. Mr. Harnish and assistants are busily engaged cleaning up, while several young ladies in the yard are washing soiled dolls, and other toys that may still be salable. The proprietor says, business must go on, and even this wholesale ruin does not discourage his enterprise. Carpenters are now engaged in repairing the shelving and destroyed windows.

Some of the merchants on Market street have cleaned up, restored things to partial order, and opened again this evening. Others have hands still at work, cleaning up their shops and stores, while still others are selling their soiled goods off at auction, or sending it away to be cleaned. These men certainly deserve the sympathy of the people, next to the helpless poor.

The fallen drug-store of John F. Patton is now boarded up, where

once were the attractive show-windows of plate glass, filled with fancy goods. The employees are struggling amidst the filth within, to reclaim and put in order what has not been totally destroyed. Mr Patton does not bewail his misfortune, but intends to begin anew, and hopes by fair-dealing and attention to business, to retain his patronage and regain what he has lost.

It was enough to discourage the strongest heart, to look at the situation on Friday morning, and it is astonishing to see the degree of fortitude and composure with which many of the sufferers bear their misfortune. Instances are related of people who lost nearly everything they had, and yet, in noble self denial, refused what was offered them, because, they said, "others need it more." A prominent business man of Market street, who suffered heavy loss, was heard to say to a companion, "My loss is considerable. But what of that? It will cost only my money to replace the damage. That is nothing to me so long as I have the money to do it with. I want no man's help. I want no man's sympathy, because I do not deserve it, but these people, who have lost everything they had, demand help and sympathy from us all."

A man who esteems the poor above himself, in the day of his own adversity, deserves to be put on record. While this calamity has served to exhibit, in some men of means, the contemptible, miserly meanness of their nature, it has made to stand out in bold relief, the noble self-sacrifice and large-heartedness of scores of rich and poor, who vie with each other in deeds of charity and benevolence, and in errands of mercy to the distressed.

Walking along West Market street, we again notice the destruction to buildings, which is thus described by the *Tribune*:—"The square on West Market street, from the bridge to Newberry, is a scene of fearful havoc, almost entirely among business houses. The buildings are torn and disembowelled in the most

hedeous style; fronts, sides and backs being knocked out indiscriminately, and the contents scattered far and wide, over the intangible nowhere."

Cellars are yet full of water, because no men can be hired to pump them dry. Many who could earn good wages, are along the creek after spoils, hunting for other people's property, and refuse to lend a hand in honest labor where they are needed. Others, who will work, demand exorbitant wages, and seek to fleece the people under these circumstances of misfortune. As much as four dollars were demanded, and we presume paid, for three hours work.—While this seems extortionate, we are told that the stench in some cellars makes men deathly sick, and renders work in them next to impossible.

"At Croll's, they are fixing the pavements, which were entirely washed away, and cleaning up the best they can, under the circumstances. The store of Isaac Heller on Market street, was really in a terrible condition; all the clothes in it were ruined. A two-horse wagon was loaded with wet clothing, and driven away, where we could not ascertain. The hardware and grocery store of J. F. Rohrbaugh is beginning to assume some shape. Men have been working ever since the water subsided, to clear away the debris. Quite a crowd collected at P. Wiest's yesterday afternoon. An auction was held of the damaged goods, and things sold for a mere nothing. The people in the Motter House, were busily engaged yesterday in cleaning the mud and dirt from their furniture and carpets which are in a fearful condition. Baugher, Kurtz & Stewart have a force of about twenty men engaged on both sides of the Codorus, gathering up lost flasks and patterns, floated away from their foundry and machine shop."

At the milk factory, another gang of men are hard at work, trying to save the ice which had been partly flooded, in the ice house of the factory.

At the residence of Mr. H. L.

Neuman, carpets, furniture and a fine library were entirely ruined by the water, and his elegant yard with beautiful flowers was demolished. His ice cream establishment suffered great damage, and half his supply of ice was destroyed. Wines eighteen years old, and valued at one hundred dollars, were floated away. It was likely one of these barrels that the party of colored men secured at Cottage Hill.

Mr. Neuman says, it was less than fifteen minutes from the time the water first entered the street, till it covered his pavement and floors.

Clothes-lines were stretched from tree to tree, along parts of Newberry street, upon which, what few clothes had been saved from the water, hung to dry. Here and there a cook stove smoked and steamed in the street, the humming of the tea-kettle, and the agreeable odors of frying meat and boiling coffee greeted us as we passed along at evening. Through open doors and windows, now and then, shone brightly a glowing hearth, while the rattle of dishes filled our ears with music from kitchens.

But from other open doors, stared blank despair. No tea-kettle hummed; the smell of no savory meal greeted us; the flood had rattled the dishes to pieces, and smothered the voice of the tea-kettle with mud. No fire, no supper, no anything,—but misery.

The new brick residence of William Zorger, 125 Newberry street, has been abandoned, and looks as though it might break down at any moment.

It is not an unusual sight to see people trying to wash their clothes in the filthy water puddles along the streets. All along Newberry street, from Main to the creek, people are engaged in removing what furniture they have left.

On Princess street the water went up as far as J. P. May's two houses, above Penn street.

The report, that Jacob Allison had been drowned, had been generally circulated on Thursday. He says he made a narrow escape, and if another such flood were at any time to come,

he would leave everything go, and retreat with his family as fast as possible to a place of safety. Two of George S. Thoman's kind neighbors, on Penn street, saved his organ, by placing it on a high bench. They said they could not spare that music, and the organ must not be left to drown.

The family of John Brannan, whose house was carried away, lost with it every thing they possessed. The vegetables in the garden were washed from the ground. Mr. Brannan had a number of canary birds, pet rabbits, ducks, and chickens, all of which are lost.

In a box were the savings of many days, in coin, about thirty dollars, which they had been saving up to buy a cow. Mr. Brannan afterwards found his clock and about half his money, in the bushes down the stream, near where one of his neighbors had found his *discharge* hanging to a bush.

It is related, that after the flood Mr. Brannan endeavored to raise a little money by boating, but some of the other ferry-men treated him badly. Having lost his oars, another who had two pairs, and to whom Mr. Brannan applied for oars, refused to lend him any. He was also refused for his passengers, the use of the ladder, which had been put up at the ferry and was used by others. Brannan, however, ferried with a pole, and made a few honest dimes, which he richly deserved. His every dime should have been a dollar.

In the vicinity of the Codorus Paper-mill, the families of the tenant houses suffer great loss and damage.

Mr. Witta's lime-kilns are wrecked, his stable on the paper-mill side, and the shedding about his brick yard on the opposite side of the creek are carried off. A kiln of brick, which needed about a half day's burning, was bursted by the water rushing in upon its red hot walls, completely demolishing it and rendering the brick worthless.

One of our journalists, in reference to the Horton mansion, speaks of its loveliness and domestic comfort:—"Last Wednesday evening, what

lovelier picture of domestic comfort and content could have been seen, than the spacious, old-fashioned home of the Horton family, on the banks of the Codorus, near the paper mill. The emerald lawn, so perfectly kept, the rare and carefully cultivated flowers, the piazza, with its clustering vines and roses, the well-appointed house, with its comfortable, yet æsthetic air, the rare books, pictures, and gathered treasures from foreign lands, the ancestral relics, the aviary of birds and nursery of happy children."

When father and son hastily left their beds, at the summons from the mill, a little stream from the now already overflowing Codorus, ran between the mill and the Canavan's house. The rising water soon spread around the mill, and by early morning a wild current dashed madly between them and their home, upon which they kept anxious watch as the water continued to rise higher, forcing them at last to the upper story. The mansion was submerged to the second story. The water rushed through it and around it with fearful velocity. What agony the father suffered in anxious solicitude for the safety of wife and children, can scarcely be imagined, much less described. Yet, he had faith in the stability of the old walls, and witnessed with pain the efforts made to rescue his family, for, he felt that any attempt to remove them through the swift waters, must result in disaster. His voice could not be heard above the roar of the rushing torrent, and he was powerless to command or act. After twelve hours of torture, fear and anxiety, parents and children were safely reunited, although in the mere wreck of their once beautiful home.

No one, who has not witnessed it, can at all comprehend the waste and ruin produced by a flood of muddy water, pouring through a richly furnished dwelling. Fine carpets were forever spoiled; rare pictures, worth hundreds of dollars, were utterly destroyed; a valuable library of books, rare and costly, was soiled and ruin-

ed. Treasures from distant countries were destroyed or lost, furniture was overthrown, a large cupboard, the shelves of which were laden with silverware, precious gifts and costly plate, was lifted, carried through the window, and swept away. We would not attempt to describe the feelings of the frightened mother, as she and her children must have huddled together, a terrified group, above, while the rushing waters swept through their house beneath, the crashing of windows and furniture, and the lashings of the billows, filling their ears meanwhile.

With the Horton family lives their uncle, Mr. Jessup, whose room was a perfect museum, filled with valuable vases, paintings, keepsakes from distant lands, and relics of past ages, objects of interest, and curiosities innumerable.

Mr. Jessup, after taking refuge in the second story, remembered his gold watch, which he thought he had left in the drawer of a bureau. He made an attempt to get it, but the water was already too deep.

When the water had gone down, the now swollen drawers of the bureau were forced open, but the watch was nowhere to be found.

Afterwards, in cleaning out the mud, the marble slab of a table, which the water had upset, was lifted up, and underneath it was the watch uninjured, not even wet inside.

In the rear of the Motter House is the livery stable of J. Witman. This stable was battered down at the north-west corner, and many of the vehicles were swept away, but the horses were all saved. The upper part of the Motter House stable was entirely broken through, and swept clean of all the hay it contained. Another stable, used by Mr. Stough and Mr. Wiest, was raised and carried from its foundation. Mason Alley is blockaded with stables and out-buildings of all kinds. In some of the alleys an insufferable stench exists, from the thick deposit of dirty, filthy sediment of the flood, and, unless speedily removed, it may create disease, which will be of more seri-

ous consequences than all the damage of the flood.

In the rear of a confectioner's shop, where there were barrels with ruined sugar and piles of figs and confectionery, trampled under foot in the mud, we encountered dense swarms of bees, yellow jackets and hornets, plying their vocation in agreeable harmony, but we did not tarry to court their friendship.

We visited a family in which husband and a child are helplessly sick. The water had been to the ceiling on the first floor. The cellar is yet full of water, the house is wet and full of mud, and there is no help. This same woman had her wash just finished, and the clean clothes, tubs and all, were carried away.

William Chambers, living on Water street, had just covered his first floor with new carpets, all of which are ruined. There are many similar cases. Numerous families, whose carpets and furniture were as good as new, had everything ruined and must replace all with new.

In a row of fine brick houses on South Newberry street, we found our well known book-binder, John W. Stewart, and Dr. J. G. Leber, whose homes are both devastated. From them we learn that nearly all the houses in the block were furnished in an elegant manner, and all suffered nearly alike. Organs were thrown over, submerged, and ruined by mud and water. Stuffed furniture and carpets, alike, emit odors that are unbearable, which arise from the filthy water with which they were saturated.

Thursday morning's breakfast is thus described to us:—"Two gentlemen, A and B, were caught by the flood while eating their morning meal. The water was knee-deep before they were aware that anything unusual was about to happen. B wanted to retreat, but A restrained him by saying, "Better take something while you can get it. If things keep on at this rate, God knows when you'll get another meal." The table now began to float, and B held it down, while A cut the meat.—

They ate that breakfast under difficulties, but it was well that they did so. When they let the table go, it made a leap like a deer, turned up its feet and went floating on its back.—The butter was in the meantime placed on the top shelf, the bread secured in a wash-boiler, and a hasty retreat was beaten up stairs, while the water followed them up the steps. They remained up stairs all day, and at evening, found that the butter had made a narrow escape, while the bread had sailed through the deluge as safely as Noah in the Ark, and A and B had a supper, by the merest chance in the world. In numbers of other dining rooms, the tables went sailing before the families had eaten a bite, while no bread was left in wash-boilers, and no butter on upper shelves, at eventide.

At the residence of Charles A. Klinefelter, corner Market and Newberry, Mrs. Jacob King, mother of Mrs. Klinefelter, seventy-six years old, and blind, was rescued from the second-story window by George Metzel and A. Myers on a raft. These gentlemen also rescued Mrs. Klinefelter and her daughter Sallie, in the same manner.

Miss Alice M. Smyser, sister of Mrs. C. E. Lewis, had gone to the residence of C. A. Klinefelter, and was assisting in removing goods to the upper story. The water was soon too deep to allow her to return home, when she managed to reach an adjoining building from the second story window, from which she was rescued by a ladder and raft.

At Grant street, a lady with her arms full of clothes, was rescued from an upper window, by means of a ladder, and taken out through the water. She told her husband she had forgotten her new dress, which he volunteered to go back and get. When he came back, she exclaimed, My goodness! you've brought the basque, but where's the overskirt?"

"Oh yes," was the reply, "I know. I dropped that, but I can't go back for it now."

In a hasty visit to the house of Frank Steininger, in the rear of

Schall's shops, we obtained the following facts in regard to the rescue of the imbecile by his mother Mrs. Jacoby. Paul Schwentzel, who was with the old lady at the time, helped her remove her son from the bed, and she afterwards dragged him out through Schall's shop. Paul remained to save what he could, and being unable to get out of the house, climbed to the roof, where he was rescued by Edward Jacoby and Frank Steinger, who took him in through the gable window of the shop. A bureau full of clean clothes was afterwards when opened found to be packed with mud, and everything in it was ruined. The layer of mud in the bureau drawers on top of the clothes was several inches thick.

The house is now damp and unfit for occupancy, but has been cleared of the mud, and made as comfortable as possible by the kind assistance of friends.

"Sometime during the height of the flood on Thursday, a small summer kitchen came floating down from unknown quarters and lodged in Z. K. Loucks' meadow, below town. When the waters had somewhat subsided, it was discovered that the shanty had been cleared of everything but a dog. He is a large, fine-looking animal, and was evidently put into the building the night before, and swept away with it.

What is most singular, is that although he must have been suffering seriously from hunger, he utterly refused to leave the place he was left to guard."

"Mr. Shunk, miller at Loucks' mill, had his pointer dog tied to a box without a bottom, and the water rose so fast that the dog could not be reached. He floated down the stream, keeping bravely on the box. The box caught in the trees upon one of the islands below the railroad bridge, where the dog barked furiously for assistance. The box was again lifted from the trees, carried down to the meadow near Stacks' mill and thrown by the current against a fence, casting the dog on one side and the kennel on the other. The chain fortunately

broke, and the poor dog was released. He swam out of the water, but as soon as it receded went back to his box and lay there. When a farmer approached him he growled and wanted to defend his home. He was afterwards returned to Mr. Shunk, who was delighted to receive him, and now prizes him more highly than ever on account of his eventful trip on the flood-tide.

The same gentleman lost several hogs by drowning, and several of his shoats swam out and were saved. One landed on a roof in the rear of Mr. Loucks' residence, and calmly snoozed away there, until the flood subsided, another one was carried across the stream, and took refuge among the debris in a flour barrel with the head and bottom out. A man, walking through the drift in the meadow unconcernedly, stumbled against the barrel, when out ran the pig, much to his surprise."

The earliest report from the west side was written for the *Daily* during Thursday forenoon by Wm. D. Laumaster, of the *Daily*, who lives on the west side. He wrote an account of the flood, and as soon as the water had receded back to its original channel, he proceeded to Main street, tied his message round a stone with a piece of wet lace that had washed from Wiest's store, and threw it across to Rex M. H. Stouch, who delivered it to Mr. E. W. Spangler for publication.

Mr. J. J. Pierce, Photographer, of Brooklyn, who had been here doing business for several days at the time of the flood, gives the following statement of the origin of the rope ferry, established at Market street on Thursday evening:—"I stood by when the reporter of the *Daily* threw the first line across, and I got two messages that came over from the west side, written by Mr. Horace Elicker, a compositor on the *Daily*, worded as follows:—

1. "Intense excitement prevails over here. A report that lives were lost is still prevalent. I wish to God I was over again. Yours, etc."
2. "A worse state of demolition

was never experienced in York, even by octogenarians. Narrow escapes have been made however. Miss Sue Chalfant was badly injured, and an aged lady was also hurt. At some of the stores the ruin is partly cleared. J. F. Patton loses at from \$9,000 to \$10,000. Excuse brevity.

Yours, etc."

"This line was afterwards broken, and we could find no one able to throw another across.

"Being an electrician, I suggested a telephone or telegraph line, the instruments to which I could adjust. A rocket was proposed by some one, to carry a line over, but it was not used.

"I subsequently suggested, and was the originator of the first rope ferry.

"Mr. LaFever, an actor, and manager of an opera troupe, and A. B. Bennet, a photo-stock drummer, were in company with me, and I discussed with them means of establishing communication with the west side. We finally procured an inch rope, one hundred and thirty feet long, and a boat. After many unsuccessful attempts to throw the rope across, Leo Bievenour, who afterwards carried a rope over for the Farquhar and McDonald Ferry, tried to take the rope over in a boat, but found the current too strong. I then suggested that some one swim the stream, which Jack Sowers volunteered to do. I obtained for him a pair of cotton-flannel drawers, from the store of Jonathan Owen, and a room in which to change his clothes. He came out only in drawers, plunged in, and struck out bravely for the other side, carrying a cord tied to his arm. The rapid current carried him down stream some distance, and his struggles were witnessed by hundreds of people, who watched him in breathless suspense from both shores. He landed amid a storm of applause, and the hearty cheers of the multitude were wafted over town. With the cord he carried, a clothes-line was now drawn over, to which a hawser was attached, and it was in turn hauled over and tied to a tree. The rope being now firmly secured on both sides, a man by the name of McIl-

vaine sat in the bow of the boat holding on to the rope in front, and facing the stream, ferried hand over hand safely but with difficulty back and forth. Sowers had undressed in a room at Houser's, entered the creek at the southern corner of the Croll property, landing at Baugher's corner. After resting a while he entered the creek at the southern point of John Schall's property and came out at Houser's corner.

"I was obliged to leave for Harrisburg on the night-train, but I afterwards learned, upon my return, that the rope was moved on Friday morning, to the Baugher and Houser corners, a short distance below, where George B. Kraber, LaFever and Bennett established a flat-boat ferry with additional ropes and movable pulleys, and built stairways to the water for passengers. This ferry was operated with profit, from Friday morning to Saturday evening, when the bridge was completed. As I had been obliged to leave, I did not receive any of the profits, nor would I consent to make money from people under circumstances of their misfortune."

J. J. PIERCE.

It is asserted that LaFever offered a bribe to the carpenters to stop working on the bridge, when it became apparent on Saturday, that it would be completed by evening. When the firm of Baugher, Kurtz & Stewart learned this, they ordered the rope to be removed, and the ferry was promptly stopped. We are authorized by Mr. Kraber, who is well and favorably known among our people, to state, that neither he nor Mr. Bennett had any knowledge of the dishonorable proposal made to the carpenters by LaFever, who was on the other side of the creek. Alfred E. Bennett is from Philadelphia, and represents the house of Buchanan, Smedley & Bromley, importers and wholesalers of photographic supplies. Geo. B. Kraber is a native of York, respectably connected, and holds a position in the insurance office of T. Kirk White & Son. As LaFever was stationed

on the west side, where the interest tended, it is to be presumed that he got the lion's share of the proceeds and knew how to take care of it. Kraber says what little he got he gave away, and his efforts were in the interest of the people, rather than to make money. We are told that it was at the suggestion of Mr. Kraber that the rope was moved and the flat boat built. Drayman John McGuigan bought from the yard of Frank Weiser, two fourteen foot planks and one hundred and thirty feet of flooring, at the order of Mr. Kraber, and from these carpenter Engene Ludwig made the boat. The enterprise these young men exhibited was commendable, and deserved to be liberally rewarded, but it is to be regretted that an act, which is in itself an honor, should be stigmatized by conduct so dishonorable and detestable.

The reporter of the *Daily*, to which Mr. Pierce referred, was John I. Wiley, one of the night editors. The stone was thrown over by Walter Spangler, and Mr. Wiley sent the first message worded as follows:

1. "S. C. Frey, (Editor *Daily*), Give us an account of the condition of things on the West side, for publication in to-morrow's issue."

WILEY.

In reply, an account was duly written, and appeared in the *Daily* of Friday morning, in connection with other facts gathered by the reporters.

2. The second message was from a lady, inquiring of friends on the West side, to which she received a cheering reply.

3. Was a message to G. W. S. Laucks, of the York Manufacturing Company, from John Ruby, to which Mr. Laucks immediately replied.

The *Daily's* line was broken in the attempt to haul the rope over spoken of by Pierce.

Sowers afterwards swam the stream, the rope was stretched diagonally from the bridge pier to the willows, the flat-boat was established on Friday morning and continued to Saturday evening, when W. F. Bay

Stewart commanded LaFever to cast loose, as before described.

The *Dispatch* of Friday protested against the ferry charges to workmen, who are obliged to cross the creek two and four times a day, to and from their work. "Even help that might, and would be readily extended to the needy from the East side, can not be gotten over without the payment of heavy charges to private parties."

This same paper, as soon as the bridges were gone, advocated the building of flat-boats, in the following editorial:—"Trade between the East and West end of York is entirely cut off, as all the bridges are down. There should be flat-boats built at once to accommodate business and travel. To have no means by which to cross the Codorus, would be a great inconvenience."

On Saturday, prospects begin to brighten. Mr. J. M. Johnson and Capt. L. A. Hoke established a free ferry over the Codorus at the foot of Beaver street. Many kind-hearted people have come forward with aid for the needy. Workmen have now begun on the bridges; one at Main street, one at Philadelphia street, and another is to replace the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge.

"Mr. A. B. Farquhar and E. T. McDonald have provided a flat-boat which will run over the creek from 5 A. M., to 10 P. M., commencing with to-day, at the foot of the Alley South of Main street (Gross' Commons). Workmen going to and from their work will be taken over free. All others are charged five cents. Merchandise at reasonable prices. Proceeds to be given to the sufferers by the flood. The boat was loaned by P. A. & S. Small."

On Saturday, at half-past seven o'clock, the glad news that cheered many a sad heart, went abroad over West York as though it sped on the wings of the wind. The bridge was finished! The water pipes had been connected nearly an hour before, and the water was turned on to refresh the thirsty town. A rush was made for the bridge, and hundreds crowd-

ed over with baskets of provisions and bundles of clothing. Everything was interest and excitement. It was difficult for the police to control the surging crowd, as every one pressed forward eager to get over. Some to bring food and clothing to friends, and others out of mere curiosity to see the sights. Some one, by shouting, "the bridge is going!" created quite a panic, but fortunately no one was injured. It is asserted by some, that the bridge did give way slightly, by the great weight upon it, but the crowd pressed on, and uninterrupted travel continued all evening. And now as the bridge is thronged with hundreds who hurry along on missions of charity, night once more closes upon the scene of desolation.



OVER THE FIELD ON SUNDAY.

Bridges Erected. Thousands Viewing the Ruins. The Sabbath a Work-day. Order Out of Chaos. Charity and Hypocrisy. Lessons From the Pulpit.

"Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath-day?"--*Luke XIV.*

SABBATH dawned clear and beautiful! The now serene Codorus rippled along in its usual manner, and the town glittered in the effulgence of the rising sun, but how different is the scene from the sweet peacefulness and deathlike silence of the usual Sabbath at York, when the quiet stillness of the air is broken only by the chiming of the Sabbath-bells in the call to worship, as our people quietly wend their way to the House of God.

Now, the air is filled with the rattle of passing wagons, the streets are the scene of bustle and excitement, and our ears are greeted with the din of hammer and saw.

The measured strokes of the steam fire engines, as they labor in the filthy water and fill the gutters with rushing torrents from cellars, repeat the command of Moses, "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his ass fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again."

While the pealing bells from tower and steeple enjoin his other command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Crowds hurry to the churches, to the morning worship, while multitudes promenade the field of ruin, or hurry to the scene, to become interested spectators. Wagons and carriages bring hundreds from country and neighboring towns, who have heard of the great disaster, and come

eager to see. The flood continues to be the universal topic of conversation, and everything else gives way to it.

Last night, the bridge on Market street was opened to the rushing crowds, which kept pouring over it until a late hour. By the light of flaming torches the bridge at Philadelphia street was constructed. This bridge was begun yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, by John Minsker, master bridge-builder of the Northern Central Division, Pennsylvania Railroad, and had reached the west side by seven o'clock in the evening, and this morning at ten o'clock it was opened for vehicles. Wagons with supplies and crowds of people are moving steadily westward toward the flooded district. Many are strangers who have come from a distance, and probably the large majority are attracted by curiosity, but hundreds go on errands of benevolence. Some carry with them gifts of food and clothing, while others give much needed assistance in the work of removing mud and debris, and restoring the houses of their unfortunate neighbors to as nearly as possible their former condition. A continuous stream of people passes along both sides of the streets in the devastated district, peering into the open doors and windows, taking mental inventories of the damage done, and listening here and there to graphic descriptions of incidents of the great disaster. An observer can

tell that it is Sunday, only by these crowds of curious people; for men, women and children are at work everywhere. The steam fire engines are busy pumping water from cellars, which are yet full of water and mud, men are working on the bridges, and digging trenches for the pipes to supply the water, so badly needed by the sufferers. Since the water connection was made with the main pipes, work has begun in earnest. Defiled houses are scrubbed and drenched with clean water, clothes are washed, and furniture is cleansed on the street and pavement. The sights of to-day are comparatively little changed from those of yesterday. As the work of putting things to rights goes on, the losses and damages are discovered to be much greater than was at first supposed. People are hard at work, with all the cheerfulness they can muster, trying to render their desolate homes once more habitable, but, as every moment reveals a new trouble, the task seems almost hopeless. Notwithstanding the wreck of homes, the losses of property and the disagreeable work of cleaning up, many are in a cheerful mood, and work along just as merrily as if it were all right. One woman especially congratulates herself that the flood had cleaned out the rats and roaches.

For many years to come, the great flood will be a chronological landmark, from which events will be dated in order to assist the failing memory, until some future great event supersedes it.

"The people, who, yesterday evening and to-day, by thousands visited the scene of ruin, were surprised at the extent of the damage done, and found that the reality far exceeded the accounts published by the papers. Indeed it would be hard to exaggerate. Of course the scene to-day is not so desolate as on Friday, as much had already been done in the way of clearing up and putting things to some kind of order. The pavements and houses in many instances have been cleaned of their coating of mud, and present a much more sightly ap-

pearance than on Friday morning or even Friday evening. But yet there is much to see, and the evidences of the flood are present on every side. It will require much time and hard labor to restore everything to its former condition, and the expenditure of not a little money as well as labor. On every hand, people are busy fixing up their houses and endeavoring to get things in order, but there is so much to be done that the work is of necessity very slow. The borough has a large force of carts and men employed removing the mud and debris and putting the streets in proper condition. Both the Street and Sanitary Committees are busy, and doing all they can to bring order out of confusion. The transfer wagons were busy all day assisting the destitute to move what little they have left to a place of safety. Unfortunately the means for prosecuting the work have been deficient. Laborers and carts are scarce, and those than can be had are worked to the utmost limit. Incredible as it may appear, there are persons hypercritical, and we may say hypocritical, enough to claim that the Lord's Day is being profaned by much of the work. Alas, that the parable of the ox in the ditch has not been learned by those who, in the excess of their zeal to observe the *letter* of the great command, ignore the *spirit* of God's highest law! What nobler evidence of sincerity can the true Christian give, than free and unostentatious aid to his suffering fellow-man?"

One of our townsmen, whose sympathy and regard for the needy have been manifested in substantial aid and earnest work from the first, thus speaks to his fellow-citizens in a letter of yesterday:—

"Having devoted much time since the flood to ascertaining the extent of loss and suffering, with a view of devising means of relief, I am prepared to say that it is even greater than I had any conception of. There never has been an occasion in the history of our town so urgently demanding the most prompt and liberal help. A great many poor working-

men have lost their all, and unless assisted cannot take care of their families, and what is worse, in view of such utter destruction, will be discouraged from making further effort. Some of our most deserving merchants and tradesmen have been ruined. It would seem to me advisable and right that we should raise a large fund, placing it in the hands of reliable citizens of good judgment, for the purpose of assisting those who need it most, and in this view I trust an appeal will be made from the pulpits, and collections taken in all the churches to-morrow, and that a committee of trusted citizens may be appointed to collect and judiciously distribute the necessary funds, to assist the poor in refurnishing their houses, and to enable the deserving tradesmen who have been so terribly visited, to resume their business."

Respectfully, A. B. F.

The churches responded to the call of want and suffering in liberal collections and subscriptions, and the pastors of various churches improved the opportunity of impressing wholesome spiritual lessons upon their congregations. We attended services at the Heidelberg Reformed church and were much impressed with the valuable lessons its able pastor, Rev. F. J. Sauerber, drew from the calamity which has befallen us. From various sources come the following notes from the pulpit to-day:

"The floods have lifted up. O Lord the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters. Yes, than the mighty waves of the sea."

This and similar texts were chosen, and the services in nearly all the churches had some reference to the deluge of last Thursday. The lessons drawn and the comforts afforded were various.

The insecurity of all earthly possessions was largely commented upon.

"Dig deep the foundations of my building," says the shrewd worldling. "Lay them strong in granite and cement. Let the walls thereupon be of the hardest brick or stone. Make

the casements, windows and doors of iron and fire proof."

Suddenly a freshet comes. Great torrents roar around, deep channels are cut, the lowest base is reached and down comes the structure with a crash, and in an hour the work of years is gone.

Stocks and bonds are made valueless by panics; farms are washed and gullied by destructive floods, burned by drought, or eaten by weevil or potato-bug. That this is so, and the terrible illustration last week of mundane insecurity, should not drive men to despair. It should rather moderate their confidence in earthly goods, allay their anxiety for the things that perish with the using, and stimulate them to seek first the kingdom of God and make them anxious to lay up their treasures in Heaven.

The impotence of man and the omnipotence of God, was enlarged upon.

Man may boast of his ability to utilize the powers of nature; but even the gentlest of streams, that has for years patiently turned the wheels, and done the work of man, may at anytime become changed as if some demon of devastation had taken possession of it. "Come with me," it shall say, as it rises and roars and sweeps along. "Come with me crops that are ripening in the summer sun, trees that are shading the pleasant lawns, flowers blooming in the gardens, barns sheltering innocent beasts, mills and shops where people work, houses where they live, churches where they worship; come with me as I rise for a course of revelry and ruin!"

"Come with me, and I will sweep you along in my conquering train! I will turn beauty into barrenness, order into confusion, pleasantness into grief! I will change scenes of contentment into scenes of consternation, voices of lullaby into voices of terror, homes of happiness into homes of sorrow. I will laugh at oppression; I will pour contempt on the boasted works of men; until they shall cower in their impotence, as my floods lift up their voice, as my floods lift up their waves."

But, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters." Many reasons for thankfulness were found. Just at the hour when the whole community was in terror, not knowing what the end would be, the waters rapidly rising, until families were driven from their homes, or obliged to seek refuge in the upper stories, on roofs, or in adjacent trees, when the walls began to crack and tremble, and terrible fears began to be aroused as to what might soon come to pass, especially if the Spring Grove dam with its one hundred and sixty acres of deep water should burst, and send down a roaring column of water far above the then raging flood! Why was it that the rain ceased, the clouds broke and the glad announcement was heard: "falling, falling, danger passed."

Other reasons of gratitude were, that the flood did not come in the night, when those helplessly sleeping would have been swept hopelessly away. Neither in the working hours when fathers, husbands and brothers had been absent and unable to care for those they loved.

That these floods did not sweep over the whole town; that the scourge was no wider, and that the majority of our citizens escaped.

"Escaped! What for?" To rub our hands in selfish congratulations? To look complacently on our undisturbed properties and rejoice that we are safe?

This is a testing time. It will make

some men better, for their developed sympathies and generous deeds. It will leave some colder, meaner and more uncongenial than before.

Rarely, in a lifetime, does there come to a people such an opportunity for heart growth, for becoming broader, sweeter, nobler.

Besides, here is an opportunity for securing the best kind of insurance for ourselves. No one knows in what form the trouble may come next, or where it will strike.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat." "Give and it shall be given to you again."

Blessed are they who by "giving to the poor, lend unto the Lord;" whom He will richly repay when they come to the time of need.

The following was the theme of a discourse preached by Rev. S. E. Herring, in St. Luke's Lutheran church, this morning, the text found in Amos III, 6: "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" "The Bible," says the speaker, "teaches, and good men believe, that God not only supports and sustains the world, but that with a loving purpose he is present in the distresses and afflictions of life. God has great moral designs in such distresses, they teach us to sympathize with the afflicted, they teach us the value of human life, the need of a devoted life. A sense of security is no guarantee of safety." The sermon was listened to with interest and was productive of good.



THE WORK OF RELIEF.

Bread upon the Waters. Public Meetings. The Benefactors. The Firemen. The Authorities.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc. XI.*

DURING the overflow of the Ohio river, the DAILY collected a sum of money which was forwarded to the committee having relief funds in hand. After the greatest sufferings were alleviated the committee found an unexpended balance in their treasury, and a pro rata distribution was made among the contributors. As the share of the York subscribers, the DAILY received \$61.08, and a check for that amount was on Saturday given to Chief Burgess Small to be used by the Relief Committee here. Our generous people little thought when they subscribed this money for the Western sufferers that they were literally "casting bread upon the waters:"

'A gentleman registered at the National, who witnessed the ruins caused by the Cincinnati flood, for which appeals for aid were made for the sufferers, says that the ruin and destruction was not nearly so great, in proportion to the territory covered, as that caused by our flood last Thursday, and wonders that an appeal for aid had not been made by our authorities.

We might here mention that one of the first persons to suggest a subscription for the Ohio flood sufferers, and who, with another, headed the list of our morning paper at that time, J. U. Test, is himself a sufferer by the present flood. He was earnest in his work in behalf of that fund, and is entitled to much of the credit of it, little thinking that in so short a time he and his neighbors

would be suffering from a similar disaster."

PUBLIC MEETING AT THE COURT HOUSE.

About 9 o'clock, June 26, the quick, startling tones of the Court House bell indicated a special call on the citizens. Soon a goodly number came together in the Court Room, and on motion of W. Latimer Small, Chief Burgess L. A. Small was called to the chair, and A. F. Geisey was selected Secretary.

On motion of W. Latimer Small, the following was adopted:

That a committee of two from each ward be appointed to make collections and solicit aid for the immediate relief of the sufferers from the flood, and that the Chief Burgess in conjunction with said committee, disburse and distribute contributions so collected, at their discretion, to applicants for relief, and that the Court House be and is hereby designated as the place for applications to the committee and dispensing of such relief.

On motion of Levi Maish a committee of five was appointed to receive contributions of food and clothing at the Court House, and distribute the same.

The chairman appointed the following committee:

Adam F. Geisey, Martin Van-Baman, Rev. H. E. Niles, James. B. Zeigler, Levi Maish.

Committee appointed by Chief Burgess to solicit money and aid:

1st Ward—Frank Geise; J. A. Dale.

2nd Ward—Dr. McKinnon, H. C. Niles.

3rd Ward—Hiram Hause, James Kell.

4th Ward—N. F. Burnham, E. J. Miller.

5th Ward—Israel Laucks, J. F. Patton.

6th Ward—N. Lehmayr, W. H. H. Welsh.

7th Ward—Wm. Platts, Jason Slusser.

8th Ward—John Shaffer, Dan. Shane.

9th Ward—I. F. Gross, E. M. Hugentugler.

On Motion of Rev. Niles, the following was adopted.

Resolved, That the Chief Burgess and Executive Committee be authorized to procure food for the sufferers, and relieve immediate want.

Mr. McDonald offered the free use of the transfer wagons, for which, on motion of Rev. Niles, a vote of thanks was tendered him.

On motion of Captain Geise, the Chief Burgess was authorized to issue a circular calling on the citizens to contribute money, clothing and food, and to deliver the same at the Court House, immediately.

Chief Burgess Small issued the following proclamation:

To the Citizens of York:

The need of immediate relief for the sufferers from the flood is urgent. Many persons are homeless, houseless, without food and clothing.

In obedience to a resolution passed at a meeting of citizens held in the Court House, I call upon the people of York to contribute at once such money, clothing and food as they can spare to relieve the present need of those in want, and to deliver at once their contributions to a committee in the Court House, who will be waiting to receive them.

LUTHER A. SMALL,

Chief Burgess.

On motion of Rev. Niles, Eli J. Miller and C. A. Thomas were appointed a Committee of Safety, with power to add to the Committee such persons as they may think proper.

As soon as the nature and extent

of the calamity became understood there seemed to arise a worthy competition to do everything that could be done for the help of the sufferers. Mr. McDonald, superintendent of the York Transfer Company, at once put all the teams of the Company at the service of those who needed them, and they did valuable work.

The second floor of Billmeyer & Small Co.'s building on North Duke street, at the railroad, was thrown open and provided with cots, bedding and all other necessary hospital appliances for the benefit of the houseless and homeless sufferers. This praiseworthy act was quickly thought of and just as quickly put in operation. The poor and needy, rendered so by the flood, were not to be allowed to suffer by the kind-hearted and generous people of York.

The Committee appointed to receive clothing, and food for the relief of the flood sufferers held a meeting at the office of Col. Maish at evening. Liberal contributions of clothing and food were received, and many men, women and children were relieved from distress. It was learned, however, that many cases of suffering have not been reached. The Committee therefore directed notice to be published that further contributions and aid be solicited, and especially of boots, shoes and clothing. Persons making contributions were requested to send them to the Court House.

Persons wishing to make contributions of money, who had not been visited by the Ward Committee, did so to the Chief Burgess, the treasurer of the relief fund. Persons needing relief were requested to apply to the Committee and that all cases of suffering be reported to the chairman, or any member of the Committee.

RELIEF COMMITTEES AT WORK.

Friday, June 27, the Relief Committee, incessant in their labors, have done a noble work in relieving the wants of the needy and suffering. At the Farmers' Market large quantities of food and clothing

have been distributed. Men, women and children who never before have received charity or felt the keen pangs of hunger, gathered around the table to obtain needed food.

It was a sad scene, and yet a grand one in another respect, that our Christian love and charity was equal to the occasion, and that the open purse and willing hands gladly answered to the call of suffering humanity. The Committee was seconded in their efforts by the willing and kindly assistance of Miss Minnie Welder, of Goshen, Indiana, a visitor to York, Miss Lydia Wilt, Miss Fanny Henry, Miss Sadie Loucks, Miss Grace Loucks, Miss Alice Henry, Miss Jennie Noss, Mrs. Wampler, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Geo. Loucks and others.

Contributions have been coming in quite liberally, and everybody seems to be disposed to answer promptly to the call for aid. But few can realize the extent of the distress, and the requirements of the hour, and liberal as the contributions have been, more will still be required until these people can again be placed in a position to do for themselves. Many have lost everything they had and have nothing with which to start life again. The results of years of hard labor, self-denial and toil, have been swept away, and it will be days and weeks before some can again get to work to begin the work of recuperation and restoration. The call for aid is urgent; let none be idle, but every one gladly and willingly give, as the Lord has prospered him, remembering the proverb, that "bread cast upon the waters shall return again after many days."

At a meeting of the Executive Committee this evening, the following resolutions were adopted :

1st, That the several Ward collectors be requested to make returns to the Chief Burgess before Monday evening, 30th inst., in order that he may at that time be able to make a full report of the amounts contributed for the relief of sufferers by the flood.

2d, That all bills incurred by this committee be presented and duly audited at that time.

3d, That the work of distributing food, clothing and fuel be carried forward until that time, according as contributions of such articles may be received and the necessities of sufferers may become known.

4th, That on Monday (30th inst.,) commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., a sub-committee consisting of Rev. H. E. Niles, A. F. Giesey, E. J. Miller and J. H. Hause, visit the localities on the east side of the Codorus to ascertain the circumstances of various sufferers and their most imperative wants, making written memoranda of the same. That a similar committee, consisting of Messrs. M. L. Van Baman, Rev. J. O. Miller, Rev. S. M. Smith and Rev. J. R. Meredith, visit the localities and families on the west side of the creek, making a list of what they find.

5th, That after all bills incurred shall have been paid and the balance on hand ascertained, this Executive Committee will endeavor to apportion to the several sufferers, according as may seem most equitable, in view of all the facts obtained.

6th, That the meeting on Monday evening be held at 7 o'clock at Col. Maish's office.

TO THE CITIZENS OF YORK.

Notwithstanding the very generous contributions which many have made for relief of sufferers by the recent flood, there is reason to believe that others, by no means, realized the extent of the calamity, and the urgency of the call for aid. Not until yesterday, has the Executive Committee appointed to administer to the needy, been able to ascertain many facts which emphasize the importance of immediate and liberal action for this end. If those who are more highly favored but know the real condition of scores and even hundreds in our community, they could not but be moved for their relief. The Committee need large increase of funds in order to accomplish all that is required.

Our appeal is for such means,

without delay. Those who have not made any contribution, and those who are willing to increase their gifts, are urgently requested to do so before Monday evening (30th inst.) to the Ward Collectors, or to either of the undersigned.

ADAM F. GIESEY,
M. L. VAN BAMAN,
REV. H. E. NILES,
JAS. B. ZIEGLER,
LEVI MAISH,

Executive Com.

Contributions of clothing and food are also urgently needed. The Committee will be ready to receive them to day either at the Court House or at the Farmers' Market House.

M. L. VanBaman, assisted by Revs. J. R. Meredith, J. O. Miller, D. D., and S. M. Smith, opened the Farmers' Market as headquarters, from which place supplies of food, clothing, etc., were distributed among the sufferers, thus relieving their immediate wants. A lunch table was spread in the market, and during yesterday about 1,000 persons were supplied with food there, while others had supplies furnished at their homes.

The following committees were appointed and served faithfully in supplying the wants of the needy :

LADIES' FOOD AND CLOTHING
COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Geo. Laucks, Mrs. Samuel Smyser, Mrs. John Myers, Miss Lydia Wilt, Miss M. Wildden, Misses Wellinsick, Miss Laucks, Miss Fanny Henry, Miss Jennie McCurdy, Miss Carrie Wampler, Miss Jennie Noss.

GENTS' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

M. L. Van Baman, Rev. Meredith, Mr. Jenks, Mr. C. Harnish, Mr. Elssesser, Rev. J. O. Miller, Rev. S. M. Smith, Mr. Ed. Kraber, Mr. Jacob Strine, Mr. J. C. Ruby, Mr. D. Harkins.

Saturday, June 28.—The Executive Committee to-day addressed to the people a letter setting forth the urgent needs of the hour, and ending in the following appeal :

"Will the public-spirited citizens of York see the men and women

who have been so reduced by this great catastrophe suffer for the want of the necessary credit or capital? We hope not. But on the other hand, that men of means will step forward and encourage the depressed tradespeople to be of good cheer; that they will raise their drooping spirits and cause their bosoms to heave with hope and their hearts to beat with renewed energy to fight the battle of life anew. Aid them to re-stock and refurnish their stores and place them firmly upon their feet again. The good people of York are too prosperous, and too noble, generous and unselfish in the enjoyment of that prosperity, to allow their flood-suffering merchants to be crushed to the earth without stretching forth a hand to save them.

"The people of York have been noted for sending forth money and supplies to educate the heathen of every foreign land and encouraging similar enterprises. Now they have the opportunity to play the good Samaritan at home, and we trust they will do it. The business men who will need assistance are comparatively few in number, in proportion to the wealth and population we represent, and it would be a shame for us not to give of our abundance in re-establishing these worthy sufferers from the greatest disaster which ever befell the town.

"The borough authorities must move quickly and assist the poor in getting the water and mud from their homes, and in making them tenable. The poor people who have been such terrible sufferers, and have undergone the experience of the past few days must be looked after and tenderly cared for. The charitable citizens of the town demand such action, and will not grumble at the expense incurred in carrying out such a programme. Those of us who have not been sufferers should see and appreciate the necessity of extending help to these poor people."

Great credit is due the York Transfer Company, for valuable assistance rendered during the flood. With the assistance of Mr. A. B.

Farquhar, they established a free ferry for the working hands to cross at the foot of Mason Avenue, with a landing at Gross' wharf, which enabled men to go to and from their work. The wagons were engaged in hauling boats, ropes, etc., and assisting the unfortunate by every means in their power. Yesterday morning at an early hour, Supt. MacDonald was out with his full force rendering assistance in filling up the washouts near the bridge on Philadelphia street, so as to make it passable, and the services rendered were not only praiseworthy, but of such an extraordinary character, as to deserve some public recognition. It is our duty to give due credit to such action as that of the Transfer. Supt. MacDonald's kindness to our people, though but lately coming among us, will be long cherished as a most humane service. We hear of instances in which his generosity has been manifested in sending roasts of beef &c., on the principle of "the right hand not knowing what the left doeth."

Early this morning the relief committee, under the direction of Mr. Van Baman, distributed coal and provisions through Market, Newberry, King, Princess and Grant streets. Many touching scenes were witnessed, and many sad stories of distress could be related by those under whose management the relief was given. Many persons who had been in the enjoyment of comfortable homes a few hours before were grateful for the gift of the necessities of life. During the day the Farmers' market house was thronged with applicants for food and clothing. Strong men with all the apparel they possessed on their backs, covered with mud from head to foot, mothers with babes in their arms, in the same plight, standing in rows around the table waiting to be fed, made a sight not often witnessed in our prosperous town.

Monday, June 30.—The committee notified the public that a large increase of contributions was necessary and urged those who had not yet

given, to contribute. It was to-day stated that the flood has cost the people more than a two-million dollar fire would have cost. Subcommittees have been appointed whose duty shall be to report the needs of every family, in writing, and every effort is made to reach all the needy.

The work of relieving the immediate wants of the sufferers goes bravely on, and the committees, with their able and willing lady assistants, are doing all they possibly can to systematically aid the needy. The Court House will continue to be the headquarters, for all donations for relief.

There are many whose modesty prevents them from making their wants known, and who, rather than appear bold, will suffer, while, perhaps, the less deserving obtain help.

To investigate and note all losses, the relief committee appointed Rev. J. R. Meredith, Revs. S. M. Smith and A. G. Fastnacht and Mr. A. H. Jenks, west of the creek, and Rev. Arthur Powell and Rev. H. E. Niles. Col. Levi Maish and Messrs. Miller, Hause and McClune, on the east side of the creek. One poor man accompanied by his little son and daughter, was supplied with provisions and clothing. He had no coat on, his children were barefooted, and he related to the committee that he had five more little children and a wife at home, if he could call it a home still. After he was well stocked, in departing he remarked, "God bless the good people, who assist the poor man when in trouble." Some of the company were noticed to wipe tears from their eyes. Rev. J. O. Miller, assisted by Justice Platts and several ladies, were distributing the necessities among the needy.

The Relief Committee visited the sufferers in different parts of the town, and those who needed help were given orders and directed to the Auditors' office, in the Court House. This room had the appearance of a regular wholesale clothing and provision store. Stacks of clothing, piled on the table, bread, meat, &c., were conspicuous all over the

room. It made a lasting impression on all who witnessed how the poor and destitute, came into the room, some too timid to let their wants be known, while others did so in tears.

The following persons were in attendance at the Court House :—Rev. J. O. Miller, A. F. Giesey, W. A. Miller, Mrs. A. F. Giesey, Mrs. Enders, Mrs. Fickes, Mrs. Dr. Roland, Mrs. Lauman Hay, Mrs. M. Sourbier, Mrs. Wynn, A. H. Jenks.

July 1.—The papers continue to call earnestly for aid. It is argued that York has always promptly responded to the call for help from afar off, and now, when our own resources are inadequate, should we not expect to receive help from abroad? Have we not lent a helping hand to Chicago, New Orleans, Somerset, Milton and Cincinnati in the hour of their need? At a meeting, the Relief Committee to-day arranged to employ the hands of the different manufactories, who are to go to work in gangs under their foremen, to assist in cleaning up the premises of the sufferers. The men are to be paid out of the relief fund. It was to-day reported by the committee of investigation that—"The losses of all that were affected by the water from Princess street to George, comprising ninety families, amount to \$75,845.00, not including those families fronting on George street, nor the losses of Mr. Michal Schall, whose estimates we could not obtain. We found of the above 90 families nineteen to whom we gave orders for relief. The 19 families number 86 persons, aged from 3 months to 88 years.

J. H. HAUSE,
ELI J. MILLER."

West of the Codorus, written orders were given to all needy sufferers, which when presented at the Court House were promptly honored. The collecting committees reported that they kindly received everywhere, but notwithstanding all this, much more is needed. Considerable dissatisfaction was manifested on account of the inaction of the Town-Council, which declared itself unable to get any more lime for disinfection,

and the Executive Committee agreed to order it from other points.

From early in the morning until late at night, men, women and children were hard at work, striving to bring order out of chaos, beauty out of mud and filth. The day was hot and sultry, and the July sun shed its burning rays upon the accumulated filth in street and yards, distilling therefrom foul odors, undoubtedly laden with the germs of dreadful diseases.

The authorities seemed paralyzed by the enormity of the task which confronted them. The street committee had a few men and fewer horses and carts at work removing the filth and mud as fast as possible.

People are still living in damp houses, the cellars full of water. Those who have cleared the deposits from the first floor find furniture and all articles of home adornment ruined.

Many a poor widow told the relief committee as they called to offer her food and fuel, that her little all is gone.

In general, cheerfulness and hope prevail, although, in some cases, where losses, though apparently trifling, assume much importance in the eyes of the sufferers, looks of care, dull eyes, and hopeless voices, tell better than words the weight of a terrible calamity. Some people who own little houses, sometimes only partly paid, find themselves confronted with necessary repairs to the dilapidated homes and furniture, if even the little home can be saved from the sheriff's hammer.

Lime is being scattered everywhere and none too soon.

The work of pumping water from cellars is progressing slowly, but when that is done often a foot of slimy ooze remains, which resists almost all efforts to remove it.

At one little house on South Newberry street, after waiting in vain for assistance the poor mother and her little children, a boy of ten and a little golden haired girl of twelve might have been seen at work bringing out bucket, by bucket, the mud

from the cellar, and emptying it out into the street.

Many such pictures were seen on every hand. It seems unaccountable, but yet it is true, that during the terrible experience of the past few days the council of this town has never assembled to take any action, looking to the relief of its necessities. Immediate action is imperative. Numberless expenses have already been born by the charitable through their relief committee, which justly and properly belong to the borough authorities, in fact, many of its duties have been temporarily discharged by this committee in the absence of its action."

July 2.—Dr. J. O. Miller to-day makes a call for a supply of Children's and ladies' shoes and girls' hats. The committee have arranged to distribute \$1,000 in cash to the needy sufferers, which is to be done to-morrow, and will relieve many who are in need.

The following editorial to the people was closed with an earnest appeal for help :

"More money and more provisions are needed for the sufferers. We are not accustomed to such extreme poverty in this fair valley." But the forces of nature have reduced from comfort to the lowest and most helpless poverty numbers of worthy people. From many a happy family have been swept away every means of comfort and support, together with those things which go to make a dwelling place a home. Aged men are helpless. Poor widows with families of hungry children are without bread and clothing. Their carpets, tables, sewing machines, dishes, clothing, stored provisions, and all the little things which brightened the dull monotony of life are gone. Wet and muddy cellars, damp and dirty houses, broken furniture, if any, and spoiled provisions, alone remain. Scanty wardrobes have been reduced to a single dress or suit. The terrors and misery of poverty now seem inevitable to those who lately saw in the future only brightness and increasing prosperity. Men who late-

ly were willing to assist, and in many cases were the only support of aged and decrepit parents and relatives, find themselves hardly able to provide for their own immediate wants."

July 3.—The Relief Committee has undergone some slight changes since its organization, and now consists of Rev. H. E. Niles, D. D., Rev. J. O. Miller, D. D., Col. Levi Maish, Adam F. Giesey, M. L. Van Baman, and Frank Geise, Esq.

The Committee have been ably assisted by the following sub-committee, appointed to ascertain definitely the needs of the sufferers and assigned to districts as follows : First district—Rev. Niles and Col. Maish. Second district—Rev. Arthur Powell and D. O. Prince. Third district—J. H. Hause and E. J. Miller. Fourth district—Rev. J. R. Meredith and A. H. Jenks. Fifth district—Rev. S. M. Smith and Rev. A. G. Fasnacht.

The gentlemen engaged in the work of relief have been prosecuting their work in various ways and agencies, with great activity and personal sacrifice. Some of them are almost worn out by their constant labors.

The head-quarters of the committee was removed from the Auditors' office to the space at the head of the stair-way.

A subscription list opened at Weiser's bank is growing rapidly by the liberality of those who sympathize with the unfortunate sufferers. Some of the sufferers even donated to their neighbors what had been allotted to them from the fund. Among those thus self-denying are to be mentioned George Powell, John Basehore and Mrs. Shuman.

To day, there were more applications for aid at the relief headquarters in the Court House than yesterday. A transfer wagon, loaded with bread, sugar, coffee, lard and other provisions, was sent by the Relief Committee and distributed west of the bridge. So far as distributing provisions is concerned, their labor has about ended.

Hundreds of packages and parcels of clothing and provisions have been

donated by our generous citizens, which have not been acknowledged in the papers, as they were taken to the Billmeyer & Small car shops, from which place they were distributed to the needy in the section below the railroad.

No business was transacted by the committee on July 4, but on the 5th, a meeting was called at P. A. & S. Small's counting room, at which further distribution of funds was suspended. The secretary was instructed to prepare a report of the work of the committee to date for publication. The committee has done all in its power, but its means being inadequate, an appeal for outside aid was advised. The report was prepared and read in the Court House, July 8, as follows:—

REPORT OF THE RELIEF COMMITTEE.

The undersigned committee, appointed at a public meeting held in the Court House on Thursday, June 26, 1884, for the purpose of rendering relief to the sufferers by the late flood in our borough, submit the following report:

Immediately after our appointment a printed notice was circulated through the community, appealing for contributions to the end proposed. In response to this appeal, donations of clothing, food and cash began to pour into the rooms of the committee at the Court House, and as promptly applications began to be made by those whose homes had been desolated. At the same time, in different sections of the flooded district, especially in North Duke street, at the car shops of Messrs. Billmyer & Small, volunteer companies of ladies and gentlemen were actively engaged in similar provisions for the sufferers. During the whole of Thursday and Thursday evening these agencies were busily at work, and a large number of needy persons were relieved.

On Friday morning, June 27, when communication with the west side of the Codorus had been established, and it became known that a great amount of distress existed in that dis-

trict, a base of supplies for the reception and disbursement of food and clothing was established at the Farmers' market house. Soon the demands for aid were so numerous and so urgent, that the articles on hand became exhausted, and the committee were obliged to purchase provisions, clothing and fuel for further distribution. Throughout that day and the following, your committee, with the assistance of several benevolent citizens of both sexes, whose names it would be our pleasure to record if we had the list complete, were engaged on both sides of the town in endeavoring to supply the immediate wants of all the families suffering, and to make them as comfortable as possible for the Sabbath.

On Sunday, June 29, at the request of this Committee, notices were given in the several churches of continued need for contributions, and citizens were requested to send supplies of all kinds to the Court House, and money to the Banking House of Weiser, Son & Carl, or to the Western National Bank. On Monday, in order to ascertain more perfectly the real condition and necessities of the suffering people, committees of visitation were appointed to call at every house in their respective districts and ascertain as nearly as possible the estimated losses of different families, their pressing wants, and the kind of relief that should be promptly afforded them. And in order to prevent such imposition as, we are sorry to say, had been, in some cases, practised upon those who dealt out supplies, it was decided that, thenceforth, no donations should be made except on written orders from the visiting committees, or by direction of one of our number. On these committees of distribution the following gentlemen co-operated with the undersigned, and rendered laborious and most important assistance, viz: Revs. Messrs. Meredith, Fastnacht, S. M. Smith and Powell, and Messrs. H. Hause, E. J. Miller, A. H. Jenks, D. O. Prince, J. B. Small and H. H. McClune.

The Executive Committee met

every day from June 26 to July 3, for consultation, to hear reports of sub-committees, of the amount of contributions, and in general to direct the work of relief. On Tuesday, Rev. Dr. Miller and Frank Geise, Esq., were added to our number. On Wednesday, July 2nd, the sum of \$1550 was appropriated for distribution to families most in need, in sums according to the judgment of the visiting committees, but in no case more than \$10 to any one family. Subsequently, further appropriations were made, principally for distribution on the west side of the town, amounting to \$530.

After consultation with this committee, Mr. A. B. Farquhar, proprietor of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, detailed a force of men, who have been occupied for several days, under the efficient direction of George Witmer, in cleaning cellars and removing filth from the inundated district. Especial acknowledgments are due to Mr. Farquhar and his foreman, Mr. Witmer, for this service, by means of which the important work was done so promptly and economically, the actual expense to the Borough authorities being only \$67.

On Saturday evening, July 5, at a meeting of this committee, together with the visitors of the respective districts, it appeared that the pressing physical necessities of the sufferers had been generally met, and it was consequently

Resolved, That the work of further distribution be suspended until all bills against this committee be called in and settled, and the balance in the hands of the treasurer be reported to a public meeting of contributors, to be held in the Court House on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst.

At the same meeting on Saturday evening the following address to the borough authorities was also adopted:

YORK, PA., July 5, 1884.

To the Chief Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of York.

GENTLEMEN:—Whereas, our sev-

eral committees have carefully canvassed the flooded districts and reported to us great losses and needs of the large majority of the sufferers by the late flood; and, whereas, the pecuniary means put into our hands are not sufficient to give them more than a pittance of aid, therefore,

Resolved, That it is the unanimous opinion of the committee that the borough authorities should, even at this late date, take immediate steps to secure additional subscriptions from our own citizens, and make an appeal to adjoining towns and cities to aid in relieving the sufferers in our midst.

Resolved, That the secretary of the committee send a copy of the above resolutions to the chief burgess and town council, and respectfully ask for the early consideration of the subject by them.

REV. H. E. NILES, Chairman.

M. L. VAN BAMAN, Secretary.

H. E. Niles, J. O. Miller, Col. Levi Maish, A. F. Geesey, Frank Geise, Esq.

The sub-committees visited the following districts and estimated losses therein by families, and distributed relief in cash as follows:

1st District, Rev. A. G. Fastnacht and Rev. S. M. Smith, west side of Newberry street and territory west of Newberry street, report 143 families visited, aggregate losses \$41,497. Distributed cash to 120 families, amounting to total of \$600.

2nd District, Rev. Meredith and Mr. Jenks, east of Newberry street and territory between Newberry street and the creek, report 153 families visited, aggregate losses \$138,090. Distributed cash to 153 families, \$725.

3rd District, J. H. Hause and E. J. Miller from Princess street to George street 90 families, aggregate losses \$758.45. Distributed cash to 90 families, total \$270.

4th District, Rev. A. Powell and D. O. Prince, George street, Washington avenue, North Court ave, and North Duke street to chapel, 65 families aggregate losses \$6592. Distributed cash to 21 families, total \$150.

5th District, H. E. Niles and Levi Maish, North Duke street north of the Chapel, Arch street, avenue running north from the creek east of Duke street, visited 50 families, aggregate losses, \$3585. Assisted by H. H. McClune, Jas. B. Small and J. R. Strawbridge, distributed cash among these families to the amount of \$335.

Total number of families visited 501.

Estimating 5 persons to each family visited would make a total of 2,505 persons.

Aggregate losses \$265,599, which does not include losses sustained by manufacturers and merchants.

Families relieved 435.

Total cash distributed to above families \$2,080.

97 families were furnished with coal under the direction of W. A. Miller.

CASH RECEIVED.

Mrs. D. E. Small, \$200; P. A. & S. Small, Henry Small, A. B. Farquhar, Miss S. H. Coleman, of Cornwall, First M. E. Sunday School, A. Wilhelm, Samuel Small, each \$100; Grier Hersh, E. G. Smyser, M. B. Spahr, N. F. Burnham, E. J. Miller, Thomas, Chambers & Co., York Lodge No. 266 F & A M, G. C. Lauman, Burlington, Iowa, each \$50; returns from Western Relief through *York Daily*, \$61.08; Chas. Neiman, Hanover, \$30; C. F. Black, V. K. Keesey, Wm. Smith & Co., Henry Lanius' Sons, Wm. Smith, Jno. H. Small, P. C. Wiest, Silas Forry, H. A. Ebert, Wm. Frysinger, Matthew Tyler, Gross Bros., Weikel & Smith Spice Co., Philadelphia, each \$25; Jere Carl, Isaac Runk, Alfred Gartman, Jos. Smyser, W. F. Weiser, J. & P. McLean, N. Lehmayr, Cash, Miss T. E. Weiser, each \$20; Dale & Hart, Watt & Bro., each \$10; John Zellers, \$12 10; 2nd U. B. Church, \$11 50; A. M. E. Zion Church and Sunday School, \$14 50; Duke St. M. E. Church, \$10; York Base Ball Club, \$16 15; J. D. Schall, Israel Laucks, M. S. Eichelberger, C. S. Weiser, Mrs. McClellan, Miss Wogan, Hefner & Sechrist, each \$10; Cash, \$13;

Jno. A. Weiser, J. Stair, Hon. John Gibson, Theo. R. Helb, W. C. Chapman, E. H. Neiman, F. N. Michaels, R. F. Polack, Wm. Danner, Chas. Frysinger, David Rupp, James H. Fisher, Mrs. J. A. Weiser, Mrs. M. Huber, Edw. C. Weiser, Holyoke, Mass., Martin C. Pfahler, Mrs. H. A. Annis, John Weyer, Alex. Smyser, Adam Herman, Samuel Smyser, Dr. J. W. Kerr, each \$10; Dr. E. W. Meisenhelder, A. K. Allison, M. L. Ebert, E. L. Schröder, John Leckrone, Mrs. E. N. Shettel, Allen Bond, Albert Smyser, C. R. Kopp, A. G. Fastnacht, Mrs. John Emig, Mrs. Wm. Philip Mitzel, R. H. Buttorff, George Shaffer, J. Jessop, Dr. Blair, A. Heckert, Miss M. Schriver, Wm. Wallace, Dr. B. F. Spangler, Mrs. Huber, Miss L. Durkee, R. J. Fisher, Dr. W. S. Roland, C. B. Wallace, E. C. Grevemyer, Wm. S. Stair, J. A. Smith, J. D. Miller, J. T. Kopp, Geo. Sherwood, C. Moul & Son, G. Hartman, D. F. Stauffer, C. A. Strack, Jordan & Bro., Wm. Elliott, J. B. Welsh, P. L. Wickes, Wm. Froelich, B. C. Pentz, George A. Barnitz, Mrs. C. Albright, H. M. Davis, George Wehrley, tailor; Horace Smith, G. W. Spahr, T. H. Hilderbrand, H. A. Glatz, J. D. Young, Zellers & Gable, A. F. Gotwald, W. M. Blaney, Enos Fréy, Daniel Gotwald, Philip Stair, F. Kelley, Rev. L. A. Gotwald, Wm. E. Patterson, Mrs. D. Hartman, Miss Margaret Schriver, R. L. Shetter, G. W. Reeve, D. A. Frey, J. G. Eisenhart & Son, Frank Geise, John Mayer, F. P. Reeves, C. A. Sievers, D. F. Hirsh, L. M. Hartman, Conowingo Tribe Red Men, Rev. G. W. Enders, Cash, A. F. Geesey, Rev. G. Pape, Miss Jennie King, J. F. Witmer, T. K. White, H. H. McClune, Jacob Swartz, Misses Miller, D. H. Welsh, Rev. G. L. Smith, W. L. Plymire, Jesse Workinger, J. M. Danner, Michael Stambaugh, David Emmitt, Mrs. Alex. Frey, John Minsker, G. Edward Hersh, D. K. Trimmer, James Kell, G. W. Ilgenfritz, Geo. W. Heiges, Michael Kraber, H. L. Fisher, Oliver Deardorff, Adam Smyser, Martin Ebert, Miss Annie Ebert, Albert Kraft, Joseph Smyser,

Israel Zeigler, Adam Kraber, John T. Williams, Levi Maish, F. E. Glover, Misses Cathcart & Latimer, Jno. W. Bittenger, J. W. Heller, Jno. Blackford, D. Strickler, H. S. Myers, A. Wanner, William Gamble, Miss Croxall, Emanuel Yessler, Mrs. G. Hay, Com. S. K. Franklin, Emanuel Nes, Dr. I. C. Gable, Dr. Yeagley, Henry Hartzog, Mrs. G. Wogan, Cash, Sarah Griffith, J. W. Buckingham, Rev. J. McDougal, Peter T. Yost, each \$5; Charles Young, Wm. Mack, Grace V. Laucks S. S. Class, each \$5; Cash, \$7; William Beitzel, \$6; V. K. Frey, Wm. Zinn, each \$3; Blanche Elliot, Mary Vandersloot, Sadie Free, Bella Carl, Flora Bott, of the Floral Mission Band, \$2 33; Henry Lint, Keystone Lodge No. 2 Ind. Order Mechanics, Henry Carl, Wm. Ottmyer, Cash, Jos. Lebach, Mrs. Hamilton Spangler, Cash, A. Raf-fensperger, Cash, E. K. Ziegler, W. H. Bond, Smyser Williams, Oliver Stouch, each \$3; Horace Keesey, Cash, Jacob Bastress, Christ. Zellers, G. W. Moul, each \$2 50; Jacob Seacrist, Albert Immel, E. O. Baecher, Dr. Keiser, J. R. Grove, John Morrison, A. Baumaster, Miss Grace Weiser, A. L. Baldwin, Rosenmiller & Bro., Isaac A. Elliot, Smyser Williams, James H. Hause, Mrs. Dr. Pentz, A. B. Ebaugh, O. Stuck, J. J. Vandersloot, Charles Yost, Miss C. A. Barnitz, John M. Hoff, John Alexander, Rev. A. Spangler, Mrs. W. A. Wilt, D. P. Shultz, C. A. Eisenhart, Lewis Strayer, H. K. & J. Dehuff, Wm. Reisinger, T. W. Brunhouse, Mrs. Leidig, Mrs. J. Small, Rev. A. H. Lochman, Mrs. Huber, A. N. Green, Cash, J. W. Streavig, G. W. S. Loucks, Mrs. Eichelberger, F. T. Scott, C. N. King, Dr. King, K. L. Eisenhart, Mr. Stiffle, J. W. Eisenhart, Jacob Lebach, Z. H. Welsh, T. B. G. Hiestand, Mrs. Eliza Swartz, Mrs. G. H. Leber, H. Thomas, Rev. Deininger, Charles Spangler, H. J. Miller, Lewis Wampler, John Sprengle, W. H. Strickler, Rev. J. Shanahan, Michael D. Barnitz, Emanuel Bates, John H. Welsh, H. J. Deitch, G. A. Woltman, Mollie Moore, Lieut. J. T. Leib, Mrs. Keyworth, George

Hoke, S. M. Gable, Mrs. S. Smyser, Mrs. Jessie Weyer, James Mechley, Mrs. M. C. Kraber, H. Knaub, Peter Smith, E. C. Ware, Louisa Ahl, Thomas Ramsey, M. L. Van Baman, each 2; Franz Selak, G. Weaver, G. Wantz, Dr. S. J. Rouse, John Gallitin, Dr. Yeagley, D. L. Barton, each \$1; Mrs. Immel, Mrs. John Snyder, each \$1 50; Mrs. Mack, \$1; Mrs. Loucks, J. Rebert, each \$1 25; Mrs. Martin, S. B. Gensler, each \$1; J. H. Sheffer, \$1 50; Miss Jane Ross, Miss Mama Ross, Rev. F. J. Sauerber, Mrs. P. S. Boose & Co., Mrs. Keyworth, Cash, each \$1; Cash, \$1 15; A. Son-neman, Edward Schaszberger, C. N. Brant, Rudy & Bro., Albert C. Boll, H. King, Wm. Althen, Wm. I. Reisinger, Cash, C. Rider, F. Westerhold, Mann, J. B. Kinard, J. F. Erwin, Miss Stahle, Mrs. Reisinger, Mrs. Palmtag, James Devers, Rev. J. Max Lantz, Cash, John E. Small, R. Hoffheins, P. Palmer, J. Stallman, Cash, Mrs. Eliza Schall, Cash, Dr. C. H. Bressler, J. R. Strawbridge, Wm. M. Kauffman, John Strickler, E. K. Ziegler, W. J. McDowell, Wm. Ziegler, Samuel McHoff, S. A. Shroff, Augustus Loucks, E. D. Ziegler, Ellen Fahs, George W. Noss, C. H. Sultner, E. A. Sultner, C. E. Lewis, S. M. Eisenhart, R. Harnish, Elizabeth Metzgar, M. J. McCurdy, J. F. Yingling, S. M. Gable, J. Wiest, F. L. Seiffert, F. S. Gallatin, W. T. Williams, George Wehrly, John F. Frick, Nathan Spangler, W. H. Emig, John Holder, J. B. Baughman, W. A. Myers, Michael Smyser, Jno. H. Brooks, Henry Hoke, H. B. Shroeder, August Wedekin, E. E. Urich, Emanuel Herbst, Mrs. Wambaugh, Eli G. Leathery, Henry Boll, Rev. Meredith, Levi G. Williams, Peter Henise, Mrs. M. A. Tracy, Herman Myers, Jno. F. Durr, Mary Ann Kottcamp, Jos. Kendig, each \$1; Leander Becker, \$1 50; Mrs. Stiffle, Mrs. Henry Lanius, Miss Bull, Miss Mary Prince, Abraham Wilhelm, J. D. Heiges, Dr. O. C. Brickley, E. S. Rupp, G. W. Billmeyer, C. W. Sayers, W. P. Fraley, John Immel, W. Schaszberger, Barton Gohn, Tom S. Klinefelter, Dr. John Ahl,

W. Becker, H. Erion, Mrs. Eck, Daniel Immel, T. Beck, L. Herz, D. Beaverson, George Wehrly, Frank Hake, F. M. Kain, C. A. Heiman, C. Lanius, A. Shultzbach, J. J. Reed, R. N. Reed, Cash, John B. Sayres, F. A. Boose, Miss Lutman, H. C. Niles, M. J. McKinnon, Anthony Weaver, J. A. Erney, Mrs. W. H. Souder, Alex. Hildebrand, Frederick Beaver, Mrs. E. Smith, Henry Beeler, J. K. Foust, Mrs. Chas. Hildebrand, Charles Karg, Erney Woltman, Mary A. Vandersloot, Walter B. White, F. J. Kleffman, Eli J. Grove, Samuel H. Spangler, Susan Hay, John Albright, G. N. Gont; each \$1.00; Cash \$1.50; B. Dorian, D. K. Gotwalt, Mrs. J. Hantz, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Albert Laucks, Edward Strater, Samuel Gotwalt, Wm. Small, Jr., Miss Clara Pfahler, M. E. Hartzler, Miss McGrath, John Byrnes, Miss Clara Smith, S. E. Herring, Mrs. Peter Sprengle, Mary J. Barnitz, O. H. Wells, Geo. Carr, J. H. Drechsler, H. Walker, John Rollman, Alfred Gallatin, John Seitz, Levi Strickler, Mrs. Welty, Alex. Spangler, D. O. Prince, E. C. Epplly, F. F. Buckingham, Fred Hunter, Mrs. C. Keiser, Cash, Rebecca Miller, D. Kern, H. S. Wilt, Wm. Strickler, W. S. Faust, W. Dennes, Mrs. J. O. Baughman, Miss E. Lint, Geo. J. Shetter, Mrs. S. E. Baumgardner, Miss S. Eichelberger, John T. King, Mrs. Geo. Neff, Mrs. Jno. Benninger, J. H. Smyser, Mrs. A. Wadekin, Miss Jennie Landis, Mrs. C. Smyser, Mrs. Dick, Leah Leckrone, C. M. Shetter, A. M. Epplly, Miss A. Gable, Mrs. C. Emig, Miss K. Rebert, Miss R. Meisenhelder, Mrs. L. Heidler, A. Faber, Breeswine, Henry Neater, Mrs. Jane Wampler, E. A. Fickes, A. O. Orndorff, C. Wagner, Mrs. W. Denues Jr., Martin Oswald, Wm. Shaber, J. L. Ginter, Howard King, Henry Rockey, H. Musser, Mrs. A. E. Thompson, Mrs. Brillinger, C. M. Stacks, Mrs. Daniel Hinkle, Miss Anna Hantz, Miss Hattie Hantz, each \$1.00; Mrs. Anna M. Childs, John Ogden, Wm. Gilberthorp, A. H. Forrington, Amanda Small, Two Girls, N. Kopp, Mrs. L. Oremann,

each 75 cents; A. Burger Laucks, 85 cents; James Peeling, H. Brunhouse, W. W. Wilt, Albert Bishop, Cash, John Morrison, F. Wayman, Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Reincher, Bollinger, Peter G. Rider, Geo. H. Smith, Miss Wilson, Dollmeyer, Miss S. A. Fisher, Mrs. C. Zeigler, Thomas King, Mrs. E. Baldwin, H. Klinepeter, Mrs. M. Fidler, H. M. Ruby, Mrs. C. Ness, Mrs. C. Wiest, John Sener, Mrs. S. Leckrone, Mrs. L. Grove, Mrs. R. Reisinger, Mrs. G. Moul, Miss W. Reisinger, Mrs. J. Winand, N. Rohrbaugh, Mrs. L. Esterbrook, M. Hartzell, A. Spotts, Mrs. M. Keschel, J. H. Hess, John Slonaker, Mrs. E. Brillhart, Mrs. Jacob Hantz, Samuel Forscht, R. K. Stallsmith, Henry Hubley, Henry Tschop, Mrs. Dugan, J. H. Strayer, Sarah Ettinger, Daniel Ettinger, G. B. Small, Benj. F. Leber, Cash, Cash, Wm. Brown, D. Landis, Mrs. I. Rupert, Anthony Pike, David Jamison, A. H. Seifert, G. M. Enders, Mrs. Geiselman, Chas. Shroeder, Amos Kidd, Amanda Grimm, Zach Stouch, R. Herman, Sam'l Sheffer, W. H. Herman, G. Washington Loucks, Sarah Loucks, Robt. Stair, E. C. Carson, P. H. Emig, S. Kyle, Stine & Bro., H. P. Fry-singer, Dr. Weil, A. S. Wire, Miss Spahr, Cash, J. F. Fuhrman, Sam'l Wallick, Mrs. A. S. Pfeiffer, John Connelly, Mrs. Geo. Fry, John Hay, each 50 cents; H. Hertzog, 35 cents; Cash, 30 cents; J. Elsesser, C. Welsh, E. Shuck, Peter Selack, Mrs. Hinkle, Mrs. Ochs, Cash, Mrs. G. Mundorf, Mary Kline, Cash, Cash, Christian Smith, Leah Hantz, Dan'l Lauer, Milton Lauer, Howard Gallatin, Rebecca Lease, John Stambaugh, Mrs. Miller, E. Hershey, Mrs. Jas. Caren, Dehuff, Glessner, Jas. Metzel, Marion Pfeiffer, Meads, S. Keller, M. Wilt, Chas. Miller, John Pfeiffering, J. Enst, D. Darr, J. H. Leeper, A. W. Winand, Chas. Koch, F. P. Lowe, J. Beaverson, E. Krauntz, F. Kling, A. Landis, Mrs. H. Epplly, John Rouse, M. Lawrence, each 25 cents; Mrs. Carr, 15 cents; Mrs. J. Seidenstricker, A. Strayer, L. Hoffman, S. Bear, Rupp, Levy, A. Myers, M. Enders, H. Stine, Sarah Yost, D. M. Wilker-

son, Elizabeth Barnhart, F. Ottmeyer, each 10 cents; Mrs. Hinkle, 5 cents; Cash, \$6.20; Cash from collectors, no names, \$15.51.

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Wm. Gamble, Lebach & Bro., F. R. Polack, W. Latimer Small, Rev. H. E. Niles, Goodman & Bros., J. Walker, W. H. Sitler, N. Lehmayr, Samuel Stubbins, A. L. Baldwin, Col. Levi Maish, Oliver P. Weiser, Mrs. Gamble, Henry Sourbeer, Chas. H. Martin, Mrs. Israel Immel, Mrs. Judge Gibson, Mrs. Ettie Eisenhart, Mrs. K. L. Eisenhart, Mrs. Jonathan Jessop, Mrs. J. L. Getz, Mrs. J. Huber, Mrs. Fred. Fisher, Arthur Edie, W. W. Eckenrode, Mrs. Jacob Stair, Mrs. H. Baylor, R. Nispel, William Wagner, Jr., Mrs. J. W. Latimer, E. S. Howard, E. C. Grevemeyer, J. J. Rieker, Michael Derringer, Adam S. Pflieger, Eli Myers, Edward Spangler, James H. Hause, Mrs. Manifold, Mrs. Carrie Heckert, Mrs. Julia Mayer, Samuel Kyle, Mrs. F. S. Weiser, Mrs. Charles King, M. B. Spahr, Mrs. Henry Lanius, Mrs. Edward Chapin, Miss Cochran, Mrs. Hersh, Wm. H. Bond, Mrs. Frank Hantz, Wm. Pentz, Mrs. Kraber, Mrs. Albert Smyser, Mrs. L. Strewig, Peter Henise, A. Bahn, Mrs. C. Emig, Mrs. Wm. Denues, Miss E. Faber, Mrs. John King, Miss L. Wilt, Mrs. J. Bentz, Henry Jennings, Mrs. Glossbrenner, Mrs. George Eberly, Israel Loucks, Mrs. J. Motter, Loucks & Son, Miss Fisher, W. H. Souder, D. G. Williams, Rev. Fastnacht, Samuel Eisenhart, Mrs. M. C. Kraber, Mrs. Gruel, Mrs. R. Rhaba, Mrs. G. Smith, Mrs. Jane Wampler, Mrs. G. A. Fahs, Mrs. L. J. Myers, Adam Smyser, Miss Alice Hantz, Martin Bender, F. N. Michaels, N. Musselman, Mrs. H. Weise, Mrs. H. M. Crider, Emanuel Harman, Emanuel Kauffman, Mrs. S. Smyser, Mrs. S. Hoke, Jacob F. Hantz, Adam Gross, Adam Smyser, Mrs. Adam Gross, Mrs. E. Shetter, Mrs. M. Smyser, Morgan Smith, ——— Hanecker, Mrs. H. S. Barshinger, D. O. Prince, Mrs. E. P. Stair, M. L. Eichelberger, Sallie Smyser,

Mrs. L. Zuloff, Mrs. Mary Weiser, Dr. T. H. Beltz, E. B. Harrison, C. A. Burtner, C. Houseman, Dr. Henry Nes, Mrs. Emma Heckert, E. K. Ziegler, Jacob Stair, John H. Small, Dr. Heiges, Jacob Erney, Mrs. Mary Reichard, Mrs. May Huber, Mrs. Samuel Eisenhart, McClellan & Gotwalt, George Winehold, Mrs. James Cross, Miss Fannie Upp & sister, Emma Johnston, C. Smith, Mrs. H. A. Ebert, Mrs. Chas. Stacks, Alfred Gartman, Mrs. L. T. Green, Jacob Stair, H. H. McClune, Dr. B. F. Spangler, D. A. Rupp, Mrs. H. A. Sanks, Mrs. Dr. Nes and J. D. Schall, Charles Frysinger, Mrs. Samuel Small, Sr., J. J. Rieker, Atreus Wanner and R. B. Sperry, Richard Watt, Charles Ving, Mrs. Ann M. Childs, John M. Deitch, Mrs. Annie Powell, Mrs. John T. Whorl, C. Markley, P. H. Emig, Robert L. Shetter, V. K. Frey, Jos. Root, Samuel Brennehan, Mrs. H. F. Thomas, Mrs. E. C. Ware, Mrs. Horace Smith, Miss Stuck, Robert Stack, Mrs. Hiram Young, Miss Clair Shreiner, Mrs. J. B. Sayers, Dr. Frey, George Beeler, John Heidler, Miss Buel, James H. Ross, J. E. Ilgenfritz, Mrs. A. B. Farquhar, Mrs. C. H. Torrington, Dr. Gable, Wm. W. Martin, Mrs. C. F. Black, Michael Schall, W. Harry McClellan, Mrs. Van Dorn, Stouch & Oswald, Mrs. Dennis, Dr. N. H. Shearer, D. A. Rupp, Mrs. B. H. Weiser, M. McSmith, Mrs. Menough, Miss Sallie Dorris, Frank Strawinski, Miss May, Miss H. Weaver, Mrs. Wm. Smith, H. L. Fisher, Harry Sannheim, Mrs. Emma E. Wilhelm, Peter Weller, B. Pentz, Mrs. Dr. W. S. Roland, Mrs. P. Strine, Mrs. William Gamble, John Fisher, Mrs. C. F. Sechrist, Joseph E. Small, Capt. E. Z. Strine, Mrs. A. F. Geesey, Mrs. John Zellers, Charles Lenhart, J. H. Drawbaugh, Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Casper Loucks, Mrs. John Emory, Misses Stahle, Mrs. Mary Langdon, Mrs. Klinefelter, (Pine St.) I. A. Elliott, Mrs. J. H. Hause, Misses A. E. & C. Devers, Mrs. Frysinger, Mrs. Edward Stuck, Mrs. Reisinger, James Rau, Mrs. Dr. J. T. Perkins,

Mrs. C. J. Wallace, Herman Sauppe,
James Peeling, Jr., Ed. Reineberg,
Henry Boll, W. A. Mitzel & Son., H.
Walker, Mrs. B. S. Weiser, Mrs. Rev.
J. O. Miller, Mrs. H. Noss.

EXPENDITURES.

Cash to Boyd & Co., pota- toes,	\$1 50
Cash paid by H. E. Niles to sufferer's,	2 50
Cash to J. L. Kuehn, gro- ceries,	10 00
" " John Zellers,	2 10
" " Bender & Son,	2 27
" " Lehmayr & Bro., clothing,	67 40
" " Albert Kraft, gro- ceries,	12 58
" " Hunt & Hess, butter,	2 20
" " McClellan & Got- groceries,	23 95
" " Stouch & Oswald, shoes,	8 00
" " Sprengle & Croll, coal,	5 25
" " Brown & Smyser, coal,	13 13
" " F. F. Buckingham, groceries,	4 35
" " W. T. Gerber, coal,	3 00
" " Jno. Einzig, for soap held for claim,	50
" " W. T. Gerber, coal,	5 50
" " P. Wiest, muslin,	2 61
" " E. J. Miller, shoes, etc.,	15 05
" " J. J. Rieker, bread,	6 00
" " B. Allison, "	11 00
" " A. K. Allison, "	2 90
" " W. G. Reichley, hosiery,	4 90
" " Henry Musser, coal,	39 38
Amount distributed by sub- committees to sufferers,	2080 00
	<hr/>
	\$2326 07
For clerical services render- ed to L. A. Small, treas.,	15 00
	<hr/>
	\$2341 07

RECAPITULATION.

Amount cash received....	\$3598 57
Expenditures deducted...	2341 07
	<hr/>
Balance on hand.....	\$1257 50

THE TOWN MEETING.

Probably one hundred and fifty persons responded to the call for a public meeting in the Court House. The meeting was called to order by Rev. H. E. Niles, who stated the object of the meeting and gave a brief history of the relief committee and the circumstances under which it was organized.

On motion of A. B. Farquhar, Esq., Hon. Judge Gibson was chosen chairman of the meeting. After the election of Mr. M. L. Van Baman as Secretary, the report of the relief Committee, as given, was read. Frank Geise, Esq., in further explanation of the work of committees, stated that the latter did not consider that their power extended beyond affording immediate relief in cases of urgent need. On motion of Mr. Farquhar, the report was received and the committee discharged.

Mr. Farquhar estimated that \$15,-000 would supply the most urgent requirements of the sufferers and partially replace lost furniture, etc., and urged that an effort be made to raise that amount.

Capt. Geise feared that the time to make an appeal for outside aid had passed. The appeal had been too long delayed. The opportunity had been neglected—let the responsibility rest where it may.

Rev. S. M. Smith said he had been informed by Philadelphians that help would be generously given if called for.

Dr. Kerr thought there were reasons why we should not find it necessary to go abroad for help. He has lived forty-five years in the community, during which time we have suffered from no great calamity by either fire, flood, or other causes. In 1863 a heavy assessment was made by an invading army. A tax was levied for the payment of the debt thus incurred, and it had all been paid. He made a strong appeal to our people to care for our own sufferers.

In response to a suggestion Col. Maish read an extract from the Constitution of Pennsylvania, showing

that it would be illegal for either the borough or county to appropriate any money or levy any tax for the relief of the sufferers.

Capt. W. H. Lanius made a stirring, eloquent and logical argument in favor of making a further effort to raise funds at home. The suggested amount of \$15,000 was but one mill on the dollar of the estimated wealth of the borough. It would equal a per capita tax of less than one dollar on our population. He alluded to our costly churches and the readiness with which our people contribute to their erection and support. The speaker was frequently interrupted by applause, which became even more enthusiastic when he closed by contributing \$200 to the fund.

Mr. Farquhar followed Captain Lanius and contributed \$500 in addition to the amount he had already given.

Capt. Geise followed with a contribution of \$50 and supplemented Capt. Lanius' allusion to the money invested in fine churches, and the apathy of the people, when the opportunity was presented to engage in practical Christian work, by some remarks which led Rev. Niles to suggest that the banks should be included.

Rev. Dr. McDougall said that a misapprehension had existed in reference to the extent of the loss sustained. With all the calls that were made the public had no means of approximating the amount required or the amount contributed. If the facts had been known the responses might have been more liberal. If such a statement of facts as was now made had been made public different results might have followed, and now that these are known our capitalists will, no doubt, respond.

Mr. Farquhar offered two resolutions. Pending their preparation and before they were finally adopted the meeting was addressed by John W. Bittinger, Esq., in behalf of the borough council, Samuel Small, Sr., Rev. A. G. Fastnacht, F. T. Scott, Rev. S. M. Smith, Mr. Geo. Wehrly, Judge Fahs and others. Mr. Far-

quhar's resolutions, which were as follows, were then adopted:

WHEREAS, After careful investigation it is now estimated that the losses sustained on account of the flood are much greater than was at first supposed. Therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to collect further subscriptions from our citizens, in order, as far as possible, to relieve the sufferers in the submerged districts.

Resolved, That another committee of five be appointed to ascertain the amount of loss and disburse the funds to the best advantage in proportion to their several needs.

The chair appointed the following committee to collect the funds:

A. B. Farquhar, Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, Capt. W. H. Lanius, of Lanius and Co., George Billmeyer, of Billmeyer & Small Co., G. P. Smyser, of Variety Iron Works, Charles S. Weiser, of Banking firm of Weiser, Son & Carl.

The committee for disbursing are as follows:

A. B. Farquhar, George Billmeyer, Judge Fahs, D. P. Shultz, George Bell.

The balance of money in the hands of the Relief Committee was on motion, ordered to be handed over to the new collectors, the clothing that remains was committed to the charge of the Benevolent Association of York.

At about 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned.

THE SECOND COMMITTEE.

The labors of the committee to collect funds to relieve the sufferers by the recent flood are nearly completed. The gentlemen comprising the committee have had a most arduous task and are deserving of praise for their self-sacrificing exertions. The following report gives the result of their work. The determination not to reveal the names of those to whose use the money is to be devoted is commendable, and is a delicate action that cannot fail to be appreciated by those who receive the aid:

YORK, PA., July 28th, 1884.

Editors Daily, York, Pa.—Dear Sirs:—The work of the committees appointed to assess the flood damages and collect funds to relieve the sufferers so far as practicable, is so very near completion that we will be able to commence the work of disbursement to-morrow morning. A very careful assessment has been made, every available moment having been devoted to the work and with the result that our chairman's original estimate of \$15,000, as the necessary amount to cover the actual distress has been verified within a few dollars. We regret to say that the collections have reached only about half that sum, say \$7,500, and we have therefore had to reduce the amounts we assessed by an average of 50 per cent. This has gone very hard with us, but we have done the best we possibly could, and will be amply recompensed with the knowledge that much distress and suffering will be relieved. We cannot hope to make an absolutely just and perfect award, but having done our best are prepared to put up with criticism in a christian spirit, and correct errors so far as possible when they are made manifest.

Checks will be made upon our treasurers, Messrs. Weiser, Son & Carl, for all disbursement, drawn to the order of the party assisted, and the total amount paid, together with the full list of contributors, will be at all times open for inspection. Our book containing the list of proposed disbursement has been submitted to Mr. Samuel Small for inspection. But no further record will ever be made public of whom we assist, or how much is paid to a particular individual by any of the committee.

A. B. FARQUHAR, D. P. SHULTZ,
G. W. BELL, JUDGE FAHS,
GEO. BILLMEYER, Committee.

Besides private contributions we note the following from churches and Sunday schools:—Beaver St. M. E. Sunday School, 100; St. Luke's Lutheran Church and S. S., 50.51; Union Luth'n Sunday School, 25; Calvary Presbyterian Sabbath School, 25; St.

John's German Lutheran—; Trinity Evangelical Sunday School, 16; First A. M. E. Church, 14; Zion Lutheran Sunday school of Glen Rock, 36; Millersville Sunday School and Congregation, 21.03; Fairview Sunday School and Congregation, 15.50; Ridge Avenue M. E. Sunday School, 5.25; First M. E. Church.

Codorus Council, Junior Order American Mechanics doated 25 dollars and kindly helped one of their members who is a sufferer.

Gen. Sedgwick Post, No. 35, G. A. R., appointed a committee to ascertain what members of the Post had suffered by the late flood. The committee, which consisted of Comrades George Luttman, Capt. James McComas and Jacob Small, ascertained that sixteen members, and three widows of late members of the Post, were among the sufferers, and made them happy by dividing among them the funds which had been appropriated out of the relief fund of the Post. The Post also gave \$10 to the general relief fund.

P. H. Glatfelter, though losing \$15,000 himself, sends a check for \$300. From Holyoke, Mass., M. C. Pfahler sends \$10.

A concert and a festival have been given in Carlisle for the benefit of the York flood sufferers. This noble town did not wait until it was officially asked for aid, but upon hearing of the distress which the flood left in York, immediately set to work to devised plans for assistance, and raised \$186.60 for the relief fund.

A little girl writes :

BALTIMORE, July 10, 1884.

EDITORS OF YORK DAILY:—Seeing in the *Daily* that York had a large flood and needed help. I got Louis Steinman, who used to live in York, and Annie Mushake to help me, and give a concert for the benefit of the sufferers. We sold tickets for 2 and 5 cents, and send you the money. \$4.00, for the same. It is not much, but I hope it will do some good, for we are only little children, 3, 9 and 11 years old.

Yours respectfully,

LIZZIE NEIDHART.

Chas. Ving, of the firm of Ving & Peters, donated to the deserving poor on the west side of the creek, 200 loaves of bread.

Mr. Frederick Greiman who owns eleven houses on Newberry street, which were much damaged by the flood, has notified his tenants that he will fix them in proper shape as soon as possible and charge no rent for one month.

Mr. A. B. Farquhar, who is a personal friend and relation of Miss Sue Chalfant, the front of whose residence was washed out and otherwise injured by the flood, has employed Messrs. Menough and Yessler to put the building in complete repair at his expense.

Mr. D. A. Rupp has also proposed to pay for the repairing of the residence of Col. W. H. H. and Spangler Welsh, which were injured by the flood.

Messrs. Myers & Adams, J. R. Davis and others in the flooded district, who had goods wet with the flood, were looking up the officers of the Agricultural Society, to call a meeting of the Board, to secure the grounds to dry and thus save a portion of their stock. When Mr. Daniel Rupp was seen, he said, "Go and take possession, don't wait for any meeting, but make use of the grounds without waiting for the slow process of hunting up the Board of managers."

Mr. S. M. Smith got from lumberman F. S. Weiser, a load of hickory planks, which were lost in the flood, Mr. Weiser graciously informed Mr. Smith that he did not wish payment, although the lumber was lost after delivery by Mr. Weiser.

Rev. Arthur Powell, of St. John's Episcopal Church, has been very active in his efforts for the relief of the needy. He collected funds among the members of his congregation, purchased provisions, and with a go-cart, pushed by a man engaged for the purpose, he went from house to house among his people, and distributed the necessities of life, not confining his good work to his own congregation.

Mr. Wm. Axe, a reliable and trustworthy employee of Messrs. P. A. & S. Small, who has been in their employ for a number of years, was made the happy recipient of a purse of twenty-five dollars, donated by the employees of the establishment. Mr. Axe resides on the banks of the Codorus on North George street, and during the recent flood was completely washed out, thereby losing nearly everything in his house and placing his family in a destitute condition. He was a special subject of attention by the relief committee.

Hundreds of similar acts of kindness might be mentioned. The general interest and desire to aid the suffering are exhibited in the following, deserving of notice :

For the relief of the flood sufferers of York Col. Edw. R. Herr kindly offered to the ladies of the various churches of York, his lawn on Market street for the purpose of holding a 4th of July Festival and evening concert, for the benefit of the flood sufferers. This beautiful lawn has a front of 100 feet and is 250 feet in depth. One thousand chairs and tables can easily be arranged on these grounds.

In a letter to the *Daily* Miss Mary Gable of Stewartstown, who has acquired considerable reputation in the West as an elocutionist, offered to give a public reading for the benefit of the flood sufferers, if any society or committee will undertake the management of an entertainment, and asked no compensation beyond her expenses.

Wm. H. Joyce, of the N. C. Railway, offered free transportation to all food, clothing and supplies for the needy.

The trustees and congregation of the A. M. E. Zion church kindly offer the colored congregation, whose church was so badly wrecked, the privilege to come and worship with them in their new church on east King street.

An excursion to the Rocks of Deer Creek was gotten up under the management of E. C. Carson, for the benefit of the sufferers ; base ball

clubs played games, and the proceeds were duly turned into the hands of the Committee.

A concert of seventy-five trained voices under the direction of O. W. Miller, gave the most successful vocal concert ever given here, and the amount of \$250.06 was thereby added to the relief fund.

The firemen are deserving of much commendation.

"Among the important work performed by them was the removal of water from a large number of cellars. As soon as the new Philadelphia street bridge was passable the Rescue steamer was taken to the West Side, and together with the Vigilant steamer, which was already in service, succeeded in pumping out a large number of cellars. On the east side of the creek similar good work was done by the Laurel and Union steamers. It was pleasant to see the energy and good humor with which these firemen played "help your neighbor." It was only in keeping with the well known character of this worthy body of men, who never seem to be entirely happy except when in an emergency of this kind they are manfully working for nothing and finding their own jewelry to help some one in trouble. Let this be remembered along with the fact that the Vigilant company is itself among the heaviest losers, not only in damage to house and apparatus, but in the utter ruin of the beautifully-decorated yard and willow-shaded, pleasant little park, the result of years of patient labor of the members, and a picture of beauty in the eyes of visitors as well as a pleasure to the owners.

The Vigilant engine house was flooded, the beautiful yard despoiled of its fine flowers and tasteful arrangement and the old hand engine is standing on a lot of debris. Notwithstanding all this havoc about the premises, the boys have been hard at work for other people, regardless of their own needs. Even the crew who are handling the steamer, or at least a number of them, have been washed out at home, where

their services are much needed, yet they assist with the "old Button" to relieve the wants of other people, regardless of their necessities. We trust when the terror of this flood has passed away such heroic action and self-sacrifice as this will be amply rewarded by a generous public. The Vigilant steamer has been in constant operation since Saturday.

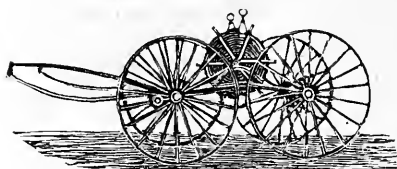
The engineer and firemen of the Button steamer are very proud of its performance during the flood. The engine was in actual service without any intermission for 118 hours. They experienced no difficulty with a clogging of the engine pumps or cylinders.

During the flood the steamer stood in 8½ feet of water and was taken out as soon as the water receded and put into service. Geo. Motter, Jr., is the chief engineer of the Vigilant's Button and Lewis H. Hoffman, more familiarly known among the boys as "Dad," chief fireman; John H. Bott is the hose director, all of whom with their companions, did noble work, notwithstanding they were themselves great sufferers by the flood.

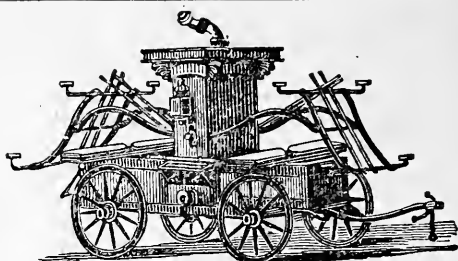
A picture of the Button and flood crew was taken with a card upon it bearing the inscription "118 hours flood service," which will be preserved in the archives of the company.

The Union, Laurel and Rescue also did noble work with their steamers and must never be forgotten by the people of York, and we know they never will be. The once beautiful engines, which glistened in the sun like a new dollar, are now bespattered with mud and filth from top to bottom.

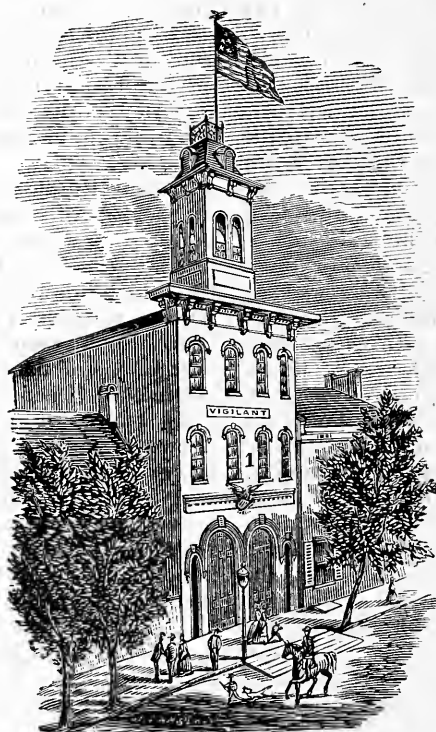
The members of the health committee of the town council and the borough health officer were busily engaged on the West Side in establishing as favorable sanitary conditions as possible under the circumstances. At the sacrifice of rest and sleep they have been removing the mud and filth as rapidly as is possible with the facilities they have. Their efforts in the interests of the public health are worthy of praise, and will not be soon forgotten by the unfortunate inhabitants of that



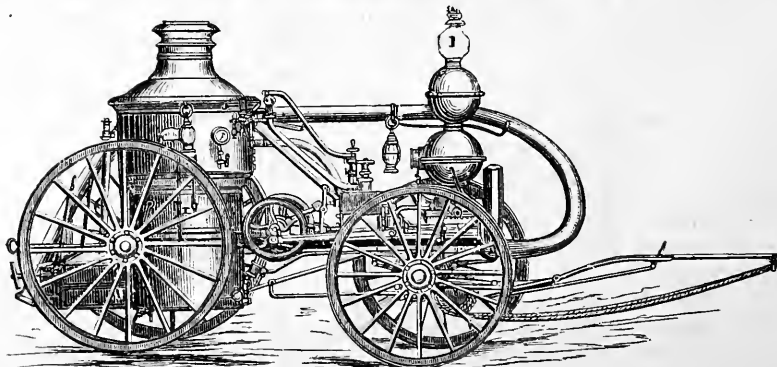
HOSE CARRIAGE.



HAND ENGINE.



ENGINE HOUSE.



WATERS-SON.

BUTTON STEAMER.

district. Their work cannot be accomplished any too soon, for already a fearful stench assails the nostrils in many localities. Health Officer McClure yesterday had about fifty bushels of lime (all he could procure) distributed, and will use more as fast as it can be obtained.

The town authorities failed to take action for relief and there existed in consequence great dissatisfaction among the people. On July 7th, pursuant to a call of the Relief Committee a meeting of the Council resulted as follows:

The following preamble and resolutions were presented.

YORK, PA., July 5, 1884.

To the Chief Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of York.

GENTLEMEN:—Whereas, our several committees have carefully canvassed the flooded districts and report to us great losses and needs of the large majority of the sufferers by the late flood; And, whereas, the pecuniary means put into our hands are not sufficient to give them more than a pittance of aid, therefore,

Resolved, That it is the unanimous opinion of the committee that the borough authorities should, even at this late date, take immediate steps to secure additional subscriptions from our own citizens, and make an appeal to adjoining towns and cities to aid in relieving the sufferers in our midst.

Resolved, That the secretary of the committee send a copy of the above resolutions to the chief burgess and town council, and respectfully ask for the early consideration of the subject by them.

REV. H. E. NILES, Chairman.

M. L. VAN BAMAN, Secretary.

Revs. H. E. Niles, D. D., J. O. Miller, D. D., Col. Levi Maish, A. F. Geesey, Frank Geise, Esq.

Councilman Heffner offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of the town council that an appeal should be made to the citizens of this borough and other cities and communities for further contributions and

aid in behalf of the sufferers of this borough from the late flood, and in furtherance of said object a town meeting of citizens be held in the court house (this Tuesday) evening, at 8 o'clock, for more effectually inaugurating movements in the direction of attaining such further aid and assistance, and that the newspapers of this borough be requested to publish this action, as notice of said meeting.

RESOLVED, That this action is now taken for reason that the relief committee appointed at the citizens meeting have reported that the loss and suffering have been much greater than was at first believed, and that further aid and contributions are urgently required.

In reply to a question by Councilman Gibson the borough attorney stated that a foul cellar can be declared a nuisance at the discretion of the health officer.

On motion of Councilman Billmyer the health committee, together with the borough health officer, were empowered to have all cellars in the flooded districts cleansed as they may deem necessary for the preservation of the health of the community. Adjourned.

The Commissioners acted promptly in the matter of rebuilding the bridges. Sites are viewed, estimates are made and contracts are now in progress for their rebuilding. Much has been written upon the policy of bridge-building as to structure and material. The Penn street bridge is now in course of re-erection under Mr. L. W. Finley.

In reference to the much discussed telephone message from Spring Grove concerning the breaking of the Spring Grove dam, we obtained the following affidavit, written under stamp and letter-head of P. H. Glatfelter:—

SPRING GROVE, PA., 7 Mo., 7 Day, 1884.

I hereby certify that on the morning of the 26th of June I called, or rather attempted to call, the (telephone) exchange at about half-past two o'clock, but was unable to raise

the operator, in order to have him notify some one that the water was very high at this place, and that the people living along the creek at York were in danger. I tried three or four times to raise him, but was unable to do so until about 3:30 or 4 o'clock, when I succeeded in raising him. I then told him that the water was very high; that there was about four feet of water in the mill; that the bridge crossing the creek here had been washed away, and that there was danger of the dam breaking. His reply was that he would attend, and let some one know.

W. L. GLATFELTER

Sworn and subscribed before me this 7th day of July. 1884.

T. V. S. QUIGLEY, J. P.

Lieut. Leib states that the message from the exchange to him was:—"The water is high at Spring Grove—four ft. deep in the mill."

In answer to whether the dam did, or was likely to break, exchange said:—"I don't know." In answer to probability of high water, exchange said:—"No difference, if the bridges go we'll get new ones." Exchange said nothing of danger or notice, and the Lieutenant soon afterwards went home.

The Exchange asserts his message was:—"Dam at Spring Forge

broken, and bridge carried off, water is rising four feet about me. Notify people along the creek."

In an interview with Mr. Glatfelter he tell us that when he failed to rouse the Exchange, he sent a message to the telegraph office but the wire went down before the message was completed. He then returned to the telephone and sent the message indicated in the affidavit, which he acknowledges. E. T. Dorcus, agent at Spring Grove, afterwards sent the following message by telephone:—"Spring Grove. The water is very high. Be on lookout. The dam is likely to burst at any time." Answer from Exchange:—"Is that so? Why the sun is shining down here." Time, between 5 and 6 o'clock A. M.

Mr. Dorcus says, when he found the exchange thus apparently trifling with him, he sent a message to the railroad authorities with a team, informing them of the damage done to the railroad by the water. The telephone line broke sometime after Mr. Dorcus' message was transmitted. While the operator may have deemed his message quite sufficient, the Lieutenant did not deem it of such import as to warrant him in alarming the whole town.



THE RESULTS OF THE DELUGE.

Effects on Business. Damages, Loss of Life. The Surrounding Country.

"But with an over-running flood He will make an utter end of the place thereof."—
Nahum I.

Under the head of "*Results*," we group various gleanings on the immediate effects of the flood, as follows:—

"The immediate effects of the flood in the path of destruction are only too apparent. The ruin on the East side is but slight compared with that on the West, and yet it is fearful in the far reaching loss, trouble and want it must produce. A large majority of the sufferers on both sides of the creek are mechanics and working people, with small incomes depending entirely upon the ability of the bread-winners to keep constantly employed. Many of these, not actually thrown out of work, have to lose time in saving what they can from the wreck, and providing for their families, others are thrown out altogether by the ruin of the works in which they were employed. Weeks must elapse before many business places can be opened for trade, and homes rendered safely habitable. On Newberry, Penn, Water, and other streets there are very many houses which can be inhabited in their present condition only by courtship disease and death."

"Many of these people lose everything they had, some of them will have nothing with which to go into business again and will require help. It is customary in many places to raise a fund for the aid of the sufferers from such calamities, and certainly our people deserve not only word sympathy, but that of a more practical kind. We know of several instances in which the people will

be financially ruined, unless helped into business again. A generous public who has been favored bountifully by a kind providence, should in this hour of calamity not forget the claims of their fellow-men for help in the time of their need."

"Conversation with a number of our business men elicits the general opinion that outside of establishments which suffered by the flood, it will have no marked effect upon our business interests. In fact, in some directions the calamity is likely, for a season at least, to produce better times among mechanics and workmen, as their service is and will be in great demand in clearing away the debris, rebuilding and repairing. On Saturday, there was a loud demand for laborers and mechanics which will likely increase. All the large and small manufacturing establishments injured, are making every exertion to get their works in order for active operation again."

The losses as gleaned from the various statements are as follows:—

The following are reported from Penn street, south of Princess street: Joseph Wagner, \$100; Theo. Shotzberger, 25; Susan Doll, 25; James Nicholas, 100; Amanda Smith, 300; Frank Berheimer, 50; Thomas Shermeyer, 50; Chas. Ettinger, 50; Louisa Kohr, 50; Lizzie Devinny, 50; Peter Rensel, 25; Frank Gantz, 25; William Buller, 25; Eli Seifert, 150; John Harman, 50; Edward Shatzberger, 50; John Simmins, 50; George Daron, 100; Jacob Myers, 25; John Allison, 25; Samuel Stough, 25; Adam Gar-

ver, 20; John Krouse, 15; Jacob Wilt, 20; Mary Lecrone, 25; George Maper, 25; George Folkenrode, 50; Frank Ettinger, 15; George Dilk, 10; Jacob Darone, 25; Joseph Lloyd, 100; Eli Brown, 75; Henry Hatchfield, 25; Mr. Raby, 15; Henry Gross, 15; Mrs. Samuel Spangenberg, 100; Fred. Breidling, 25; Emanuel Kissinger, 25; James Dugan, 25; Robert Hubley, 50; Reuben Allison, 25; John Allison, 25; Romanus Myers, 25; Albert Groom, 25; Jennie Seifert, 25; David Stauffer, 50; David Prayne, 25; F. H. Darone, 50; Emma Goshman, 25; John Dranode, 25; Thomas McGuigan, 300; William Witta, 600; G. S. Thoman, 200; William Dellinger, 100; J. W. Mann, 25; Fred. Beckmyer, 100; Fred. Brunhaus, 500;

On West Philadelphia street, west of the bridge, the following are reported:—Emanuel Rinehart, \$500; Joseph Burke, 25; G. A. Schwarikonok, 60; Fred. Kleffman, 200; A. Braenhann, 100; Kern Daron, 100; Charles Worley, 25; Robert Gooden, 50; Frank Deeph, 25; Eli Keeney, 10; S. S. Passmore, 10; A. W. Orwig, 50; Isaiah Hasseman, 50; Frank Reese, 50; Chas. M. Epply, 300; George Meredith, 150; Louisa Ludwig, 200; Dr. Smyser, on property, 600.

The following is a list of the losses on Newberry street as far as ascertained up to the present writing. South Newberry street, west side: H. L. Neuman, \$2000; Jno. Wambough, 450; E. Myers, 3500; T. S. Myers, 400; Rev. F. A. Barnitz, 1000; R. M. Leber, 200; Kirk Sanders, 175; J. M. Bressler, 175; J. G. Leber, 500; Jno. W. Stewart, 200; J. A. Dempwolf, 600; Mrs. Edward Lauman, 3500; Clayton Wiest, 300; Mrs. Bixler, 300; David Gresley, 75; George G. Hyde, 125; Mrs. Wolf, 150; Jacob Welsh, 200; Jos. Gamble, 550; Eli Kromer, 500; George H. Hess, 25; Anthony Munchel, 200; H. B. Waltman, 125; Adam Alexander, 650; L. Rosenbaum, 450; Jos. U. Test, 500; Thomas Oldfield, 700; Harrison Heidler, 250; Jno. A. Finn, 400; Jno. L. Smith, 400; J. G. Cupit, 300; Wm. Miller, 400; Wm. A. Miller, 200;

Taylor Heidler, 450; E. O. Goodling, 1000; Michael Miller, 50; Mrs. Nathan, 175; Jos. Croll, 200; George Rudisill, 200; Henry Flinchbaugh, 300; Chas. E. Gotwald, 125; Henry Lance, 50.

South Newberry steet, east side:—J. R. Davis, 5,500; Lucinda Brannon, 60; E. Trotten, 750; Mrs. Henry Wentz, 200; Adam Gross, 200; Henry Crouse, 150; Jos. Crouse, 200; Samuel Greenawalt, 350; D. O. Stine, 300; Ed. Strine, 300; Jos. Gleason, 200; Y. Myers, 100; M. Hoffman, 250; Albert Stockebrand, 125; Joe Rhinehart, 450; Jno. Rider, 150; Israel Shanenberger, 150; Spangler Welsh, 300; W. H. H. Welsh, 300; Lewis Hoffman, 175; Jno. Perrygold, 175; Andy Strickler, 175; Joseph Lustig, 200; Mrs. Jacob Henry, 50; Andrew Shelly, 85; Mrs. Furfman, 125; Alex. Strasbaugh, 100; Kate Strasbaugh, 50; Jacob Wiest, 75; Joanna Fisher, 70; Colored Church, 125; Hazzard Slusser, 450; Michael Busser, 150; Albert Bodie, 150; Emanuel Myers, 125; Mrs. Thompson, 150; Jno. Stark, 200; Susan Hughes, 400; Clinton Wood, 150; Fred. Zorger, 200; Harry Eicholtz, 125; Jno. W. Scheitzer, 75; Chas. Deardorf, 75; L. Erion, 100; J. H. Bott, 100; Mrs. Rev. J. T. Williams, 75; Mrs. Shroeder, 75; Milton Gross, 50; Baughman & Lephart, 2000; J. H. Shireman, implements, 1200.

North Newberry street, east side: Jacob Herman, 400; A. Rupert, 400.

Grant street:—Fred. Steinfelt, \$75; Catharine Sweitzer, 50; Daniel Kohn, 100; E. Sweitzer, 75; W. Bennington, 75; William Sweitzer, 75; Reuben Kohn, 50; H. Fech, 60; Chas. Webster, 25; Edward Adams, 50; Windfield Zech, 100; Peter Gosnel, 40; William Noel, 50; Frank Shunk, 50; William Rodenwesck, 50.

The following are the losses on West Princess street, West of the creek: S. C. Frey, \$200; W. G. Reichley, 150; Jacob Holland, 200; Christian Snyder, 800; David Trout, 500; Louisa Grunt, 100; Frank B. Amig, 25; H. Little, 25; Adam Rider, 100; Chas. Brunhaus, 150; Mrs. Neff, 50; J. Slusser, 100; Servis Brenty,

50; Kate Stribenger, 50; George Strubinger, 150; Philip Schaberg, 500; Benjamin Unger, 250; Michael Miller, 100; Henry Wagner, 250; T. B. Hendrickson, 250; May Long, 250; Ambrose Wallick, 75; Nathaniel Allison, 400; Jacob Allison, 300; Jacob Guard, 175; Pius Warner, 200; Isaac Troutman, 300; G. M. Hoover, 150; Louisa Strawsbaugh, 200; Martin Zeigler, 250; S. P. Hildebrand, 300; Jerome Noel, 75; J. Raffensberger, 200; Adam Dugan, 200; William Stallman, 200; M. J. Mumper, 350; Jacob Allison & Co., over 15,000.

The following are the losses on North Water street, as far as learned:

Louisa Zimmerman, \$500; John Graff, 200; William Chambers, 1,000; J. C. Spangler, 1,000; Daniel Laumaster, 250; Silas Fickes, 25; Elizabeth Smith, 500; Jerome Berkheimer, 150; Henry Horn, 250; Sprengle & Croll, 300; Daniel Gipp, 50; Adam Kashner, 200; Lizzie Thompson, 300; Ad. Hedrick, 200; Geo. M. Slusser, 500; George Lovegrove, 100; Frank Ginter, 50; George Berkheimer, 50; Frank Wilhelm, 150; Henry Ginter, 200; George Powell, 50; J. G. Bashore, 50; W. H. Kurtz, 1,500; Mrs. Z. Smyser, 800; Thomas Holland, 50.

The following are the losses as far as known on West King street, east of the creek: Valentine Grove, 50; Mr. McDade, 350; William Erney, 100; J. J. Kleckner, 200; P. M. Shive, 1,000.

On Mason avenue and Water street; Danel Lynch, 75; Henry Everman, 50; Dugan Ilgenfritz, 25; Miss Sarah Stine, 1,500.

George street and North street:—Chas. H. Smith, \$4000; Spangler, Bro. & Johnson, 5000; Butcher & Dick, 500; Martin & Sons, 500; Chas. Weigle, 2000; A. Schwenk, 400; W. H. Rodenhouse, 400; J. H. Beck, 250; E. O. Evans, 100; Fahs, Smyser & Co., 4000; Variety Iron Works, 5000; P. F. Wilt, 3000; G. A. Barnitz, 500; R. Hoffheins, 500; Empire Car Works, 5000.

Market st.—Mrs. John Croll, 5000; Miss Doudel, 1000; Wm. Gerber, 2000; Wm. Meredith, 300; Mrs. Mowbray, 3000; H. E. Houser, 5000; Misses

Alleman, 2000; Mrs. Fahs, 2000; Lewis Shive, 4000; George F. Shive, 1500; J. D. Harnish, 2000; Hantz & Bro., 3500; Jonathan Owen, 3000; Dr. J. R. Spangler, 250; George Weimer, 100; Theresa Seavy, 1000; C. A. Klinefelter, 2000; N. C. May, 150; E. M. Hugentugler, 3400; Geo. Kable, 800; V. Welsh, 1500; R. R. Kaylor & Co., 2000; Lila Platts, 800; Cupit & Son, 150; H. B. Schroeder, 3000; J. F. Rohrbach, 3000; P. Wiest, 20,000; Miller & Heckert, 2000; W. H. Wiest, 1000; Jacob Allison, 15,000; J. H. Shireman, 600; Mrs. L. Carl, 1000; Dr. B. F. Reich, 350; M. Munchel, 500; Jacob Reichley, 900; Mrs. Chalfant, 800; John Small, 500; Greenbury Robinson, 600; H. Crider, 500; John Elsesser, 250; Dr. Z. Myers, 400; Rudolph Spangler, 800; George Landis, 400; G. W. Gross, 1000; C. Landis at Motter House, 4,500; Alex. Wantz, 1800; Stouch & Bro., 300; John Schall, 200; Robert McIlvain, 500; Baugher, Kurtz & Stewart, 25,000; Mrs. A. Gresly, 500; Isaac Heller, 4500; H. L. Smyser, 450; J. H. Ryder, 500; John F. Patton & Co., 8000; M. Bender, 2300; H. J. Gresly, 5000; Rodgers & Aughenbaugh, 250; V. Sauppe, 700; W. Shermeyer, 750; Vigilant Fire Company, 2000; John F. Patton, 300; Amos Rupert, 600; L. A. Marshall, 100; O. Cullison, 300; E. G. Kauffman, 1000; J. Green and family, 1500; Western National Bank, 75; T. Smyser, 1500; Mrs. Smyser, Michael Smyser, 2800; Eyster House, 350.

P. A. & S. Small, \$2000; Dr. H. B. King, 1000; York Milk Factory, 300; John Hoff, 500; York Whip Co., 300; Stambaugh & Bro., 600; Herman Noss, 5000; Geo. Smyser, 1500; Charles Lafean, 3500; Codorus Paper Mill, 20,000; Michael Fetrow, 1500; Christ. Snyder, 500; S. M. Smith, 500; Brown and Smyser, 5000; Herman Noss, 5000; J. C. Fallon, 7500; J. R. Davis, 5000; Baylor & Bro., 4000; E. M. Rhinehart, 500; L. C. Liphart, 2000; N. C. Baughman, 1000.

Arch street, Duke street & Washington avenue.—Frank Bupp, 40;

Sarah Sprenkle, 40; George Holtzman, 35; Michael Besskner, 25; Wm. Matson, 20; Maria Kinely, 25; James Riley, 15; Thomas Luckman, 25; William Davis, 40; Frank Stenger, 100; Charles Houck, 25; David H. Withers, 75; Albert Gotwalt, 25; Samuel Markley, 100; Joseph Ross, 40; Edward Zinn, 50; George Abby, 30; William Crossly, 40; George Rose, 15; Catharine Heinmyer, 200; Samuel Rose, 1300; William Markley, 200; Wm. Longeman, 25; Wm. Peiffer, 100; John Crossly, 25; Jennie Cameron, 25; Isaac Garver, 20; Adolph Anglung, 30; William. Ampriester, 25; Samuel Ampriester, 75; Mana Reinhart, 25; Sarah Wilt, 25; Barbara Hill, 30; George Altland, 60; Jesse Boyer, 20; Henry Morgan, 50; John Bupp, 20; Caroline Gardner, 50; Lena Debrose, 25; Nathan Buser, 40; Samuel Platts, 25; Geo. Platts, 100; John H. Frey, 50; John Logamen, 40; Daniel Myers, 50; Henry Mason, 25; Jacob Sharp, 30; Alex. Matson, 40; Emanuel Kranich, Martin Rhinehart, 25; Chas. Emsweiler, 25; Wm. Stenling, 50; Kirk White, 50; Fred. Reinhard, 100; Frederick Grothe, 3000.

These are only partly the losses suffered by our people. There can be but little doubt that the total amount will approach closely to a million dollars. Had a fire swept over the same territory, the loss would have scarcely been so great. Much would have been covered by insurance, and goods could have been saved that the flood allowed no one to approach. Every day new statements increase the sum total of the loss. Vast quantities of damaged goods are being sold at auction, for a mere fraction of their original cost. Railroad communication was interrupted for some days, on the lines extending to the west, but the rebuilding of bridges has already begun in earnest. Business was brought to a standstill at many points in the surrounding country, but efforts are made for speedy resumption. Every bridge from Hanover Junction to Littlestown was reported either swept away or impassable. From the vi-

cinities of Hanover, Dover, East Berlin and other points along the Conewago, Oxford and Gettysburg, Wrightsville and along the river, come similar reports of wholesale damage to crops, destruction to bridges, fences and dwellings, with not a few narrow escapes from drowning, and several cases of loss of life. A young lady named Maggie Straley was drowned at Jacobs' mill while helping George Jacobs to save some hogs, Thursday morning at 2 o'clock. Jacobs was carried down stream, and, lodging in the top of a willow-tree, was rescued at daylight by Jos. Rohrbaugh on horseback.

A man was drowned at Eisenhart's mill on the Conewago, two miles east of East Berlin. His wife and child who were in a wagon with him, were rescued.

It is said the Conewago was 27 feet above low water mark, and higher than ever before known.

The only bridge between Hanover and Gettysburg is one over this stream, but great loss is reported along its course. The miller at Emig's mill was confined in the mill 24 hours without food.

At Hanover and vicinity cellars were filled crops were destroyed, the reservoirs in the Pigeon Hills, which supply the town with water, were destroyed, Wolf Lake, filled with fish, was broken, and bridges were carried away generally.

From East Prospect and Peach Bottom we get the same reports of damage to fences and bridges.

Up the Codorus the damage is general, even towards its head waters. In Manheim, destruction to crops, washouts and landslides occurred to a serious extent. The whole valley at Stine's mill was under water and stock is reported drowned. At Kraft's mill, at the fork of the west branch, the large railroad bridge was swept away and wide breaches were made in the embankment. From here to Hanover Junction through Seven Valley considerable damage ensued, but north and east towards York the destruction was much greater.

At Porter's Siding, Solomon Danner's farm and all that long stretch of meadow-lands was inundated and fences were swept away; at Short Line, Miller's store and premises were flooded. At Menges' mills, the railroad bridge was carried away, track was destroyed, houses, store and dwellings were flooded. Mrs. Dubs, mother of the miller, was rescued with a ladder from the second story of the house, close to the mill, and a family living next door, broke through the partition, came over, and escaped the same way. The water was six feet deep in the front yard of this dwelling.

Mr. George Myers, miller, in Jackson township, a short distance above Spring Forge, lost heavily by the flood, in all about \$5000. His mill was washed away, and his barn, filled with hay, was carried down into the Spring Forge dam, his summer house was washed away, two valuable horses and three cows were drowned.

At Spring Grove the dam was badly injured, hundreds of cords of wood were swept away, and nine live horses were seen going down with the Current. The Bridge over the Codorus was carried away and great damage was done to the mills and railroad.

A few hours before the covered bridge at Spring Grove was carried off, a tramp was seen on the bridge seeking shelter from the rain, and as he was not seen or heard from in the neighborhood afterward, it is supposed he was drowned.

A bull belonging to George Hoke, who lives above Spring Grove, was carried six miles down the creek by the flood and deposited unhurt on an island at Mr. John Hershey's farm.

Down the creek to York nearly every dam was broken, and the creek was a raging torrent half a mile wide.

Lumber from saw mills, barns and cattle, were swept away, and crops were ruined all along its course. At the junction of the South and West branches, two miles above York,

the waters combined in a wave eight feet high. A remarkable eddy was created here and the trees are entirely stripped of bark. The debris is piled here ten to fifteen feet high.

Below York the creek has been described to Loucks' mill.

The Susquehanna rose about eighteen inches at Wrightsville up to Friday morning. The river was full of drift on the Wrightsville side, and there were numbers of men out in boats, and along the shore catching wood. Large piles of drift wood, line the shores as a reward for the efforts of these people. A canal-boat was washed out of the canal into the river, and from there it floated on to the dam. The body of water was so great that it could not flow out the opening under the tow path but forced its way up the canal for about half a mile and out into the river at the bridge.

The flood was very high at the mouth of the Codorus. The county bridge a short distance from the river, near Codorus furnace, was swept away by the raging torrent.

The Codorus Flint Company's mill, located about three-quarters of a mile from the river, was considerably damaged. The dam was broken and destroyed. The mill was but lately built and was put in operation on the first of May last. About 135 tons of ground flint, ready for the market, was swept away. Loss, about \$2000.

Trains from Harrisburg came to York by way of Wrightsville during Thursday. The track of the N. C. R. R. was under water for a considerable distance, and the extent of damage could not be ascertained, though it was afterwards found that the railroad bridge was not carried away. Kreutz creek was swollen, carrying with it fences and cattle, and damaging buildings. In fact, from sections of this and adjoining counties, and neighboring States, we learn of the prevalence of a general "deluge," as described in our opening chapter.

THE THEORY OF THE FLOOD.

The Rain-fall, Height and Volume of the Water. The Channel. Comparison with Previous Floods.

"For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight of the winds; and He weigheth the waters by measure."—*Job XXVIII.*

THE extraordinary height of the water, the magnitude of the damage done at York, in connection with the censure upon the police authorities for not sounding a general alarm has led to much speculation. Many regard the breaking of the Spring Grove dam as the immediate cause of the damage, while others discuss the amount of rainfall and the water-spout theory, and still others are debating the channel by voice and by letter.

It has been our earnest endeavor to obtain reliable information upon these subjects, which we present in order, submitting various statements which we deem of interest. Accounts along the middle Atlantic slope to the Chesapeake generally agree in the statement that an unprecedented rainfall occurred throughout this region. It was especially heavy in southern and eastern Pennsylvania, extending into southeastern New York.

To Prof. Geo. R. Prowell, of Hanover, Pa., we are indebted for the following interesting statement concerning the rain-fall in our immediate locality:

"I have endeavored to ascertain the amount of rainfall in York county, especially in that portion of the county drained by the Codorus creek and its branches, during the tremendous rain storm of last Wednesday night. From reports received from Codorus, Springfield, Heidelberg townships and other points in the Codorus valley, I can safely estimate

that the average depth of rain for this entire region was eight inches. The following calculation will show the immensity of this accumulated water by the time it reached York. It will also show how futile and even foolish the argument is, that the Spring Forge dam, or all the other dams in the Codorus valley together, were the cause of the disastrous flood in York on Thursday morning last. The comparison of their water, bank-full, with the amount of rain-fall, is as a drop of water to a barrel-full.

"The following calculation will give an approximate estimate of the amount of rain-fall:

"There are 160 rods or 43,560 square feet in an acre. Taking the average 8 inches of rain or $\frac{2}{3}$ of a foot and multiplying 43,560 square feet by $\frac{2}{3}$ we have 29,040 cubic feet of rain-fall to every acre. One cubic foot of water weighs 1000 ounces or $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, which multiplied by 29,040 cubic feet gives 1,815,000 pounds of water to each acre; dividing this by 2000 we have about 907 tons to the acre. There are 640 acres to each square mile, hence 580,480 tons to the square mile.

York Co. contains about 981 square miles, of which about 225 square-miles are drained by the Codorus creek and its branches above York. Hence 225 times 580,480 or 130,608,000 millions of tons of water-fall during the night. Possibly $\frac{3}{4}$ of this flowed down the Codorus making 96,956,000 tons, as not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ soaked into the ground owing to the

fact it fell so rapidly. Nearly all of this amount passed through York before ten o'clock on Thursday morning. There was enough water passed Market street, York, from Dr. Hay's residence to Gable's drug store, every ten minutes for four successive hours to have filled all the dams tributary to the Codorus creek.

"The real facts of the case, are that the flood of 1817 was no comparison to it. To have expected 11 inches of rain-fall, in one night, in any portion of the Temperate Zone, is as extravagant as to have expected Webb's Hill to have belched forth and changed to an active volcano; and yet that amount fell one place near York, by actual measurement. Ten inches of rain have been known to fall in 24 hours within the tropics, where the amount of fall is much greater than here. If ever 11 inches fell in 8 hours before in this country, it would be interesting to know it. The flood of last week was one of the wonders of the 19th century for York county. Do not let any thoughtful person for a moment longer suppose the breaking of the dams caused the destruction at York. If every bell in the town had been rung, the fire alarm sounded, and all the people of Spring Grove had run to York, to increase the alarm, not one-tenth of the people in the flooded districts, at that time would have thought of danger or heeded the alarm. The probable cause of such an immense rain-fall would afford much interest."

Prof. D. M. Ettinger and Edward Chapin, Esq., have made a survey of the rise of the Codorus, and Prof. Ettinger kindly furnishes us the following facts:—

When the creek was low a careful levelling had been taken from the old navigation to the Codorus Paper Mill race, and the creek was found to be level between these points. Upon this plane were made the calculations in the recent levelings, during the survey of the high water-line, and the following marks of altitude were established at the various points named:

At N. Geo. St., above low water-mark, 16 feet 2 inches; at Beaver, 18 feet; at Philadelphia, 20 feet 6 inches; at Market, 22 feet; at King, 24 feet 5 1-6 inches; at Princess, 24 ft. 5 1-15 inches; at College Avenue, 25 feet 6 1/2 inches; at Water Works, 25 feet 8 inches; at Paper Mill, 25 feet 8 inches.

Local water-marks have been stated throughout this narrative, to which the reader may refer.

It will be seen that there was almost a dead level from College Avenue to Codorus Paper Mills. The narrow gorge at Market street backed the water to Newberry street, through which it discharged in a violent current, the street making for it an open channel, but the rising ground diverted it slightly and precipitated it against Cottage Hill, from whence it swept in wide expanse over Small's meadow. Had the flood lasted twenty-four hours this current would, without doubt, have cut for itself a channel through this low section of the town, which was anciently a marsh inhabited by muskrats and frogs, and must have been the original course of the creek, before it occupied its present bed.

The natural inclination of the stream, for six or seven miles, is somewhat less than six feet to the mile. At this rate of fall, the water ought to be somewhat higher at King's dam; but the difference of nine feet six inches in little more than one-fourth of a mile, against its natural excess of two feet, must be found in causes of obstruction.

The narrow gorge at Market street, to which we have already alluded, prevented the free passage of the water, hence the extraordinary rise from this point to College Avenue. By the building of walls, the erection of buildings and the filling up of the sloping banks, the channel has been changed in form and reduced in capacity and the consequences are seen in overflow and inundation.

"From the figures of the height reached by the water, it is very clearly shown that the encroach-

ments upon the stream made the rise of the water at least 7 feet higher than it would have been under ordinary circumstances.

Before the stone walls were built along the creek from Princess street down, the banks of the creek were sloped thus:



Since the erection of the walls all the ground has been taken into the water line, and instead of the sloping embankments, we now have a perpendicular wall hedging in the stream and preventing the water from spreading out as before. The result of this wall building and encroachment upon the stream will be repeated just so long as these obstacles are allowed to remain in the channel."

Had the water been seven feet lower the damage would not have been so great. By a cross-section taken in the gorge at the Black Bridge and by the generally accepted velocity of eight and a-half miles per hour the volume of water can readily be computed, and it is found that a channel whose width and depth are each 55 feet, would easily carry all the water which lately swept through our town with such fearful havoc. Another important consideration is presented in the condition of the channel north of York. Here its tortuous windings among trees and bushes and through swamps form a labyrinth infinitely intricate. The trees and underbrush skirting its banks along Small's meadow, and the dense vegetation of the swamps beyond offer lodging places for drift, which retards the water and dams it into the town. Through this the water can only be carried safely by a direct channel cut with the expenditure of a large sum of money and protracted labor.

To suppose that the breaking of

the Spring Grove dam occasioned the high water is in itself a folly. Taking the entire capacity of that dam, and spreading its cubic contents over an area of nearly fifteen miles long, in the valley of the stream, by half a mile wide, it would not raise the general level over a trifle.

It is well-known that dams, in a flood like this, are all covered up, and their breaking does not materially increase the volume of water, and that the Spring Grove dam did not break till the water had thus covered it—that the breaches in the breast were not made until it was already below the level of the flood, is a well-established fact. Mr. Glatfelter says the breaking of the dam raised the water very little at Spring Grove.

That an extraordinary rain-fall makes a great excess of water is evident, and that men must provide for its results and attendant circumstances is equally evident. Facts scientifically established, and mathematically demonstrated cannot be set aside by foolish controversy and angry disputation. The only alternatives of our people are,—to vacate the dominion of the water and give the Codorus its own; to provide an ample channel for a volume of water like this and that of former floods: to do neither, and suffer the loss of millions, and endanger the lives of thousands with the occurrence of every freshet or rain-storm.

For, "He maketh small drops of water; they pour down rain according to the vapor thereof."

Mr. A. Wilhelm says: "If the channel be left in its present contracted condition, better abandon that portion of the town recently destroyed by the flood, and contribute towards providing homes for the unfortunate sufferers in a district that will not be inundated by a similar flood.

"While the surface of drainage is no greater now than it was at the time of the great flood in 1817, we must remember since that time a large amount of timber, underbrush, leaves, etc., have been removed, and at least 50 per cent. more land put

under cultivation, and as those substances of absorption have been removed, the surface drainage has been proportionately increased in volume and rapidity, hence the liability to be visited by a similar flood at any time."

The subject becomes a matter of political economy. It will require *the people's* money for the safety and security of life and property *along the Codorus in York*. Meetings are held, letters are in print and the discussion continues to be "*Safety, and the cost of it.*"

FORMER CODORUS FLOODS.

The first flood of the Codorus, the damage of which was recorded, was an "ice flood" in 1784, when the stream rose to a great height, and did considerable damage, but destroyed no buildings. Two years later, 1786, it began to rain on Tuesday, October 3d, and continued until Thursday night, by which time the creek was three feet ten inches higher than in 1784. Both these floods destroyed every bridge on the Codorus.

In 1817 the water rose five feet higher than in 1786. It was on the 8th of August, a rain began falling in the evening, about midnight coming down in torrents. The storm continued until the afternoon of the 9th, when all clouds cleared away. The creek rose rapidly, covering Market street, York, from Water to Newberry streets, and sweeping away the George street bridge. At last news was received of the breaking of the Spring Forge dam, but the people west of the creek supposed their houses would save them. The mass of water came surging along, and the creek was a rapid river, a quarter to a half-mile wide. Brick and stone dwellings and other buildings were carried away. Seven tanyards, two taverns, three stores, two breweries, one soap factory, two nail factories, five shops,—in all fifty-four buildings were destroyed. All barns, stables and outhouses in the course of the flood were swept away. Fifty families were nearly ruined; people worth from \$1000 to \$7000 in

the morning were reduced to poverty by night.

The loss in the borough and vicinity was estimated at \$200 000. The Legislature was asked for help, and granted the Commissioners \$5000 to assist to rebuild the bridges, and the borough \$1000 to help repair the streets.

But worse than this, ten lives were lost. Hugh Cunningham and wife, Daniel Updegraff, formerly editor of the *Expositor*, Samuel Eichelberger, aged fifteen, Miss Colvin, from the country, a two-year old child of John Williams, and four colored persons. The bodies of Mr. Updegraff, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham and Samuel Eichelberger were found in one room in part of a house which had lodged against a tree; an old soldier of the Revolution, Joseph Wren, was found alive and asleep in the garret of the same house. Mr. Williams' child was thrown from its cradle and drowned in sight of its mother. Col. Michael Spangler distinguished himself by saving the lives of many people, at first with a horse, and then with a boat—no less than eight persons being in the boat and clinging to it at one time. The roofs of houses yet standing were occupied by people, looking in vain for help,—the work of rescue being stopped by the increasing torrents.

In 1822, another flood visited the town. An eighteen inch snow fell on the 18th of February. On the evening of the 20th, a heavy rain came pouring down, melting the snow, and next day, the Codorus again raged beyond its bounds, coming within four feet of being as high as in the memorable flood of 1817. This flood was destructive to bridges mill-dams, &c., and destroyed some buildings in town, badly injuring many others. No lives were lost. The stone bridge at Market Street was destroyed by the ice.

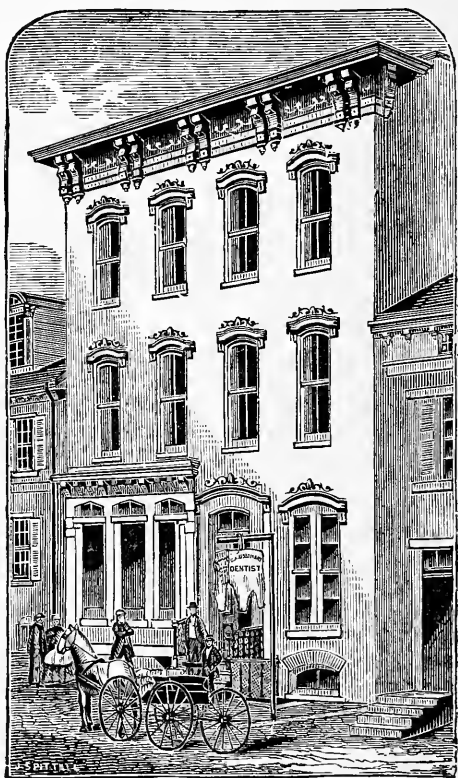
There have been floods and freshets on the Codorus at intervals since, a notable one about 1833, but none so destructive as the "Pumpkin Flood" of 1817, until that of 1884.

It will be noticed that in many re-

spects the flood of 1817 and 1884 bear a striking resemblance, but the town being more generally built up now makes the destruction much greater in 1884 than in 1817. It is quite evident from the facts already gathered that the losses in York in 1884 by the flood will approximate all told, to very nearly a half million dollars, outside the value of the bridges destroyed, and that includ-

ing crops and everything destroyed in the county it will amount to considerable over one million dollars, not including the damages to the railroads. The storm and flood of 1884 are, therefore, without doubt, unparalleled in the history of York county.

The water was somewhat more than three feet higher than in 1817.



C. A. EISENHART'S BUILDING.

THE LESSONS OF THE FLOOD.

A Sermon by L. A. Gotwald, D. D., Pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves."—*Psalm XCIII: 3.*

VERY literally and very sadly, during the past week, was realized, here in our own community, the picture described in our text. A flood unparalleled in the past history of our town, came suddenly upon us; swept in angry torrents by us; and left ruin and desolation in its track behind it. Property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars has been destroyed. Happy homes have been suddenly changed into scenes of devastation. Precious household treasures; works of art and beauty; furniture, books, paintings; rooms filled with costly goods; all have gone down in indiscriminate destruction under the terrific power of the swollen waters. One after the other our bridges were torn from their solid abutments; trees were uprooted and swept away like feathers on the on-rolling current; yards and gardens filled with clustering vines and flowers, and covered with nature's carpet of velvet lawns and grasses, have been robbed of all their loveliness as with a very besom of destruction; building after building, lifted from its foundation, has gone down into ruin; and many of our families, in an hour, lost the accumulation of years, and are left, to-day, embarrassed, impoverished and even utterly bankrupted by the calamity which has thus overtaken them. A sad spectacle, indeed, did our beautiful town, on last Thursday and Friday, present, along the banks of the Codorus; and very sincere and deep is the sympathy, I am sure, felt

by the community for those of our citizens who have especially suffered under this calamity. Many of our own congregation are among these especial sufferers. To them, as part of our own "household of faith," we, to-day, offer our especial condolence and sympathy, and if needed, also our help.

But such events do not, let us remember, occur by chance. They are not the result of mere wild and uncontrolled natural forces. God's hand is in them. God's providence sends and permits them. God's messengers are they. They come to us with divine designs and purposes; vocal with divine voices and lessons of instruction, of warning, of comfort, and of duty.

Let us not, then, to-day be blind to this hand of God, or deaf to this voice of God, in the flood, but let us seek to profit by this sad providence, and out of this great financial and temporal ill which has thus befallen us, let us seek to gain for ourselves large returns of spiritual and eternal good.

The occurrence of this past week teaches us, we may notice,

I. THE RESISTLESS POWER THAT GOD HAS LODGED IN THE FORCES OF NATURE, AND MAN'S UTTER IMPOTENCE OR INABILITY TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THEM. Here a small insignificant stream, a few miles only from its source, suddenly swells into such volume and terrific force as to sweep everything before it, and man, with all his boasted

mastery over nature, is forced to stand helplessly by, and, without the least power to arrest it, is compelled to endure its destructive anger. But what a mere nothing is the destruction of such an insignificant stream compared with the destructive forces which God has lodged, e. g., in the clouds of heaven which might deluge all our land; in the ocean which might in a moment overleap and submerge its shores; in the volcanic fires which might instantly break forth and consume all around them; in the electricity which, gathered into sheets of flame, might in a moment smite and lay every living being and object cold in death. The deluge, in the days of Noah, was such a display of the destructive power of nature. And such a manifestation of these hidden forces of nature, capable of carrying destruction with them wherever God may send them, we have, also, in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, when the Lord rained upon those doomed cities brimstone and fire out of heaven, and overthrew them, and when the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a great furnace. And such a revelation of these destructive, concealed forces of nature, by which we are now surrounded, and which God now is restraining and holding back, and from which He is preserving us, will be displayed, we read, in all their terrific energy and enginery of dissolution and destruction, in the end of time, when, in the Day of Judgment, God will, as it were, simply take off from them the check or restraint with which He now by His Omnipotence, holds them back, when He will let them all loose and bid them go forth upon the errands of destruction upon which He then will send them, and when, under their agency, "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth, also, and the works that are therein shall all be burned up." And so now in many other occurrences: Earthquakes, volcanoes, cyclones, floods, fires, what forces of ruin and destruction can they not, and do they not,

become. Governed however and held under restraint, and directed, by the mighty hand of God they are all now made to be ministers of blessing to man and to our earth. What a blessing, e. g., water is, and fire, and wind, and electricity. And yet if God did not restrain and hold them in check, what terrific messengers of ruin and destruction they would become.

How *great*, therefore, do they not show God to be: God who guides the clouds in their courses, who holds the lightnings in His hands, who keeps the ocean within its bounds, who bids the interior fires, within the earth, remain in their places, who checks and governs and uses all these mighty forces of nature just as He chooses, having entire control of them, able to do all this, how omnipotent, how infinitely great a being God is.

And how *good* to us is not, also, God! For, though these forces of destruction in nature are thus everywhere about us, and beneath us, and over us, yet in what safety God keeps us! How rarely the lightning smites! How unfrequent the whirlwind, the earthquake, the pestilence, the volcano! And yet, because of our sins, how justly God might often send them. But He allows them seldom, and then only for our moral good. And these very forces which if once let loose, in their full energy would carry destruction with them everywhere, are now, under this constant restraint and government of God over them, made channels and sources to man of his richest blessing. Surely our God is good.

And then how such a calamity as the past week brought us, even though such a comparatively small revelation of the power of God in nature, how it reveals the littleness of man in contrast with this greatness of God! How dependent on God it shows him to be. How unable to help or defend himself against the power of God: even the smallest possible display of it. What a mere nothing against the Almighty he is! How great God is: How little man

is! How humble, therefore, man should be before this great God.

But, let us learn from this calamity, this past week,—

II. HOW UNCERTAIN IS OUR HOLD UPON THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD! How quickly thousands of dollars worth of every conceivable kind of property, was swept away from their possessors by the angry flood of last Thursday morning! How little it was anticipated! How suddenly it came! How complete in many cases the ruin it wrought! How, in some homes, everything was taken! What sad changes it made! How, in some families, every article of clothing or furniture, every tender household memento and sacred treasure, every possession of every possible kind, was ruthlessly swept away. There was no pity in the flood. And now, as we stand and look at the ruin which has been wrought, and count up the great losses which thus, in a moment, as it were, so many of our citizens have sustained, we are impressed with the utter uncertainty of things earthly. How slight our hold upon anything we have! How soon it may be taken from us! Our, homes, our goods, our buildings, our comforts, our wealth, our friends, how soon they may all be torn from us. Flood, fire, storm, disease, death, are all mightier than we, and, in an hour or moment, may tear from us our dearest earthly possessions.

And may not this possibly be one of the especial lessons which God, by this calamity of the past week, would teach us? The love of the things of this world is the besetting sin of us all. It is the especial sin of our land and age. And by every such providence, God is showing us the folly of it, and seeking to lift us up into a love of better and diviner and more heavenly things. Blessed be God there are possessions which are indestructible, which nothing can take from us, of which no flood can rob us, which no fire can burn away, to which no thief can break through and steal, which are not ours uncertainly, but surely and forever, and

from which neither life nor death can part us. These better possessions are the precious spiritual blessings of our holy christian religion; the friendship of God, our interests in Christ, the consolation of the Holy Ghost, the hope of Heaven. These, in the christian heart are imperishable and blessed. These abide as his possessions when all things else are taken from him. And with these as his, let what else be taken that may be, he has comfort in every sorrow and still is rich. This is the only comfort now of many in this community.

The calamity of the past week reveals to us also:—

III. THE PROBATIONARY CHARACTER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD UNDER WHICH WE NOW ARE. Some persons are inclined to regard every adversity and affliction of life as an expression of God's anger, and as a special punishment for sin. And they are disposed to regard those who suffer most as being most sinful. But this is all a misconception of the divine government, and of the spirit and design with which God sends affliction upon either individuals or communities. The present life is no life of punishment. God sends nothing on us now, in this life, in anger. Every thing He does He does in love, does to remind us of our sins, to warn us of their consequences, to bring us to repentance of them, to turn us away from them, to save us, and not to punish or destroy us. He might in a moment, by a word, without flood or fire or any natural or secondary agency, visit us with punishment, if *that* were all He desired. But that is not His purpose. He desires our good, our salvation, not our destruction. That is His purpose in every trial of life, in every providence of sorrow which overtakes us. That is His purpose in this disastrous flood which has visited us. The flood is God's voice to us as a community, calling on us as a community to repent of and forsake our sins. Right on this very Codorus, which God has thus made His messenger of affliction to us, the

Lord's Day has long been shamefully desecrated by sins of different kinds; by skating in winter and boating in summer, and by hunting and games of ball along its banks during almost every season of the year, and the flood seems, as it were, the voice of the stream itself, in mute yet terrible eloquence, speaking out in *protest* against such profanation of its Maker's Holy Day, and forbidding such desecration in the future! This, at least, I am sure of: God speaks to us in this flood and calls us to repentance of all our sins as a community. He speaks, not only to those who have especially suffered, not perhaps so much to them as to many of us whom the flood did not directly reach, for in this life the innocent are often made to suffer for the guilty. He speaks to us *as a community*, and calls us to put away from among us all sin; not to expose ourselves to further suffering, and possibly to eternal destruction! As a community we are no more wicked than are other communities, but we are wicked enough. We are guilty of Mammon-worship, of love of earthly pleasures more than of God, of neglect of household religion, guilty of Profanity, of Sabbath Desecration, of Impurity, of Intemperance, and out from the angry waters of the flood that has visited us, I hear the voice of God calling upon us all to *humble* ourselves before Him on account of these our *sins*, repent heartily of them, forsake them, and anew consecrate ourselves to Him, through Christ, as our God! Let this to-day, be the personal and individual act of each one of us.

But there are other duties, besides this duty of Repentance, which the Flood imposes upon us.

On the part of those who have been especially made to suffer by the swollen waters, whose homes have been devastated, and whose property has been swept away from them, there is now especial occasion for unshaken faith and trust in God. Dark and bitter as this Providence is, yet let them believe that there is divine love in it all, that God will

provide for them, and that all this present sore affliction will work out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Let them look to Him in prayer, call on Him for His aid and comfort, commit themselves to His keeping, and be submissive and resigned to His doings with them.

And many are the duties also, now, by this sad Providence, imposed upon those of us whose homes and property the flood has not reached. We owe to the sufferers by it our very deepest sympathy. We owe them our personal presence, our kind words, our personal interest, our prayers. We especially owe to all who may need it our help: food, clothing, shelter, money, help of whatever kind they may need. I rejoice in the revelation of beautiful unselfishness and nobleness of our human nature which the need of this occasion has brought to the light. Liberally have men and women given of their time, services and means, for the relief of the suffering among us. I rejoice in it. Human nature has, after all, much that is noble and beautiful in it, and it only needs such an occasion to reveal it. So that it is almost worth having a flood, every now and then, just to show to each other that we still have a great deal that is unselfish and good in us, and that we still are worthy of each other's respect and love. A blessed compensation.

Above all however, ours is the duty, at this time, of fervent gratitude to God. Not a single human being, here in town, was lost, amid all the danger through which so many passed. It seems marvellous. And only because God directed the time of its coming, causing it to come by day and not by night; and determined the force and destructiveness of it; and by His guardian care protected us, is it that none of us, to-day, sleeps in a watery grave, but all are escaped and alive. Thanks be to God, for His goodness, for this mingling of mercy with judgment, this tender love of our Heavenly Father in the midst of all our affliction as a com-

munity. But I must close. "The Floods have lifted up their voice, the Floods have lifted up their waves." So there will come to us all after awhile another infinitely greater flood; a flood not of water, but of fire; the flood of a sea of flames which shall enwrap our entire globe, the fires, at last of the Judgment Day! And "the fire then shall try every man's work of what sort it is!" The flood last week was a terrible test of the *foundations* of buildings; so that will be a time when the foundations of every man's moral and spiritual building will be tested, when the current of omniscient scrutiny will sweep

clear through it, when every timber in it will be tried and when only the spiritual house that is founded on the Rock, Christ Jesus, will stand.

For that day, then, let us all prepare. Get ready for that coming flood. Look especially to the foundations upon which you rear your house of hope. Build only on Christ. Planted there your house will stand. The rains may descend, the floods come, the winds of Divine justice blow, but it will not fall, for, like a light house out at sea, it is founded on a rock, "even the Rock of Ages, CHRIST JESUS!"



THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE FLOOD.

A Report of Remarks made by Rev. F. J. Sauerber, Pastor of Heidelberg Reformed Church, on the Evening of June 29th, 1884.

“If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?”—*Judges VI, 13.*

THIS question was asked by Gideon, a great man among the early Jews. And it was a very natural question to ask. The angel of the Lord had told him not to fear for the Lord was with him. And yet his country was at that time in an awful condition.—Their fierce enemies, the Midianites, had so crushed and despoiled them, that their once proud nation was reduced to a condition of poverty and abject and constant fear. Their country had been overrun and robbed and plundered, until they had little left. Yet notwithstanding this state of affairs, the angel of the Lord told Gideon that he should not fear, that the Lord was with him. Do you wonder that Gideon made the answer of the text? “If the Lord is with us,” said he, “why is our country overrun and plundered by our fierce enemies? Why must we live in constant dread of them, and I be compelled to thresh my wheat here like a thief in a retired place to hide it from the Midianites, lest they pounce down upon me and rob and murder me? If the Lord was with us it seems to me we would not be left in this desolate condition.”

This was Gideon's reasoning, and it was no doubt that of his countrymen. And, taking all the surrounding circumstances into consideration, we are not much surprised. At all events that is about the way we would have reasoned. It is, beyond question, the way that many in our afflicted town reason to-day. This

is especially true of those who are losers, the more so if they have lost all their worldly goods. It is according to human nature to reason thus.

There is only one way to escape it, and that is by an implicit faith in the teachings of God's word, which says He will be with us always and will never forsake us. And this faith can be enjoyed only by those who have become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Unless we are truly in Him the question will arise and will “not down,” “If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?” And it will come too in a doubting, painful way. Strange, too, when we come to think about it, that we, as Christians, should thus reason. But whether it is strange or not, we reason all the same.

If business flourishes, and everything is prosperous; friends plenty and honors crowding in upon us, we are inclined to think that God is good, and that He is with us.

But let adversity and poverty and suffering come, and friends forsake us, and we loose heart, and growing sceptical, we exclaim, “where is our God? Why, if He be with us, has all this come upon us?” We forget that the things of this life are not always a sign of God's blessing and favor. We forget that darkness often grows thickest just before the brightest light. We forget that adversity often disciplines us for more glorious success than that which in the past has dawned upon us. We forget that things which seem to be

against us may be for us; and therefore, like Jacob, we say "all things are against us."

But they were not against Jacob, but for him, and so in the years to come, things which now seem against us, will be seen to have been for us. We are now apt to fall into this spirit when confronted with some great public calamity like this which has just fallen upon us. I will venture the remark that, during the past few days, many of our good people have uttered the sentiment of Gideon,—“If the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?” If God is with us and in our midst, why does he allow such disasters to afflict our community? Why all this suffering and distress? These and kindred questions, which crowd in upon us, it is not possible, nor would it be wise, to answer. We are not of that number who claim to know the “secrets of God,” and to be able to interpret His providences.

There are such,—there were such in the Saviour’s time, persons ready to say that their neighbor’s had sinned, and that therefore God had punished them so severely. All such I would refer to Luke xiii: 1-5. There to learn that we sin greatly when we attempt to interpret God’s will towards certain individuals, by the afflictions that may be upon them. To attempt to interpret these things is to arrogate to one’s self wisdom that belongs alone to God. It shows both our ignorance and sin. “Interpretations belong to God,” and not to you; ye ignorant, short-sighted, uncharitable, irreverent, and sinful creatures! Feeling thus, we shall not attempt to answer the question the text raises in a direct and positive way, but shall call attention to a few lessons which our calamity and the scenes and incidents of the past few days suggest to us. And while we are not able to say why all this came upon us, we may, nevertheless, draw a few useful lessons from it, and thus derive some good from the apparent evil that has come upon so many of our people.

The apostle Paul, speaking to the

Jews, referred them to some facts in their early history, and, said to them: “Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples,” and however much we may hesitate to attempt to interpret God’s providences it is our privilege and duty to draw whatever lessons we may from the scenes and history of our day.

I. One of the first thoughts that came into the minds of all when the news was brought to us that a great flood was upon us, was *its suddenness and its unexpectedness*.

Why, so unexpected was it that, when we were told on Thursday morning of its height and fury, we all doubted the truth of the report, and could not believe it until we were horror-stricken with the fearful sight presented to us. Nothing could have been more sudden than the coming of the great, furious destructive flood that swept over a portion of our city with such fearfully devastating power. So suddenly did it come upon us that many barely escaped with their lives; and because of both its suddenness and unexpectedness we were wholly unprepared for it, and the loss was much greater than it otherwise would have been. Had we known of its coming a week, or even a day before, how much might have been saved! We would have prepared ourselves for it.

This suddenness recalls the words of Jesus, “In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.” “Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at cockcrowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.” Just as unexpectedly as our flood came;—yea, more suddenly, will our Master come.

The suddenness of the coming of the flood, therefore, suggests the necessity of constant watchfulness. It gave some of our business men so little time that they could not even save their books and letters. They were not expecting a flood, and hence were not prepared for it. Had they known of its coming they could and would not only have saved their

books, but also the most of their perishable property. But not looking for it,—being wholly unprepared, their loss was in some cases ruinously great.

This sudden calamity, with its fearful losses, teaches us, then, the duty of constant watchfulness and constant preparedness for whatever event may possibly happen to us.

And this, of course, applies to temporal as well as spiritual affairs. The ideal christian business man has all his affairs so arranged that when he lies down to sleep at night, he will do it with the sweet consciousness that, whether his sleep be that of refreshing slumber or of sudden death, it will be all the same. For, should his friends be shocked in the morning to find him dead, they will discover that he was not only prepared spiritually, *i. e.* not only had his spiritual "house in order," but that everything in his business affairs was kept in such shape that his heirs and friends will know just what to do.

I maintain that no business man should be satisfied until he has matters all in that condition. Wives and children have often been reduced from affluence to grinding, crushing poverty, by the death of the husband and father, where a little care on his part might have avoided it all. If his affairs had been in proper shape, good investments might have been saved and enough left to give them a competency. Insolvency followed, not of necessity, but because the business affairs of the estate were in such confusion that matters could not be settled quickly and promptly and to good advantage.

"Be ye ready," should apply to all things with which we have to do "Seek ye first the kingdom of God"—but having done that, we should see to it that our temporal affairs are also in good condition, so that if the Master should come suddenly we would be found ready to obey his summons.

II. Coming close upon the thought of the suddenness of our calamity, was that of *the uncertainty of earthly possessions*. Not a foot of soil,

not a share of stock, not a note, not a board, not a dollar, have we that we can call our own. "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." No one can tell how long his gold will stay with him. Earthly possessions are the most uncertain things under the sun. To-day the golden bird folds its wings in contentment and sits peacefully in our home,—tomorrow he grows restless, and no cage can hold him—he escapes; and the black bird of poverty comes croaking into our homes and perches where the beautiful bird of wealth was wont to sing his rich notes. Persons who, a week ago, felt themselves in comfortable circumstances, are to-day as poor as Lazarus.

We are slow in learning a lesson, if we have not, from all that we have seen during the past few days, learned that riches are poor things in which to put our trust, for "he that trusteth in riches shall fall."

But even though we may toil, and sweat, and pinch and save, and be able to keep a few dollars with us until we reach death's door, we will in the end have to leave them here. We cannot take them along with us, and we will be poor at last. The great poet has well said.

"If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots
bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

Why then struggle so hard for them? Why deny ourselves and our families so much for the sake of hoarding a little gold? Why crush the tender emotions of the heart, why dead to pity? Why deaf to the call of charity? Why stifle conscience in a godless pursuit of riches?

They won't quiet a single qualm of a guilty conscience: they won't buoy us up in our journey over "the dark river:" they won't bear us up to heaven. Nay, if we cling to them, they will sink us in "Jordan's swelling flood," and drag us down to misery and woe. Therefore, let us not place our trust in riches, nor in

earthly possessions, but in the unchanging love and care of a merciful and omnipotent God, and then when possessions vanish and riches fly away and the last flood sweeps our earthly house from us, we will "have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

III. Another lesson that came to us was *the necessity of building character upon a good solid foundation*. While standing with a vast multitude of anxious and interested spectators, watching the flood at its highest point and greatest fury, the possibility of a certain house being swept away was discussed. Many feared it would go, but to the relief of all, some one who knew, spoke up and said, "no, that house will not fall, for it stands on a good, solid foundation." We all breathed more easily, for the building in question contained a whole family and we feared they would be swept away. But we were now no more alarmed for their safety. We felt it would stand, and it did stand, steady and strong, and moved not, through all the fury of the waves.

Ah! thought we, what a lesson to all! Build on a good foundation and when the storms of life come, the buildings will stand secure and unmoved. Immediately there came to mind the words of Jesus. "And the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not for it was founded upon a rock." And again the words, in which he describes the foolish man who built upon a poor foundation, "and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it."

We learn that *good material* for building a *good superstructure* even—is not enough. All will be useless unless it rest on a good, broad, solid foundation. This is *the mistake* that *moralists*, and *legalists* make. Their building, the superstructure, may be beautiful and strong, but it rests on a poor foundation, a foundation of shifting sand, and the floods of adversity and of death will undermine and destroy it and their characters. They are

like the foolish architect, who should erect grand and stately buildings of costly granite and polished marble upon a foundation of quicksand. No matter how securely he would build, it all would soon totter and fall to pieces.

If we must build on the lowlands of sin and temptation, then let us be very sure of our foundation. Let us not be satisfied until we rest on the solid rock of Christ's character; then, and then only, will we be safe; safe for time, and safe for eternity. See 1 Cor. 3: 11.

IV. Closely related to this was another lesson that the flood taught us; viz, that *bad places, weak points and cheats in work, as well as in character, will sooner or later be discovered or made manifest*.

Time tests all things, and reveals all flaws and deceptions. And trouble, strains, storms, disasters, furnish the test. These are the only true measures of the worth of anything. Not what it displays or does in prosperity, but what it can stand in storm or tempest, this is what shows the worth of a ship. And many a vessel has gone to the bottom of the sea, because of weak and bad places hidden from sight—covered with copper or paint.

Looking at buildings and walls that had fallen, we often discovered the secret of their ruin, in bad work and bad material, put in where it could not be seen. It passed for good work, but it was not, and the flood revealed it, and made its weakness evident to all.

Ah, what revelations of weak places, and cheats, and frauds, and hypocrites, there will be when the last great day of trial shall come! "Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." Let us see to it, therefore, that our work be honest, true and real, and not false, apparent and deceptive, and, though for the time the bad may prosper, the day of trial will justify us, while those who deceive, and cheat in their work,

and who are frauds in life, shall be condemned and their works destroyed.

But we must not detain you longer, and yet it would not be right to leave this rich and fruitful subject without calling attention to one or two things, in connection with our calamity, that made us feel proud of the race, and that beautifully illustrated the universal brotherhood of man, that in times of great peril overleaps the barriers of creed, race, or condition, and reaches out a helping hand to all. It was pleasant, mid the roar of angry waves and the crash of falling buildings, to note how utterly party and church lines were lost.

When the life of a soul was in danger, the question was never asked whether he is a Romanist or Protestant, a believer or an infidel. In the hour of danger that question never rose, the only thing was to rescue, to save. Thank God for the touch of sympathy and love that was shown to exist, telling us that deep down beneath the surface, we are all one, and that, at least in hours of supreme danger,—

“We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.”

Nor can we fail to note the tender regard for others that was shown even by those who suffered most.

Passing along with a young business man who had lost heavily, we came across a poor fellow in tears. Our friend's heart was touched, and though he could look with composure on the loss of his thousands, he could not witness the sight of the poor fellow in tears, without being deeply affected. “Ah,” said he, “that

hurts me more than all my loss.” In our heart we exclaimed “Thank God, the love of gold has not crushed out divine sympathy from the hearts of all men. There is still manhood and sympathy left, there is hope for the race.”

Nor can we close without paying a deserved tribute to the courage, pluck and energy of our business men and others, who were sufferers from the flood. Scarcely had the waters subsided, before they were at work, removing the dirt and debris, and preparing for business. It was a grand sight to see the courage and energy with which all went to work. No childish murmurings, no time wasted in idle, foolish words, but hard, genuine, manly work marked the conduct of our citizens. And in a short time all will again be prosperous and successful. Such faith and heroism and energy deserve this slight tribute of praise.

And now, in conclusion, let me recall the few lessons of the flood to which we have directed your attention.

First—The lesson of its suddenness.

Second—The uncertainty of earthly possessions.

Third—The necessity of building on a good foundation.

Fourth—Time tests all things, and will eventually reveal all frauds and weak places in our work and character.

May we, therefore, so build that when the final test comes our character will stand the trial, being founded on a rock, and then we may laugh at the angry waves and smile through the fury of the storm, for we shall not be moved.



CONCLUSION.

Reconstruction—Supplementary Flood—Conclusion.

"Then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit."—*Leviticus XXXI.*

ALTHOUGH the flood has done damage to the amount of tens of thousands, it is certain to be followed by an era of increased improvement, industry and prosperity. The old weather-beaten bridges will be replaced by new and substantial structures, the damaged dwellings will be repaired, and the outbuildings and fences which have been wrecked or carried away will be speedily replaced, and give employment to hundreds of laborers. The gutted stores will be refitted, the busy wheels of industry, in mill and factory will resume their accustomed rounds, business will receive a new impulse, and soon many will forget that there was a flood at all.

But, by chance, our eye may meet a treasured keepsake soiled, with stains upon it, or here and there an iron bridge reminds us of the wooden one of old, that stood before the flood.

Perchance, the aged grandsire will show a lad or maiden, yet unborn, a trace, or find this little volume, in musty drawer, on dusty shelf or lonely garret, in remembrance of the flood of '84, when the flood shall have come again; or perchance he may, to eager children gathered round, repeat the story of the flood, in incidents we tell, or scenes we here portray.

The story of the flood is told, its lessons have been pointed out and our concluding chapter bids us hasten to the close.

The streets are crowded with horses and carts, and busy workmen, hun-

dreds of tons of mud, accumulated rubbish and filth, are carted away, and the work goes busily on. Except a few strangers, few idlers are found. Merchants are busy reorganizing their business, and the work of reconstruction has begun in earnest.

Many people, before they had fairly recovered from the fright occasioned by the flood of the 26th, were again panic-stricken, on Saturday morning, July 5. During the night rain had again fallen in torrents, the gutters flowed full of water, the Codorus had risen rapidly, and was bank full by morning. A false report of coming high water was soon afloat, and the people along the creek became filled with terror and began to move furniture to upper stories. Many rushed wildly about, not knowing what to do. The temporary bridge at market street was moved slightly by floating debris of the first flood now coming down, and the Penna. Railroad bridge was only held in position by a train of cars upon it. Though the Codorus did not overflow its banks, this has since been known as the "Supplementary flood." Many of the smaller streams were much higher than on the 26th of June, and much damage was done over the country. In the evening a violent thunder storm followed, accompanied by the most brilliant and truly remarkable electrical display.

The flood of '84 afforded opportunity, not only for the display of bravery and courage in the rescue of those in danger, for the exercise of fortitude and perseverance under

trials, difficulties and suffering, for the application of charity in christian benevolence, for the impression of wholesome lessons by the clergy, but it has also brought out in strong relief, the baser qualities of miserly hard-heartedness, low depravity and sinful wickedness in human character.

Water was sold to the thirsty, while bread and clothing were bestowed upon the hungry and naked, cowardly sneak thieves stole from the hungry the baskets of food given by the charitable, and plundered the houses and stores of the unfortunate sufferers. While wagons and horses were tendered, and willing hands labored nobly in reclaiming from the general ruin what had been lost, ruffians and scoundrels stole and carried away that which belonged to the impoverished, or broke and battered what was left undestroyed by the flood, to enable them to carry it off as plunder. While some bewailed their loss, endured their suffering or were moved by sympathy and pity,

others gloated over ill-gotten gains, and wickedly rejoiced in their hearts. While some rested not, and were unceasingly engaged in the work of relief, others sat idle and indifferent, because they had not suffered. While the liberal dealt out lavishly, the miserly gave sparingly, or not at all, and the appeals for help moved them not, though the Lord had prospered them. There is material abundant for a large chapter of most inglorious flood history, which many might, years hence, read in burning shame and remorse, but we forbear for the want of space.

Let us hope that many, who have become poorer, were also made wiser and better, and that prosperity and happiness may attend the now unhappy sufferers, and may it not be long before their bow of promise shall reflect its gorgeous hues, and the cloud, now dark, show forth its silver lining, while the sunshine of rich blessings shall dance upon it from

HIGH IN THE HEAVENS.



J. ROSS GROVE.

J. F. STRAWINSKI.

Grove & Strawinski,

No. 10 N. GEORGE ST., YORK, PA.

—SELL THE CHEAPEST AND BEST—

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.

EVERY ONE INVITED TO CALL.

Our Own Make of Rag Carpets Cannot be Excelled!

Remember the Place, No. 10 N. George Street, next door to Drug Store.

BUSINESS.

Refitting the Guttred Stores—Resumption of Business.

"These men are peaceable with us; therefore let them dwell in the land and trade therein for the land behold it is large enough for them."—*Genesis XXXIV.*

ALTHOUGH business was brought to a stand still by the terrible flood, our merchants and dealers are with but few exceptions buying and selling as before, and our manufacturers continue their productions. Many whose places of business were completely washed out, their goods destroyed and their buildings injured, have cleaned up and repaired their stores and refitted them with goods new and fresh. Others who were more fortunate have helped their neighbors to their feet again, and all unite in the invitation to their old customers and new to continue their patronage and come and examine the wares of their stores.

The City Drug Store survives the flood. Its destruction does not mean suspension. The new building is rapidly nearing completion and *John F. Patton* will soon have a finer store than ever. The confectionery store of *J. D. Harnish*, which was so badly flooded and broken, is again restocked with goods new, fresh and sweet. The hardware store of *Michael Smyser* receives its customers as ever, notwithstanding the wreck it suffered. The feed store of *Jacob Herman*, whose stock had been ruined by the water, is again supplied with flour, feed and phosphates for the market. *H. L. Neuman*, whose residence was the scene of devastation, continues in the manufacture of ice cream in all its flavors. *C. A. Klinefelter*, whose family was rescued from upper windows, has his store again in business condition, and

waits upon his customers with usual courtesy. *Dr. C. A. Eisenhart*, whose house stands on the flood line and whose sign is a big tooth, extracts teeth, day or night at all hours. At the lately demolished book store, *Harry P. Miller* resumes the sale of books and stationery. *J. Frank Rohrbaugh* whose store was flooded half way to the ceiling, and who narrowly escaped drowning, continues the hardware business. *Michaels the Tailor*, a first-class New York artist, makes gentlemen's suits and ladies' coats out of best material. He is thoroughly reliable, does all cutting himself and turns out only the best of work and a perfect fit, and charges no more than is paid every day for the poorest work.

The elegant and beautiful dental parlors of *A. A. Wasson*, continue to hold the genial doctor, so skilled in modern dentistry. Next in order is *Obe. Cullison's* "Old Reliable" carpet store, located on the flood line in the map, where the water was in the cellar, the place known as the Fry-singer carpet store. Finest sleighs and the best of buggies, carriages and phaetons are still manufactured at the shop of *Martin & Son*. The long established clothing house of *Lehmayer & Bro.*, continues to furnish men's, youths' and children's clothing and latest styles of hats at the lowest prices. *J. A. Wilt* still deals in jewelry, clocks and watches, and gives all who desire silverware, novelties and time-pieces, polite attention and honest bargains. *Watt & Brother*, will ornament the houses

of the good people of York and surrounding country, with all kinds of shades, wall-paper or paint, as well as make the sign boards of the business men. At Lebach's corner is still found *Jacob Lebach*, who is pleased to sell goods cheap to his many friends in town and country. The well known merchant tailor, *David H. Welsh*, continues in business at his old stand, and is obliging as ever to his many customers, whom he furnishes with stylish suits and hats. *Buttorf*, the photographer, photographed the ruins of the flood and can supply views, and photographs of all kinds, besides pictures of the reader and his friends. Our popular bookseller *D. W. Crider*, whose photograph is in this book, is still carrying on his business and furnishes fine marriage certificates and family bibles. Most people know where *W. L. Plymire's* store is when they want to buy notions, linen and underwear, for he sells good goods cheap. *H. F. Walter* makes a first-class harness out of good leather, and does not humbug his customers. *Dr. E. H. Neiman* extracts teeth without pain and makes artificial teeth that fit and last. *Dr. T. B. Kain*, Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, who has an extensive practice can be summoned at all hours. *F. M. Kain, D. V. S.*, who is a graduate of the American Veterinary College, N. Y., and who holds the first diploma granted in the county of York, attends promptly to suffering animals. *Grove & Strawinski*, formerly *Giesey & Strawinski*, offer bargains in carpets of best quality. The well known and reliable sewing machine man, *M. E. Hartzler* continues to supply all appliances to all kinds of sewing machines, and sells the Royal St. John. Sunday Schools are supplied with all requisites at the *Oswald Book Store*, libraries and reward-cards a specialty. For fine gold and silver-watches and jewelry the reader is invited to examine the stock of *E. A. Barnitz & Son*. At the rooms of *C. A. Strack* is to be found a fine assortment of furniture. The Excel-

sir School Furniture Company is represented by *J. G. Leber*, who supplies schools with seats comfortable and durable. Spring and wire mattresses are kept in variety of styles and prices at the cheap store of *Geo. W. Hess*. At the saloon of *John T. Joice*, may be obtained a clean shave, a neat hair clip, or a restoration of gray hair to its natural color. *W. H. Welsh* supplies the celebrated climax weather strip for the door. Furniture is sold cheap by *Geo. C. White*. Cigar boxes, labels, brands and edgings may be obtained of *Heffner & Seachrist*. *Klinefelter & Buck* keep groceries and confectionery, the cheapest and best. "*The Fountain*," published by Prof. W. H. Shelley is a live magazine of best literature for young people in home and school. *Dr. A. G. Stough* continues the practice of dentistry. *D. S. Wagner*, jeweler and engraver; *George Willey*, slater; *D. M. Ettlinger*, surveyor; *K. L. Eisenhart*, dentist; call attention to their respective branches of business. Mantels, tombstones and monuments may be obtained of *E. O. Evans*. A new and novel instrument to pick fruit from trees is presented by *H. M. Crider*, the proprietor of the largest and finest book store in York. *The Weaver Organ Company* advertises the York cottage organ so noted for its fine workmanship and elegant quality of tone, while *Laucks & Son* call attention to a fine line of dry goods and notions. At the *York Auction Rooms* furniture may be bought cheap. *Mrs. M. E. Joice* keeps constantly on hand and makes to order artificial hair braids and ornaments. *Lewis Strayer* sells the patent portable feed-mills. *Beitzel & Keller* is a reliable firm for lumber and phosphates. *F. T. Scott & Son* have the only yard where wood is sawed and split by steam in quantities to supply any demand. They also sell brown stone slabs for chimneys and pavements, and supply coal wholesale and retail.—*Spangler Bros. & Johnson* manufacture and repair all kinds of agricultural implements, and fit attachments


to seeders and planters. This volume, printed so handsomely, is the work of the "*York Daily*," and shows the class of work turned out by an office which issues an eight page *Weekly* for 75 cents per annum. The new store of *S. K. Myers* announces a new departure in millinery, and advertises ladies' and gentlemen's furnishing goods in great variety. The old and well known coal and lumber firm of *H. Lanius' Sons* continues to do business at their yards on North Duke Street. The shoe store of *E. Reinberg* offers the best and most stylish of goods in the shoe line at rock bottom prices. *C. H. Dempwolf* sells pure dissolved South Carolina bone and acid phosphate, so highly valued by the farmers of York county. *A. L. Baldwin*, our popular dealer in china, glass and queensware keeps constantly on hand the finest goods in style and quality. *John Rollman*, the tailor, makes handsome suits, sure to please his customers, one and all. At the shoe store of *L. Reinberg* the reader will receive prompt and courteous attention, and willing assistance in the selection of all kinds of boots and shoes. *Freed's Cough Syrup* gives prompt relief to colds and croup, and the Ready Relief and Golden Electric Oil have become household remedies. One of the most obliging, fair-dealing and thoroughly reliable dealers in this city is *Henry Boll*, who will sell you a first class boot or shoe ready-made, or make it to order for you. *Ch. Brunn* cleans and dyes by steam all kinds of goods and clothing for ladies and gentlemen. *Heckert's Book Store* supplies the finest frames and mouldings in York. *The York Transfer and Baggage Express Wagons* do all kinds of transportation at short notice and at reasonable charges. *The Centre Square Shoe Store* of *C. Smith* is a first rate place to buy good shoes cheap, or get a pair of nice substantial boots or shoes made to order.

John E. Ward is prepared to do all kinds of mechanical work in brass and iron. The practical watchmaker,

C. A. Seizers, deals in all kinds of jewelry, watches, clocks, glasses and silverware, and makes a specialty of repairing. At the yard of *W. T. Gerber* may at all times be had wood and coal, good weight, good quality at reasonable rates. *B. F. Frick's Insurance Agency* represents the most reliable companies only. *David Rupp* manufactures the celebrated "Tidy Soap," which has so extended a sale at home and abroad, and gives such general satisfaction everywhere. *The Woltman Shoe Store* is just opening with a fine stock of boots and shoes, and *Butcher & Dick* advertise their celebrated patent revolving flower stand.

Attention is called to the following business advertisements of Glen Rock, which it will be to the reader's interest to read over carefully:—*Glen Rock Manufacturing Company*, machinery and agricultural implements. *J. A. Shoemaker*, photographer and jeweler. *Theo. B. Seitz*, job printer. *Hartman & Hoshour*, carriage and wagon manufacturers. *J. F. Hangan*, carpets, oil cloths and matings. *Hoshour Disc & Co.*, building and cigar-box materials. *Wm. F. Baum*, tin and sheet-iron worker. *Eyster & Wolf*, dealers in horses and mules. *Bortner & Becker*, ice cream manufacturers. THE GLEN ROCK ITEM, a weekly family newspaper. THE MONITOR, an educational monthly edited by N. Z. Seitz. *E. R. Rohrbach*, hair-dresser and barber.

The following from Shrewsbury invite attention:—*George P. Everhart*, lumber dealer. *E. Storms*, artist, painter and sign writer. *Drs. J. & E. H. Gerry*, druggist. *Shrewsbury Hotel* by Joseph Raffensperger. *Dr. A. H. Smith*, mechanical dentist. *E. K. Bollinger*, Seitzland, sells bone phosphates, grain, flour and feed.

 The reader will find it to his interest to examine closely the advertisement department, which sets forth more generally the business of the various firms above noted.

GRAND RE-OPENING.

J. D. HARNISH,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that, having repaired the damages done to his store by the Flood, he has re-opened his store with an entirely **NEW STOCK** of

GROCERIES AND

CONFECTIONERIES,

ICE CREAM,

IN ALL ITS FLAVORS, FOR THE
Wholesale and Retail Trade,
AT LOWEST PRICES.



A first-class **ICE CREAM SALOON**
is in the rear of his store, for the accom-
modation of Ladies and Gentlemen.

Old and Reliable!

LEHMAYER & BRO.

Clothiers and Gentlemen's Furnishers.

Special!

Special!

Summer Goods at 20 per cent. discount to make room for the largest

Stock of Fall Goods

ever shown in York. The new addition to our room will be finished in time for the Fall Trade, making it one of the Largest and Handsomest Store Rooms in the city.

Trunks and Valises!

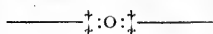
The entire basement of our new store will be devoted to a Trunk and Valise department, where, at all times, can be found the best assortment.

LEHMAYER & BRO.,

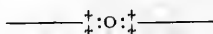
ESTABLISHED 1847.

No. 5 East Market St., York, Pa.

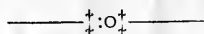
How to Tell.



You judge a man first by his face; afterwards by the way he talks. That is the natural way to judge a Business House as well. The Face of a Clothing House, for instance, is its Window Display, and its advertisements show what it has to say. Look at our Window! See how continually fresh it is. See how constantly full of the Newest and Handsomest Clothing. Judge by it how well we can serve you. Read our Advertisements. They talk of Finest Clothing and Lowest Prices, and give facts. Judge by them how well we can serve you.



Merchant Tailoring a Specialty.



DAVID H. WELSH,
13 East Market Street,
Opposite Court House, YORK, PA.

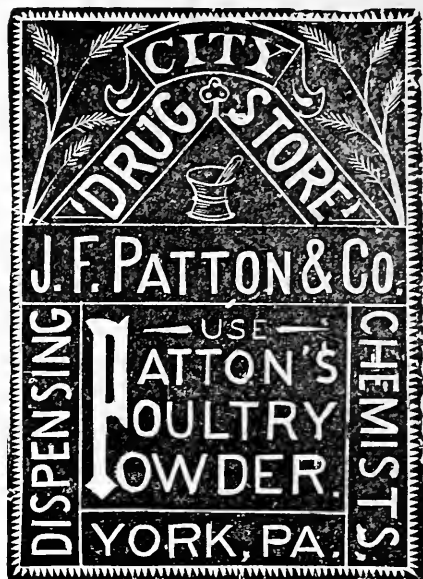
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The "New Royal St. John" combines the good qualities of other Sewing Machines, avoids all complications of machinery, and possesses new and valuable improvements found only in this machine. *Every machine is warranted for five years. Call and see it.*

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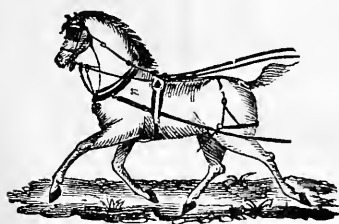
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Harness of all kinds made to order of the best material.
First-class work at the lowest possible prices.
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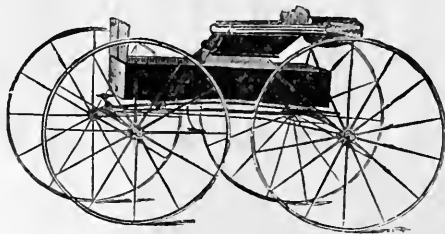
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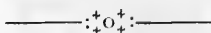
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Repairing done at short notice.

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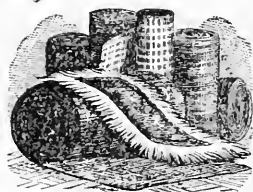
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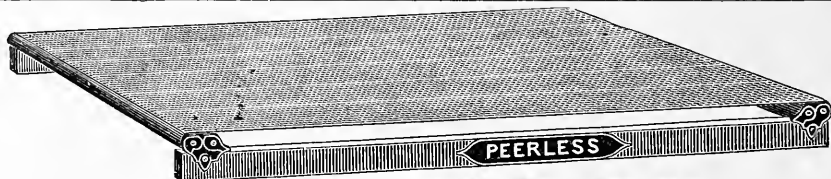
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When the Hair begins to Fall,—Use Joice's Restorer.

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It Will

Restore the Hair to its Natural Color.
Impart to the Hair Life, Strength and Beauty.
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As a Dressing, nothing
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and agreeable.

It is elegantly perfumed, and renders the hair soft, pliant and life-like.

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☞ Remember this preparation is NOT A DYE! Remember it contains NO IMPURITIES! Every bottle guaranteed to Restore the Hair to its Natural Shade.

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to be put on the door. It costs but SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. It has no equal. It is needed in every house. Price within the reach of all. Hundreds in use in our city and best of Reference given.

No rubbing over the sill, carpet or floor,
It's out of the way, until you close the door;
When down it goes, does its work with ease,
And opening the door springs back as nice as you please;

In fact it is
The only Weather Strip, that will fill the bill,
For it works on an uneven, as well as an even door sill.—W.

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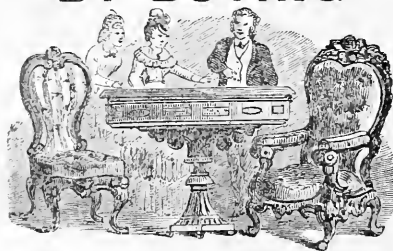
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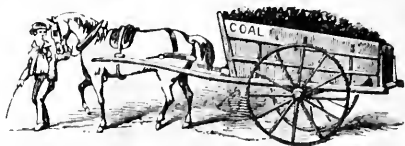
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The only Yard in the City that saws and splits wood by Steam. OFFICE: 107
NORTH DUKE STREET. YORK, PA. Yard and Works, East Side of York county
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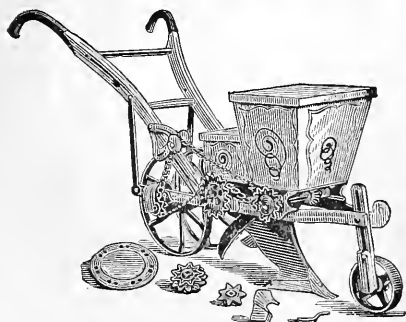
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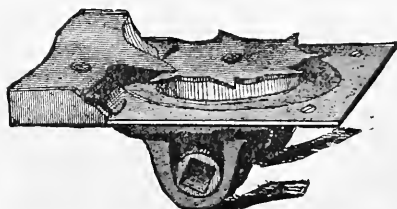
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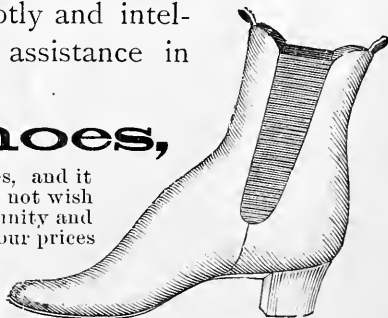
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We are anxious to show goods and quote prices, and it don't make any difference whether you do or do not wish to purchase. Come in at your earliest opportunity and feast your eyes upon our immense Stock. Study our prices and we'll take chances of your going away empty-handed, AT **Lee Reineberg's,**

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DO ALL KINDS OF

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Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Rubber Goods.

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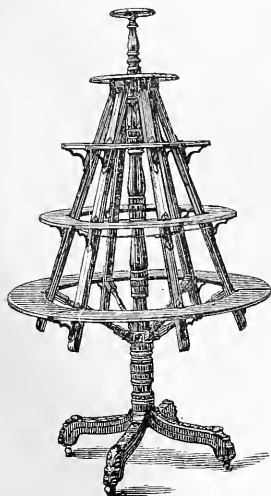
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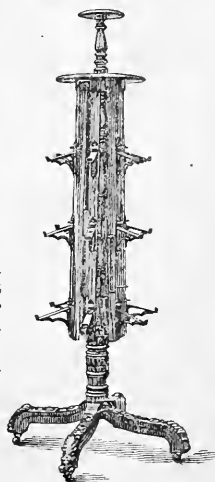
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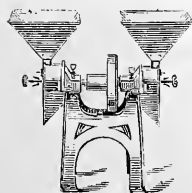
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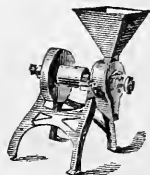
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BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

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Building Lumber of all sizes, Lowest

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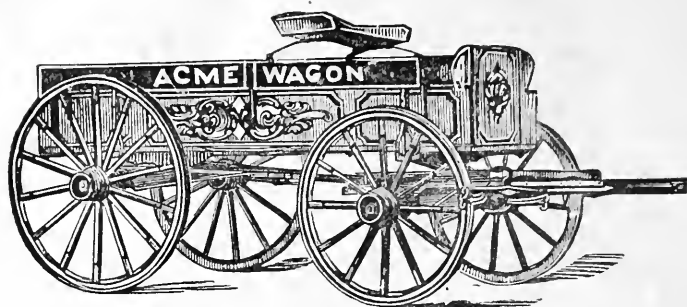
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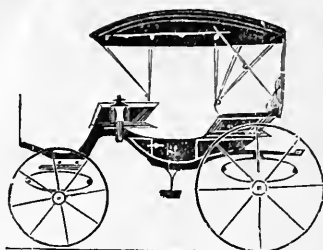
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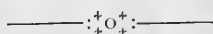
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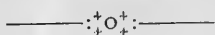
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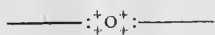


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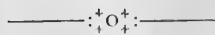
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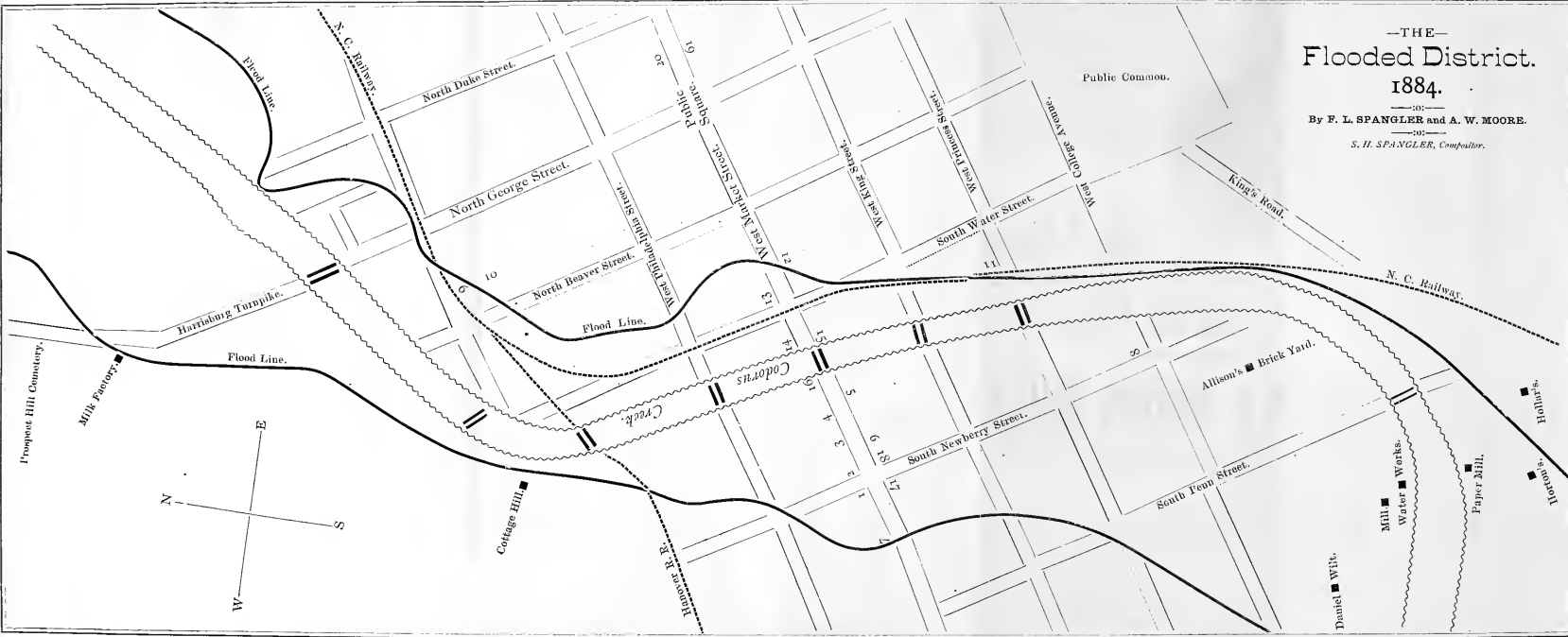


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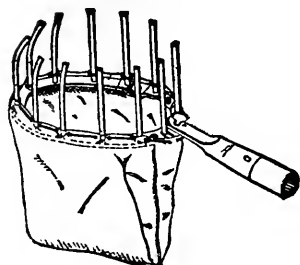
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